

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## • THE FRONT PAGE •

Now that the United States Government has taken the bucket shops of that Republic in hand, raiding them from one end of the country to the other, it would appear to be a propitious time for the Canadian authorities to do likewise. There is nothing about a bucket shop to recommend it above any other gambling outfit. In the first place, the bucket shop, of which every city in Canada has its quota, is a bad influence. They pander to the "piker," or small trader, who under no circumstances has sufficient capital to get a fair opportunity to profit by the fluctuations in Wall Street or on the Chicago Board of Trade. In other words, they cater to the man who cannot afford to lose his precious \$10 and \$20 bills.

Then, again, the average bucket shop does not deal fairly with its clients. One of the favorite methods of beating the public is to "hold out" quotations. In other words, the quotations are in at times many minutes before they are posted, and when the poor deluded fool buys or sells his stock or grain he has, as a matter of fact, already lost his money. It was lost before he paid it over the counter into the maw of the hungry thief who stands behind.

The Canadian authorities from one end of Canada to the other are hard after the faro player, the crap shooter, the artist who operates a book at the races or who runs a roulette wheel and so on through the list, when as a matter of fact the bucket shop is year in and year out doing more harm than all the rest of the gambling fraternity rolled into one.

The gambler gives ordinarily what is familiarly known as a run for your money, and this you seldom get from the man who operates a bucket shop.

There is something very ludicrous about the campaign launched by a Canadian daily, aided and abetted by a few other Conservative journals, to overthrow Mr. F. D. Monk, M.P. for Jacques Cartier. It is such an obvious attempt to simulate enthusiasm for Mr. Borden's leadership when there isn't any. I hope nobody will be deceived, not even Mr. Borden, who may well pray to be delivered from his friends.

Mr. Monk is accused of trying to dislodge Mr. Borden from the leadership of a badly disorganized party. Just why the crusade against him was engineered at this particular time is more or less a matter of speculation, but two reasons which are probably near the mark are Mr. Monk's insurgent attitude on the naval question, and the rumored early retirement of Hon. G. E. Foster from political life. Both gentlemen are away from the House of Commons on account of ill-health, and the Canadian daily no doubt thought this a good opportunity of giving expression to the dissatisfaction of a large section of the Conservative party with their present chieftains. There has been a steadily increasing demand during the last few years for new leaders to guide them out of the land of bondage to the fleshpots of Egypt. This feeling of revolt dates back beyond the last general elections when the Laurier government was returned with as big a majority as ever, but since then it has become much more acute.

Messrs. Borden, Foster, Monk, et al made a mighty poor showing in 1908 and it seems pretty certain that when in the fullness of time the next general elections are held the Opposition campaign will be under new managers. Fortunately for the malcontents, several prominent members, who added no strength to the party were left at home—at the last elections, among them being Messrs. Pope, Fowler, Bennett and Lefurgey. Mr. Foster has long since been a dead weight for the Conservatives to carry, clinging to his prominent place in their counsels by sheer audacity and defiance of public opinion. His prestige was forever lost after the Union Trust land deal exposures before the Insurance Commission, but if anything further were needed to drive a nail in his political coffin, it was provided by the recent adverse judgment in his suit for libel against The Globe. He has been very ill since that judgment and it is said that he will retire at the end of the session.

Monk, it would appear, is the next leader marked for decapitation. With him and Foster out of the way there will be a chance for re-organization. New lieutenants for Mr. Borden would then be appointed, men with good records and prestige unmarred by defeat, such as Ex-Judge Doherty of Montreal, Colonel Worthington of Sherbrooke, M. S. McCarthy of Calgary, and Martin Burrell of Yale-Cariboo. And when all this is done discreetly and in order some other prominent party organ will bring on another crisis similar to the present one aimed against poor Monk, but the victim next time will be Mr. R. L. Borden. By that time the party insurgents will know whether the new Moses is to be Premier Whitney, Premier McBride of British Columbia, or Hon. Robert Rogers of Manitoba. Just at present all three have good fat public office jobs and none of them has yet evinced an enthusiastic desire to step into the empty honors enjoyed by Mr. Borden. But when one does, and the Inner Council of the Overthrow Brigade has agreed upon him, then Mr. Borden had better look around for a soft spot to fall upon. This is a cold, cruel world, and a political party when in hard straits is not troubled by either conscience or gratitude.

It is hardly accurate, however, to accuse Mr. Monk of disloyalty to Mr. Borden. As leader of the Quebec wing of the Conservative party he is responsible for the result in that province, and if he cannot deliver the goods by advocating the Borden programme in toto he is partly justified in striking out on lines of his own. The truth is that Mr. Monk has, since 1896, been pitting his strength not against Mr. Borden for the Conservative leadership, but against Sir Wilfrid Laurier for supremacy in the Province of Quebec. Once he could succeed in seriously impairing the prestige of the Liberal leader there, he would become a power that would have to be reckoned with by the Conservatives, willy nilly. In fact the Premiership would be a reasonable goal to aspire to. Successive defeats have not improved Mr. Monk's temper and he is naturally sore on Mr. Borden, the Halifax Platform, the St. James Street Junta, the "Nucleus," the party papers and every other

party agency past and present which were going to do so much but which failed to deliver him votes on polling day. He is tired of noisy boasters who cannot make good their promises. He therefore decided to branch out for himself to capture Quebec regardless of how his views affected the party elsewhere, and in doing this he was only paying back what he had received.

He took his time, although his mind was fully made up when the result of the last elections was announced, and chose the naval question as a good opportunity to play in his own hand. One day last fall he journeyed out to Lachine, a small town in his own constituency, and launched an independent naval policy in the hope of discrediting Sir Wilfrid Laurier's policy on the same question among French-Canadians. The result may be safely forecasted. Mr. Monk, alone and unaided, has succeeded no better than when Mr. Borden and others were doing his thinking for him. If a vote were to be taken in Quebec next week on the rival policies of the Government and Mr. Monk on the naval question, the

anise-seed trail not far from the fox-hound's finish. While awaiting the arrival of the fox-hound, the fox runs up and down to keep them in trim and sometimes the animal is so indifferent that it is to be yanked around and teased into a semblance of vitality. When the hunt comes in sight he looks and given a parting larrup over his haunches with the leash to put some ginger in him. His natural fears do the rest. Having no lair to seek, he runs until overtaken by the hounds and everyone is "in at the death." This only happens once in a while and in an ordinary hunt there is no death. The pretence is made necessary by the fact that foxes are scarce and Canadian farmers do not hold them sacred. In English counties like Lincolnshire the man who shot or poisoned a fox would be ostracized as a spoil-sport, but here every day is an open season for the little red robbers of the chicken roost. The chief usefulness of the fox-hound therefore lies in his ability to bay and create an atmosphere which makes the riders feel that they are in good old England. When his jaws are free his voice production

business it was to mine the public and not the mines. However, it is not in wildcats only that the people have lost their money. Not knowing any better, they were prepared to believe just what they were told regarding the dozen or so Cobalt properties that have made good, the consequence being disaster all along the line. It was newspaper "dope" that got people into La Rose around \$8 per share and into Nipissing around \$25 and \$30, and so on through the list. The wise insiders got out and the sucker public got in. If telling the truth regarding these mines and the operations by which the public has been unmercifully skinned is hurting the real mining industry of Ontario, then the sooner the blister is applied the better.

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Now that the fantastic proposal of a Canadian navy is about to become a fact it is worth while noting how the scheme is regarded elsewhere. There is one city in the United States which is necessarily interested in the matter, and it is San Francisco. It is the chief city of the Pacific coast and Canada's Pacific coast line is much longer and much more vulnerable than her Atlantic exposure. Consequently a Canadian navy if constructed with a view to the actual needs of defence would have a formidable North Pacific squadron. San Francisco has therefore watched the progress of the issue with interest and the Argonaut, the strongest organ of enlightened opinion in that city has, in a recent issue, summarized the situation from its standpoint. It is very far from viewing the proposal with jealous eyes. It says: "The determination of Canada to build a navy of her own is due to one of those national sentiments that are beyond the reach of reason and can no more be banished than can the equator." After outlining various shades of opinion it adds: "And there are others who think that shipbuilding is a fine and profitable game and who look forward with calculating pleasure to the big positions and long payrolls that would result therefrom." Later on it says: "It is evident that if the idea of a Canadian navy were based entirely upon imperial patriotism the legislative vote would have taken another form. The ships can be built much more cheaply in England than they can in Canada, but then there would have been no fat berths for Canadians, no long pay lists, no political influence, no nothing. Pure, undefiled patriotism would either have ordered the ships from the English yards or else would have voted a sum of money to be placed at the disposal of the English navy authorities. But that would have left Canada nothing but glory, and glory as an exclusive diet leaves much to be desired."

This is a long distance view but it undoubtedly crystallizes the opinion not only of intelligent outsiders but of a large body of Canadians and Englishmen. It is not comforting to the man who loves Canada, to feel that the wave of genuine loyalty which swept over Canada at the time of the German naval scare—a wave which, though it may have been hysterical, was certainly honest—has been diverted by shrewd and cynical politicians into a new and luscious opportunity for "graft." It is less comforting to discover that our neighbors are fully aware of the farcical situation.

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PROFESSOR STEPHEN LEACOCK occupies the chair of Political Economy at McGill University, Montreal. Under the circumstances, he ought to be in an excellent position to advise young men as to the advantages of a course in his department. Well, this is what he said at a recent lecture delivered before the St. James Literary Society, Montreal, according to newspaper report:

"The dicta of abstract science do not influence me in the slightest. I base my opinion upon the practical experience of the times in which we live. I see that those countries which possess protection are prosperous and those which possess free trade are decaying."

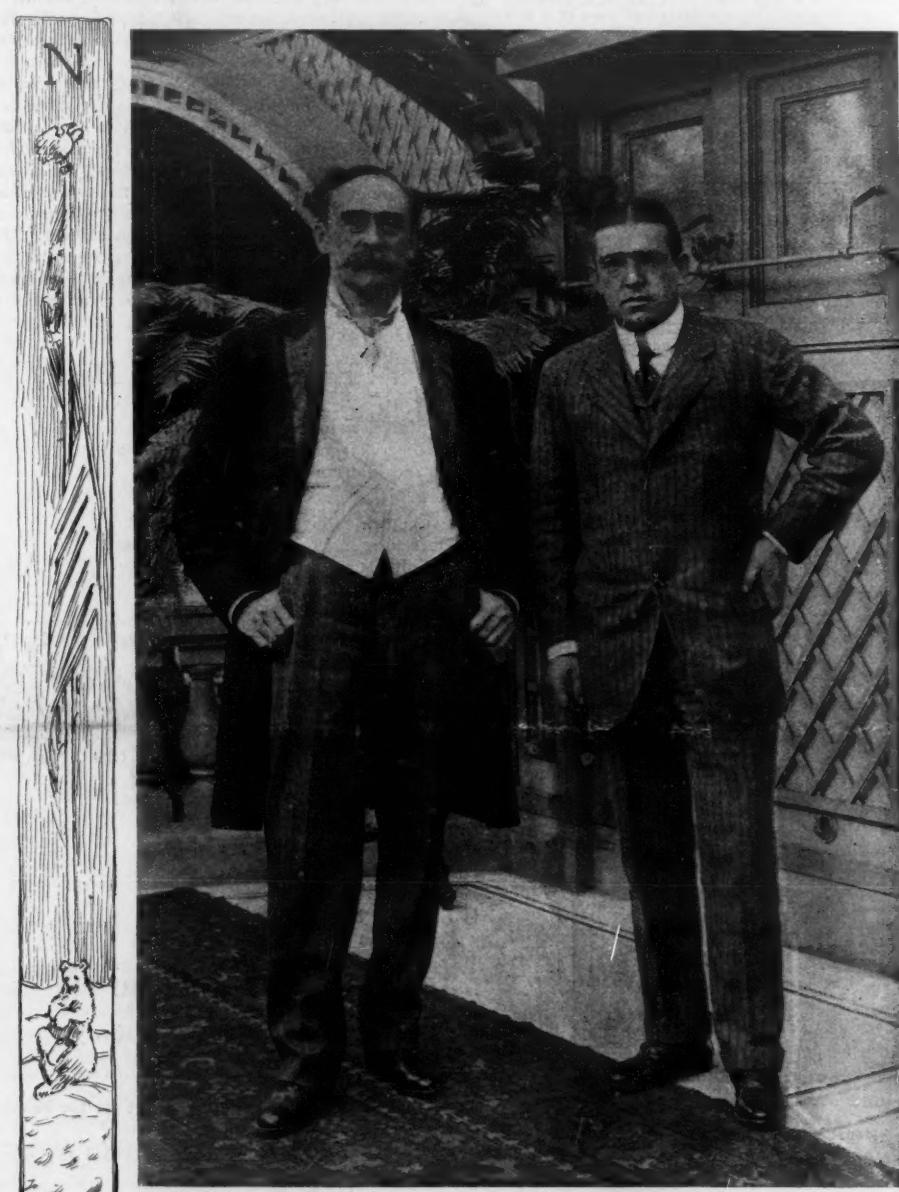
If the dicta of abstract science are so little to be trusted that they do not influence the professor in the slightest, why on earth are the students permitted to waste their time in considering them? Further, if there are any other courses of studies at McGill or any other college of which the same may be said, it would be interesting to learn what they are in order that students might be warned against them in advance. Meantime, however, before deciding to accept the professor's views upon protection or free trade, viewed either as theory or from the practical standpoint, let us look them over a bit.

"I see," says he, "that those countries which possess protection are prosperous and those which possess free trade are decaying."

He "sees" these things? Where does he see them? Where are these protected countries which have gained by protection; where are those free trade countries which offend his nostrils with the evidence of their decay; and by what standard does he assess them?

To begin with, he attempts to compare unlikes. He speaks of England and Germany, and if his argument leads anywhere it must be that he assumes that between them there is but one point of difference—namely the tariff—which could in any way account for the presumed prosperity of Germany and the presumed decay of England. I know an ordinarily sensible man who declares that the relative prosperity of nations depends upon the quality of the beer they drink. In Germany, for instance, it is not at all an unusual idea that the people in Munich ought to be superior because of the famous Munich beer, and Germans themselves declare that it was rye bread that won the Franco-Prussian war. As a college man, he doubtless would have heard that Waterloo was won at Eton. Many people who make no claim to understanding much about Political Economy are of the opinion that the quality of the men in any country has much to do with the success of that country, and the suffragettes would doubtless claim that the women played no inconsiderable part. The Professor cannot be unacquainted with the theory that Germany owes her success to her educational system, technical training, frugality and hard work. Yet Prof. Leacock puts it all down to the tariff.

However, even when we come to examine the statistics the Professor adduces, and compare them with other statistics readily obtainable, his case falls to the ground of its own weight. If trade statistics be the stan-



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FARTHEST NORTH AND FARTHEST SOUTH.

Commander Robert E. Peary (left) and Sir Ernest H. Shackleton, photographed March 29th at Hotel Astor, New York, immediately after the Explorers' Club dinner.

former would receive an overwhelming endorsement not because its scheme has greater intrinsic merit or because it is more popular, but because Sir Wilfrid Laurier is still the great idol of the French-Canadians. His name is still one to conjure with in Quebec. His hold on the popular imagination in his own province remains undisturbed. Few political leaders in modern times and in unfettered Democracies have had such a firm grip on the affections of their followers as Sir Wilfrid has on his compatriots. The only two names that suggest themselves are those of Ex-President Roosevelt and the late Sir John A. Macdonald.

Mr. Monk has repeated the mistake of two other French-Canadians in thinking he could overthrow Sir Wilfrid in Quebec. One was Hon. J. Israel Tarte who long before his death had become a political nonentity. The other is Mr. Henri Bourassa, and he has learned better. He retired from the House of Commons to the Quebec Legislature, but even there he is singing in a minor key. His Nationalist movement is losing ground, and he himself is a much subdued Mr. Bourassa. Mr. Monk had the temerity to think he could succeed where the others failed, but he has done so badly that the movement to decapitate him is likely to soon succeed. In fact the swing of the axe is already audible.

WHEN the deputation from the Toronto Hunt Club visited the Provincial Secretary with the request that their fox-hounds be allowed to pursue their vocation in life without muzzles they came unprepared with arguments. They omitted the most important objection against the muzzle yet advanced, namely, that it interferes with the voice production of the fox hound. Hon. Mr. Hanna showed some knowledge of the local situation when he suggested that he was willing that the hounds should go unmuzzled whenever engaged in the pursuit of a real fox. This would be a niggardly concession, for a real fox is a luxury that hunt clubs on this side of the water, indulge in only at very long intervals. When an animal is to be sacrificed on the altar of sport, a kennel boy leads the doomed beast out in the country by a strap and collar and stations himself at a point on the

is a model to singers; he expands his chest with air, throws up his chin, courageously opens his mouth and emits a long-sustained musical note. To the enthusiastic fox-hunter this is more exquisite than the golden notes of a Caruso. The muzzle is a hideous device rendering a really pure-toned bay impossible. No wonder the Hunt Club are sorrowful. Compelled for years to hunt without foxes they are now compelled to sacrifice the only element which gives atmosphere to the hunt. Somebody will introduce a law against wearing "pinks" next

A LITTLE paper up in Cobalt, The Nugget by name, complains editorially that SATURDAY NIGHT is killing the mining industry in Ontario. Quite naturally SATURDAY NIGHT does not view the question from The Nugget's point of view. If the capitalization of wildcats is a legitimate business, and loading them on to the public is part of the game as The Nugget sees it, then SATURDAY NIGHT must plead guilty. That SATURDAY NIGHT has caused the public to become rather particular as to what they purchase in the way of mining properties is no doubt a reality, and it may be stated right here that if some journal had started out on the same tack when the Cobalt boom first started some years ago, the dear public would now possess less mining stocks, but on the other hand they would have more money.

The Nugget says that SATURDAY NIGHT has not only attacked wildcats, but has attacked good mines as well. SATURDAY NIGHT owns to have attacked wildcats, and also owns to have told the truth about mines that may be rated under three general headings, good, bad and indifferent. The Nugget's opinion of the same property might not agree. As a matter of fact, they probably would not agree. Under the tuition of newspapers like The Nugget the people of Canada have been led to purchase mining stock by the ton. For every million dollars made by these "investors," there has been easily ten millions lost. In other words, hundreds of properties have been put on the market as mines that never should have seen the light of day, and never would have had these claims been operated on the level in place of being in the hands of gangs of crooks whose

dard of success, the Professor had better not have rested his case upon them.

Germany's trade in 1880, as the Professor pointed out, amounted to \$1,460,000,000, while in 1908, it was \$3,900,000,000. With a population of 50,000,000 in 1880, her per capita trade would be \$30, while with 63,000,000 in 1908, it would be \$62.

British trade, in 1894, (I have no previous figures by me) was \$3,400,000,000 and in 1908, \$5,245,000,000. Assuming 45,000,000 population in both instances, her per capita trade would be \$75 in 1894 and \$115 in 1908.

Germany took 30 years to increase from \$30 to \$62 per head; England took 14 years to increase from \$75 to \$115 per head. England's total trade in 1908 was 35 per cent. more than Germany's and her per capita trade was almost 100 per cent. more. Yet Professor Leacock "sees" that those countries, such as Germany, which possess protection are prosperous and that those, such as Great Britain, which possess free trade, are decaying! Well, if Professor Leacock sees that, we give it up. Don't you think, Professor, it's a case for the oculist?

If Professor Leacock insists that Germany's trade has increased more rapidly than England's of late years, it will still be hard for him to gather much comfort therefrom. In the first place, where Government assistance is rendered, trade statistics do not tell much, as the trade may have been done at an actual loss to the country as a whole; while, if each industry has to make its own way—as in a free-trade country—an increased trade is very apt to mean increased profits. But let us take the Professor's own weapons, and assume that Germany's progress has been more rapid than England's. It is only another argument from "the practical experiences of the times in which we live" with which declares against his conclusions. For it should not be forgotten that, previous to 1870, Germany was a veritable network of protection. The country was then of no consequence as a factor in trade. She then kicked out the centre of the net work and left only the outer strands of protection to impede her, and, as Professor Leacock has very ably pointed out, her progress has since been marked.

So, Professor, if the dicta do not influence you and the practical experience decides against you, what are you going to do about it?

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**A**N examination of the Ontario Primers, which were discussed at the recent convention of the Ontario Educational Association and which are attacked in certain Liberal newspapers, convince the impartial mind that the criticism on the Department of Education is the thinness kind of an attempt to create a grievance. It is based, if not on partisanship, on some concealed personal dislike toward the officials of the department. The Ontario Primer is a well-printed book of ninety-six pages, firmly bound in cloth and sells for the extremely modest sum of four cents. It is illustrated by clever sketches from the pens and brushes of well-known Canadian artists and contains such fables as that of the Lion and the Mouse, the Dog in the Manger, Old Mother Hubbard and Little Boy Blue. For a grown person to look over it is to be pleasantly wafted back to the days of childhood. The teacher who says that such selections are unfit for teaching purposes is a pug who should not be licensed to spoil the dispositions of little tots as he would unfailingly do if brought in contact with them. The cardinal sin in the eyes of the critics seems to be that the Primer, and presumably the other readers, contain a colored picture of the Union Jack with Tennyson's line "One Flag, one Fleet, one Throne." This is described by one writer as "editorial sycophancy," whatever that may mean. Perhaps the critic is in favor of educating the little ones in the belief that they have no flag and no nation to which they owe allegiance. It is a singular point of view. It might be an object lesson for captious persons who are interested to look over the first reader authorized for use in the schools of the city of New York. In those schools the children of whatever nationality are compelled to "salute the flag" before lessons begin. The first selection is a poem, "Hurrah for the Flag," with instructions "to be memorized" printed above it. A handsome plate of the stars and stripes with the same motto is printed opposite and the very first lesson in this book, which, in addition to reading, combines instruction in spelling, writing and kindergarten work, deals with the flag and has diagrams of how to make the stars and stripes with splints. In one class of readers authorized by the United States authorities the flag does not figure. It is in the splendid series of school books published for use in the schools of the Philippines. The Americans insist on English in those schools but they do not force the stars and stripes on the attention of the pupils. The reason is plain. The Filipinos are a recently conquered people in whom the spirit of rebellion is not yet quenched and from motives of policy nothing is done which would impel the parents of the little ones to keep their children away from American schools where they will gradually absorb the English tongue and American ideas. To place the children of the province of Ontario in the same position as those of the conquered Filipinos, who are temporarily a flagless people so far as organized sentiment goes, would be absurd. The Canadian child has a flag and there is no reason why he should not be reminded of it. Flags exist chiefly for the delight of children anyway.

## The Colonel

### Catholic Church in Western Canada.

The Editor, Saturday Night, Toronto:

Sir,—Will you kindly allow me a remark or two concerning some strictures of your book reviewer on my "History of the Catholic Church in Western Canada." Just issued, which I believe to be misleading? The pride of my life had hitherto been the tributes paid by the secular press to the interest and freedom from bias, with which I claim to have cast in a broad historical work. In fact, The Globe of your city calls this lack of partisanship the chief feature of that work. When I prepared my new volumes, I realized, and said in my preface, that, because it was my aim to give each one his due and I had met on my way "a certain class of people, whose doings and sayings could not possibly be passed over without a word of blame," some non-Catholics would "probably be tempted to see traces of sectarian animus in my strictures on the same, in spite of the very character given those who were responsible therefor by their own co-religionists" (p. xiii.). But I added that "I prefer public strictures, when accompanied by the apprehension of such criticism, to condoning words and deeds which do not conform to received professional ethics."

That I was not mistaken in my expectations is proved by the complaint of the reviewer in your columns that I occasionally refer to "Protestant missionaries, citizens, and politicians in a manner that is unnecessarily offensive." I have referred to some Protestant missionaries as publicly and formally abetting, if not approving, polygamy among the Indians, and as grossly misrepresenting their opponents in the eyes of the same. Could I approve of such conduct? As to politicians, I give affidavits sworn to by my fellow Protestants to show duplicity, crookedness, and sneaking conduct. Does my critic mean that I should not have exposed those worthies? To my mind, history is the relation, not the concealment, of facts, and the true historian must not shrink from the danger of offending religious or political sympathizers.

How different is the appreciation of an important New York review! That self-same book has for an author, according to the American writer, not a man who "has at times allowed his sympathies to get the better of his judgment," as your reviewer



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WHEN THE STRENUOUS PAIR MEET.

THEODORE.

WILHELM.

would have it, but "a trained historian, with a passion for accuracy, a knack of unearthing valuable documents, long experience in mission fields, a vast store of collateral knowledge, a rare faculty of impartial judgment, and an absolute fearlessness."

By the way, it is hard for me to see "suspicion, sorrow and strong dislike" of the Protestant missionaries in the only passage your man quotes in support of his contention, to wit: "We are prepared to give to Mr. Bompas and colleagues credit for the best of intentions, and we will not deny that they gave evidence of great activity; we only wish that activity had been of a less destructive nature."

On the other hand, I cannot but give expression to my satisfaction at the evident candor and fairness with which your reviewer has received my account of the Red River Insurrection (not rebellion), which demolishes so many time-honored fables concerning Louis Riel and his friends.

Thanking you in advance for the use of your valuable space, I am, Mr. Editor, respectfully yours,

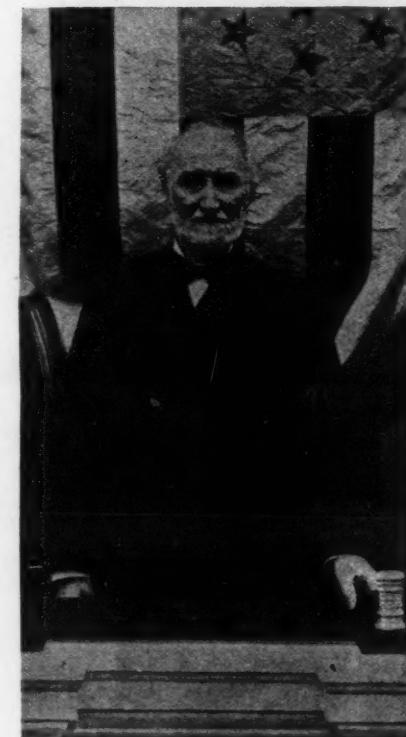
A. G. MORICE.

Winnipeg, Man., April 1, 1910.

### High Prices for Entertainments.

To the Editor, Saturday Night:

Dear Sir.—The musical and dramatic competition takes place this year in Toronto. This affair is instituted, I believe, by Earl Grey for the encouragement and development of native talent.



HON. JOSEPH G. CANNON.  
The defeated autocrat of the United States  
House of Representatives.

This is a very worthy object, and our Governor-General deserves great credit for the time and energy he has devoted to this project. Now the question comes in, whom is this competition going to benefit, for the competitors are not paid for their services? The Royal Alex. is the largest hall in the city, and the largest hall, and the scale for next week is 50c. to \$2.50, a rather steep price for amateurs who could be heard in the ordinary way for a modest 50c. I have carefully scrutinized the posters and notices in the papers, but find no mention of any charity being benefited, and the whole business has much the appearance of a graft and a money-making speculation. That a certain fee must be paid to clear expenses must be evident to all, but it must be equally clear that no aspiring student of ordinary means will be able to attend more than once or twice and therefore the competition might just as well be conducted behind closed doors and the whole affair become simply a social function. This city simply goes crazy when anything out of the ordinary takes place, and a prohibitive tariff is at once put in force. Two years ago in the Old Country at the St. James Hall, London, England, I heard Madame Albani, Ada Crossley, Edward Lloyd, M. Santley, Johnnies Wolff, and some others, all for the small price of 50c. (front seat in the first balcony), and this I was told, was the ordinary charge. In Toronto the Massey Hall was built to give concerts at popular prices, and now although the taxes have been remitted they do not even take the first step to put in an up-to-date organ which an organist like our late visitor, Sir Frederick Bristow, would not be ashamed to play on. They did then things far better than now. My knowledge of classical history may not be very extensive, but if my memory serves me right, admission to the Colliseum in Rome and the Marathon games in Greece did not take much out of the pockets of the spectators, as Macaulay states:

"Then none was for a party,

Then all were for the State,

Then the great man helped the poor,

And the poor man loved the great."

I am afraid as far as Toronto is concerned history will not repeat itself. I remain, dear sir, yours obediently,

HENRY A. ASHMEAD.

16 Belmont St., Toronto, April 2nd, 1910.

In connection with the installation of an organ at Massey Hall, Mr. Ashmead does the trustees an unintentional injustice. The placing of a grand organ in the hall would necessitate more space in the rear as the platform and dressing rooms are already too cramped. In their endeavors to secure more land the trustees have been subjected to a cold-blooded hold up. The most generous offers within reason have failed to awaken the civic spirit of the man chiefly responsible for the hold up despite the fact that his wealth is great.

THE EDITOR.

### Used Informal Persuasion.

THE Speaker of the House of Commons in these days when political rancours are rife has no easy task, and it takes all his personal popularity and power to impress other men to maintain a semblance of order at certain times. In the Canadian Legislatures members are not so scrupulous about addressing their fellows through

## WALL PAPER

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Toronto Saturday Night  
Dear Editor

Enclosed please  
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Paper Worth While".  
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Yours truly

Mackenzie Voted with Sir John.

COL. HUGH CLARK, M.P.P., in his paper, the Kincaid Review, indulges in the following reminiscence:

Pictures still appear in magazines showing the elder Chamberlain going into the House of Commons with his son Austin to sign the roll and take the oath. Chamberlain is a hopeless and helpless invalid and has to be assisted in making his signature.

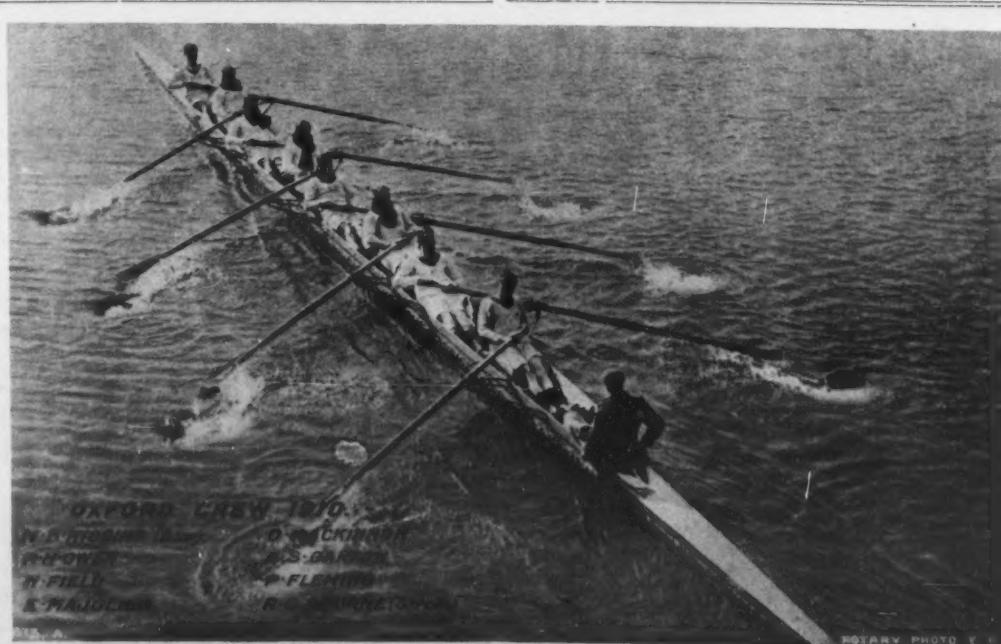
Equally as pathetic was the picture of the late Hon. Alexander Mackenzie assisted from his bed at two of the cleek one morning to cast his vote in support of the Jesuits' Estates Act.

Returning to Toronto after that session, his old friend and financial agent in all his East York campaigns, Mr. T. C. Irving, of "Bradstreets," met him at the depot, and while driving up to his house, Mr. Irving thought to take a "rise" out of the old statesman.

"We didn't send you to Ottawa to vote for John A.," said Irving.

"Well, Master Irving," replied Mackenzie, "This was one of the few occasions when John A. was right."

In connection with above reminiscence it may be said that the 21st anniversary of the celebrated division alluded to occurred on March 29th. Only thirteen men voted "Nay." They were known as the "Noble Thirteen," and the Orange order had a commemorative medal struck in their honor. They included eight Conservatives: Col. O'Brien, N. Clarke Wallace, Dalton McCarthy, Alex. McNeill, Col. Tyrwhitt, Col. Fred Denison, G. R. R. Cockburn, and O. C. Bell (Picton, N.S.). Not one is in the House to-day and several are dead. There were five Liberals, including the late Hon. John Charlton, the late Hon. James Sutherland, John A. Barron (now county judge of Perth), Dr. Macdonald, of Huron, and Scriven (Huntingdon, Que.).



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LONDON-ENG. MONTREAL



MONTREAL, April 7, 1910.  
"BADLY battered, but still in the ring," aptly describes the condition in which Rudolphe Forget, M.P., and his supporters limped back to Montreal at the end of last week—in their private car—after their encounter with the Bluenose faction for control of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co. It is not often that the financial stalwart, Rudolphe, finds himself on the losing side, particularly in a fight of this nature, so that his encounter at New Glasgow on the 30th of March will long be remembered by him. For months we have been reading that the Forget interests had obtained control of Scotia; and what they were not going to do to President Harris and the old Board would only be considered appropriate conduct at a ladies' afternoon tea. To what extent Forget himself was responsible for the somewhat premature announcement as to the fate of the old Board, is hard to say, but one thing is certain, the "Dream book" was not opened at the right page.

That the fight has only just begun is the belief in well-informed financial circles in Montreal. *Won't stay on the Siding.* Forget, Greenshields, Osler, et al, are not the sort of men to remain long on the siding in a matter of such importance as Scotia control. Up to the present, they are smarting under the treatment they received at New Glasgow, and if President Harris manages to hold his job another twelve months he will be considerably the worse for wear unless he is a perfect glutton for trouble. The Forget interests are now among the largest shareholders of the company, if, in fact, they are not the very largest. They have little or no use for the stock, excepting as it gives them power. Their interests are not in industrial successes so much as in promotions, and it may be taken for granted that their efforts to obtain control of the Scotia stock had behind them something more than the mere turning out of the old crowd in order to benefit the industry.

*Scotia & Canada Car.*—There have been many guesses as to what Forget wanted with the stock. Some said that it was for the purpose of bringing about an amalgamation of Scotia with Dominion Iron and Steel. Others made another grouping in which the Montreal Rolling Mills and Hamilton Steel Works were concerned. As it is all a matter of guess, I don't see why I am not entitled to my turn. I would pass by the Dominion Iron and Steel and the Rolling Mills merger, and group the Scotia Co. with the Canada Car & Foundry Co. It may be that there is no specially intimate association between the business carried on by the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal and the Canada Car & Foundry Co., but the sympathy is at least as great as between many of the other mergers to which rumors have destined the Scotia Co. within the past few months. In fact, it would not be hard to find many advantages. It may be remembered that the Canada Car & Foundry Co. was an amalgamation of Rhodes Curry & Co. of Amherst, the Canada Car Co. and Dominion Car & Foundry Co. of Montreal, brought about last fall largely through the efforts of W. M. Aitken. It is also significant that, had Rudolphe Forget succeeded in dominating the meeting a week ago, W. M. Aitken would have been one of the directors, and Nathaniel Curry, president of the companies just mentioned, would have been added ere long. So much is known, and it would not be hard to find many good reasons for bringing the two companies together.

It may be interesting to see what the combined capitalization of the companies would amount to:

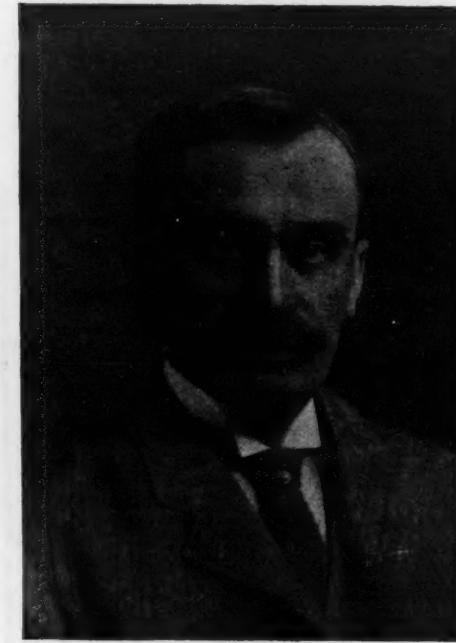
	Authorized	Issued		
	Common	Preferred	Common	Preferred
Scotia	\$6,000,000	\$1,030,000	\$6,000,000	\$1,030,000
Can. Car	5,000,000	7,500,000	3,500,000	5,000,000
	\$11,000,000	\$8,530,000	\$9,500,000	\$6,030,000

The preferred stock in each case is cumulative, Scotia's being at the rate of 8 per cent., and the Canada Car & Foundry Co. at the rate of 7 per cent.

Almost the only other instance which can be recalled at the moment, in which Rudolphe Forget was overwhelmed, was, strange enough to say, in the other great Iron and Steel fracas. In fact, that occasion was a sort of culminating point in his career, inasmuch as Senator Forget and he, although in partnership at the time, were on different sides of the fight. The occasion was probably the most spectacular in the history of the great Coal-Steel affair. Sir Henry M. Pellatt and other interests had lined up in Montreal on the side of the Coal Co., and among them was Rudolphe Forget. By this re-casting of interests, the Ross crowd placed itself in control of the Dominion Iron & Steel Co., and the announcement was made that Plummer's head was about to decorate the centre of the "trencher." (Trencher is old Hebrew for platter.) However, Mr. Plummer declined to be served up hot to satisfy the appetites of the Coal people, and by an adroit move postponed the Annual Meeting at which these sacrificial rights were to be indulged in. Meantime, the Senator, whose whole influence from start to finish was entirely against the Coal Co. and in favor of the Steel Co., was far away engaged in the absorbing pastime of tempting salmon from the pool. Rudolphe and the Senator shortly thereafter dissolved partnership and no one has noticed them falling

upon each others' necks of late, and bursting into tears. In fact, in the present conflict, it is stated that the Senator not only sent his own but his firm's proxies for Scotia to President Harris. In any case it would be hard to convince the "street" that the Senator put them in an envelope and addressed them to his loving nephew, Rudolphe.

The opposition party certainly was in hard luck. When Forget and party left Montreal they probably had control so far as figures showed. But a certain number of proxies which they held had previously been given to President Harris and had not been officially cancelled, so that Mr. Harris was entitled to count them at the meeting. But the worst thrust of all was that it was Forget himself who sold control to the man he was trying to defeat. The day before the meeting, transactions were large and the course of the market was rather sharply downwards. It was known here that Harris was getting the stock, but it was only later stated that Forget was the seller, he being unaware, evidently, that the stock could be transferred by telegraph or else unaware of the situation respecting the proxies which he thought were his. He is now falling back on a by-law of the company by which a special meeting may be called to remove a director before his term of office has expired. President Harris is answering this move by requesting the legislature to cancel this by-law. The situation certainly is full of interest, even though the public is no longer very deeply concerned, financially, having fortunately for them, been relieved of their stock, at good prices, by the forces competing for control.



Rudolphe Forget, the eminent financier, of Montreal.

TORONTO, APRIL 6, 1910.  
THERE appears to be something very significant in the evident satisfaction with which the Mackay Company views its recent release of control of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company's shares. Toronto investors are especially interested in Mackay, for R. A. Smith, who sits on the advisory board of this company, is a proxy for Toronto holders of shares. By selling out these shares, which were secured after a deliberate and successful buying campaign, Mackay leaves its old rival, Western Union, free once more to compete with Mackay's darling, the postal system. There is some strong incentive when a man gets his enemy tied up and then lets him loose. Mackay had a strangle hold on Western Union, through its American Telephone purchases, that could scarcely be shaken. Then, when it was on the eve of a great big merger or consolidation, Mackay sold all its holdings.

It is a hard nut to crack. But it does not appear impossible that the satisfaction the Mackay Company feels is akin to the elation of the fly that breaks loose after getting his creepers tangled in a spider web that he took for a silk carpet. The role of spider, in this theory, is to be thrust upon that much-maligned New York banker and *vertu* collector, J. Pierpont Morgan.

In times of ease or in periods of stress, Mackay has the dollars. It deals in surpluses. This company bought American Telephone and Telegraph shares till it held first four times and finally six times as much as any other shareholder of record. The impression the Mackay people do not resent becoming broadcast now is that although they did not gobble Western Union, through American Telephone, for the purpose of raising rates, that because an over-suspicious public thought that was their idea, that they decided to drop Western Union. But this explanation does not at all satisfy financial people, nor even the man that just occasionally reads the financial column. Originally American Telephone and Telegraph was financed exclusively in New England, but when its growth forced it to seek a New York banking connection, it introduced itself to J. P. Morgan. This capitalist undertook to finance the Bell system, as the company is known, and his merger forthwith started him busily buying up independent phone companies throughout the Middle and Western States. So that when Clarence Mackay and his associates took a square look at the thing, they beheld themselves allies of Morgan and headed almost certainly as the promoters of a telegraph, telephone and cable combination rivalling the Steel Trust in prospective capitalization; such a vast wire trust that it could not possibly hope to escape federal guns loaded to destroy it. One can imagine how Clarence Mackay would wriggle at the idea of conservative old Mackay figuring in a government investigation. And, additionally, it may be that the New York board scarcely relished the idea that J. P. Morgan, after getting things tied up tight, might plan a re-organization which, while it would protect the banker's own clients, might shift Mackay's somewhat from the solid level of the financial basis on which its record anchors it.

Which is tantamount to saying that Clarence Mackay suddenly became scared of Morgan, and hastened at the crucial moment to regain firm ground. Whatever the true explanation, Morgan still controls American Telephone and practically Western Union. Mackay is still Mackay, and a competitor again of Western Union, which it sold out after acquiring.

The Canadian investing public learns from official sources that nothing will be done at the present session of the Dominion House towards providing in a revised Bank Act an out-

## Bank of Montreal

(Established 1817.)

INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

CAPITAL (all paid up) - - - - - \$14,400,000.00  
REST, - - - - - \$12,000,000.00  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS, - - - - - \$66,311.96

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Board of Directors:

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HON. SIR GEORGE DRUMMOND, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., President.  
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Cor. Queen East and Ontario.  
1885 Dundas Street, West, Toronto.

James Mason, General Manager.



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Winnipeg Electric Railway...4%  
Dominion Coal Company...4%  
Canadian Car and Foundry...4%

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84 Notre Dame St. West - MONTREAL

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HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Capital Authorized...\$10,000,000.00  
Capital Paid Up .... 8,000,000.00  
Reserve Fund ..... 8,000,000.00

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Star Brand BACON  
Is the Best Bacon

side inspection of our chartered banking institutions. So far the broadsides expected from H. C. McLeod on this and kindred subjects have not exactly materialized, and one is tempted to wonder whether the fatal *vis inertia* that appears to beset the mass of people on subjects vitally affecting their interests and their pockets, is to allow proposed Government inspection to die of inanition.

Within the last several years Canadians have been startled by the sudden collapse one after the other of three monetary institutions, each wrecked not by any general and unavoidable disturbance, but by causes originating from within. In the case of the Ontario Bank and the York Loan and Savings Company, the actual money loss approximates \$2,000,000, while the outcome of the Sovereign Bank liquidation may, as President Jarvis maintains, pay shareholders in full, or it may not. Probably not. Moneys handed over more or less eagerly by a trusting public that read annual statements printed on hand-made paper—statements that seemed as good to them as the chin of the mint rolling out five-dollar gold pieces—were dumped into speculations, used as gambling stakes, and manipulated in a way that would have raised the hair of shareholders if they could have stood in a gallery and seen it done.

They did not see it till after. Everyone, including officialdom, was minding his own business all the time, and a million of money dropped with the thud of the York Loan. Shortly after that someone tripped over a stock exchange ticker in the portal of the Ontario Bank, and an astonished public saw another million in money crumple up. The Sovereign Bank loaded itself up with Chicago and Milwaukee bonds and Alaska Central bonds, both of an ultra-speculative investment nature, and shut its doors. Later, to avoid great loss, this bank was practically forced to send people to Valdez and buy in Alaska Central, which is now being trusted in the hope that shareholders will get something out of it. Also, financial men say that Chicago and Milwaukee is being nursed up to an asset standard.

There are hundreds of shareholders of these institutions that are eager only for their money. But it is safe to say that the great majority of thinking men and women shareholders—if any shareholders do think—would gladly contribute what they have lost and what they may lose if by so doing they could insure an inspection that did not send a picture postcard to announce it was coming along to inspect. If these people could get an inspection that would pry a board off a fence occasionally and not be quite so kid-gloved about it, they would pay salaries without a murmur. And if in addition some puissant judge would send a real live official to jail just because he was an official and allowed gambling to be maintained on the premises, the applause would be deafening. We haven't reached that stage yet. One doesn't see much sign of a Governor Hughes evolving in this country or in 'his Dominion. And we have it officially that just at present there will be no revision of the Bank Act.

There is, however, a sort of general feeling that these gigantic crashes aforesaid have stirred up monetary officials and company directors to such a degree of scrutinizing activity that they actually know what is said and done at the board meeting and 'tween times. It may be so. Last week the writer called on a lawyer in this city who is a director of a recently floated industrial concern that seems to have a future ahead of it. He was asked whether at a recent meeting the directors had authorized a certain sum to be devoted to plant purchase. He honestly admitted that although he had popped in to the meeting in question, that he didn't know anything about any sum voted or proposed to be voted for this purpose, or any other. He'd look fine in a witness-box.

## COMMENT ON COBALT

SOAPY SMITH was a picturesque criminal, but the game he worked most against the uninitiated was not materially different from the stock mining game. I mean the shell game. Three shells and a rubber pea. It was all very simple. But it was the means that Soapy used to draw his victims that resembled the stock mining game. Soapy used "boosters"—men in league with him who would play at his tables and make winnings and the yokels chancing by would see these men making money and they saw no reason why they should not have some of it. So they would make their bet and lose. Now the boosters in the stock mining game are those who wash sales; that is, who buy from one another across the floor of the exchanges so that the quotations go down on the board and are published. The public see these quotations and think there is a real demand for the stock and first they nibble and then they come in.

The Crown Reserve has forwarded copies of its annual report to its shareholders and as an example of the engraver's art, it ranks high. It is beautifully printed but it is interesting to note that the two pictures there containing ore were taken two years ago, and are now ancient history. By comparing the different plans, etc., the stock-holders will appreciate that the property is prospected pretty well to the full.

Manipulation is appearing again very strongly in Temiskaming. The stock is undoubtedly selling for all it is worth and it is to be hoped the public will not be drawn by any stories of "it is going higher." This is quite on a par with acting on a race track tip.

The writer has speculated quite a bit in the Cobalt Market, on the short side generally, and his method is to size up a mine for what it would sell at as a mine and then divide that by the number of shares outstanding, and comparing the result with the market price of the stock. If the market price is about ten times above the intrinsic worth as is usually the case, sell the stock for future delivery. This is like getting money from home. When you hear that a man is short of the market don't set him down as a fool or think that fact a reason that you should buy the stock, because no person sells a mining stock short unless it is selling away above its value. Yet some people run in and buy a stock simply because some other fellow is short. About this time last year there was a big squeeze on in Temiskaming and I was in it. I asked a friend of mine, a bank manager, if he knew where I could borrow 3000 shares of Temiskaming. He said he did not, but as I left his office he grabbed his telephone and put in an order for 500 shares. He got them at \$1.59. In a day's time the stock had dropped to \$1.49, when he told me what he had done. I induced him to sell out and sell 500 more, going short. He did so, but could only stand the strain for about two days when he covered. His nervous system was not designed for the game. He made about \$7.50, about the only money he ever made in Cobalt. Had he stayed with the game a week or two, he would have cleaned up hundreds.

Now this little experience will tell the reader not to rush in and buy stocks on the story that some person is going to get squeezed. For myself, I bought what stock I needed and sold it out again 60 days' delivery and finally covered up some thousands to the good. I am told that the present boom in Cobalt Lake is engineered against the shorts amongst whom I am supposed to figure.

This gives me great satisfaction, for it tells me I am some use in the world, for the situation is giving the hundreds of poor foolish people down in Ottawa, who got into this slough of despond, a chance of getting out. As I saw these people putting mortgages on their houses to buy shares in what I have described as the most unbalanced proposition born of Cobalt, I felt sorry for them and never dreamed that I could ever aid them in their folly. I trust that three years will have shown them their folly and that they will jump at this opportunity. There are many men of ability in Ottawa and I think these men will one and all, endorse my advice, which is to get out of Cobalt Lake as fast as His Satanic Majesty will let them. Cobalt Lake suffered a great loss in the death of its late manager and no legislation and hot air shooting will take the place of him. Had the proposition not had the very best of management since the first, it would have gone bust long ago. So don't take the present boom in Cobalt Lake as serious and if any one appears to want your stock real bad let him have it. The long green will buy good securities cheap these days and as soon as the 30 cent. mark is passed the market for Cobalt Lake will be hit by about 3,000,000 shares and if you make allowance for the washed sales that have occurred in the present movement you will find that only a very small portion of the amount has been traded in. The man who does not recognize fictitious sales in the Cobalt market, or in all stock markets for that matter, has not got a grasp of the situation. In the same way I think it would be well for any one who does much speculating in the market to go short once or twice just to see how quickly his view-point will change, and how completely his optimism is the birth of desire. Not that I recommend the short side for those out of touch with affairs, it requires a peculiar sort of nerve based on a complete knowledge of conditions based upon a knowledge of mining. Always remember that trader never gets short of the market through accident, but that his position is taken after a thorough analysis of conditions and that the fundamental difference between a long and a short is that the one bets that the market will go up and the other bets that the market does down. A man sells C. P. R. stock short, and he knows that he is ultimately wrong, consequently he does so for a quick turn, but in the case of the majority of mining stocks he is ultimately right. All the chances of mining are with him. This doctrine was preached to me several years ago by a man who had gone through the Kaffir boom in London, and my own experience in mining, which is not small, told me he was right, and the experience of Cobalt these last few years has borne it out. As for morals, the short who stays the rise in wild cat stocks is a philanthropist, while the bulls will promulgate all sorts of falsity to unload their worthless paper on the ignorant and confiding. A bear is not of necessity either a liar or a fool and in very few cases does he put out false news. In London or New York sometimes a big financier is killed or a king, or war scares are manufactured, but I do not know any false news that was ever sent out of Cobalt by a bear. Of the Cobalt speculators I do not know any who have made money, yet the amount of false news that has been published on the camp would fill a bible. When you hear that a man has made money in Cobalt, you can bank on it that he was either in on the first discoveries or some disreputable scheme of selling worthless paper to the widows and orphans, a more dishonest undertaking than which it is hard to conceive.

The wild cat promoter is an enemy to his country, the money he takes he says is for mining, but instead of putting it in the ground it puts it in his own pocket. The consequence is that henceforth those people who have lost money through him will refuse to aid the development of our Northern country, saying that they have already done so, and lost. This is one of the strongest reasons why the Government should show up the whole wretched business. The jolly occupation of mining the public must stop and this, only this, is what THE SATURDAY NIGHT is aiming at.

The flurry in Nova Scotia which has put up ten cents has subsided. The litigation in which this company is involved is very serious and great caution should be used in handling the shares. The rise was possible in that it is a stock the traders won't sell short.

Shepherd



EDMUND HALLEY.

The astronomer who predicted the return of the comet now known by his name. Halley was the son of a soap-boiler. Educated at St. Paul's School and Queen's College, Oxford, he began in early youth to study astronomy. His fame rests chiefly on his knowledge of comets, and especially on the fact that he inferred that the so-called comets of 1531, 1607, and 1682 were the same body, and that it would reappear in 1758, a prediction that came true. From that day the comet in question has been known as Halley's. The bust shown is by Henry Pegram, and is in the Haggerston Branch Library of the Borough of Shoreditch, England.

HOW WM. GIBSON, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-President and General Manager.

## BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

Capital Paid-Up - - - \$2,500,000

Reserve Fund - - - 2,500,000

Total Assets Over Thirty Million Dollars

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Member Montreal Stock Exchange

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Dear Sir:  
Can you give me the standing of "The United Wireless Telegraph Company of New York" from the point of view of investment for individuals of small means? Agents have been peddling the stock of this concern all over the province, and great many of our people have invested. I may say I have found disfavor in the eyes of some for ridiculing investments in this company in the face of opportunities for better investments locally.

F. W.  
Go ahead ridiculing. No wireless stock is an investment to people of small means. There is not one to-day that's earning good money.

Paris, March 21, 1910.

Dear Sir:  
Will you let me know in your next issue your opinion of the following stocks:

1. Diamond Coal, Alberta, at 75c. per share?
2. The Sterling Coal proposition?
3. The Canadian Birkbeck Savings Co. as a safe stock?

G. T.

1. This is a speculation.  
2. A down-South venture. Fair.  
3. Very little market for it.

London, Ont., March 28, 1910.

Dear Sir:  
Will you kindly inform me of your opinion of the International Coal and Coke Co.? I bought some of the stock at 85, and have been offered some lately at 70. Do you think it a good buy?

A. R.

No. 69 to 71 now.

St. Catharines, March 26, 1910.

Editor, Gold and Dross:  
Dear Sir—I have followed with much interest the savor methods by which our modern buccaneers have been fleecing the unsuspecting stock-purchasing public of Ontario. You are doing an excellent work, and I wish you every success in your endeavors. As yet no person has asked you about the mining prospects of Michipicoten River, so I shall open the ball by inviting your opinion of the Maripose Mining Co., Ltd., of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. This mine was started about 1903, and is near the Michipicoten River. It was capitalized at three million in 600,000 shares, par value \$5 each, fully paid up and non-accessible. 300,000 shares placed in Treasury.

CONSTANT READER.

It has no prospects.

Gentlemen:  
In your interesting page, re Cobalt, and other mines, could you give us any information on Munroe Mining Company, promoted by Mr. E. T. Carter, Dr. Groves, of Fergus, president; Dr. Lucy, of Guelph, secretary.

Yours truly,

J. E. W.

We cannot. Can anyone?

Lindsay, March 31, 1910.

Editor, Gold and Dross:  
I have before me a certificate nicely printed on silver embossed paper which proclaims me the happy possessor of 10 shares of \$1 par value in the Erie Cobalt Silver Mining Co., Ltd. It is signed by B. M. Rice, secretary, and J. H. Jewell, president.

Will you kindly inform me what my chances for getting rich are on this venture?

I would just like to say that in the business of chasing wildcats you are "It."

Yours truly,

A. M.

A dead one.

Winnipeg, March 28, 1910.

Dear Sir:  
Your Gold and Dross column is both interesting and profitable. The only improvement I could suggest is in the name. The experiences of your correspondents assay so little gold that this word might be omitted and the column called "Dross," or better still, the "Lamb's Club."

Yours, etc.,

MANITOBA.

Detroit, March 28, 1910.

Gentlemen.—Through your valued "Gold and Dross" page kindly inform me as to the present condition of the Harris-Maxwell Larder Lake Gold Mining Company and also of the character of the Tournier Mining Company, who are seeking to amalgamate with the Harris-Maxwell.

Can you tell when a coin rings true?  
Are you able to detect the specious and spurious advertising and prospectus stuff of the fake concern from the solid-worth information of a company out to make good?

If you can't, educate yourself.

In one hand take some of the frenzied literature that floods to your home by mail. Test it. Of what does it consist save possibilities—every one of which is construed to be in favor of the company? The gold ink splashed on the cover is merely a bait suggestive of the gold you are going to pull out of this thing. And, to get right down to it, this power of suggestion is used by wily schemers to get your money away from you. They figure—and correctly, too often—that if gold ink will "pull" a sucker, that they can dispense with real hard-headed statements, the patent unreliability of which would, when published, get the authorities after them.

In the other hand take the report of a Mexico rubber company, printed hereunder on this page. If you ever get a prospectus or a form-letter reading like this, you could afford to discount all the business changes that every new venture is up against, and draw your cheque for shares.

If no such thing has ever come your way yet,  
WAIT TILL IT DOES.

I understand that they have simply sold stock, doing no development whatever.

Sincerely,  
"STUNG."

Just a prospect

Unsigned, Winnipeg, sends in another Canadian Sun-set Oil Co., Ltd., full-page ad. in vaudeville type.

Here's all you want: Manager King says stock should pay 40 per cent. on par first year. Manager King is careful; he cuts his figures in half.

You'd better cut a cent in half and "invest" it in Sunset.

Montreal, March 30.

Gold and Dross:

The writer sent a clipping from your paper to "Illinois Travelling Men's Association," and received the reply which I enclose.

You will see it is very much "Illinois." Thank you very much for this good work. I, of course, shall not pay another assessment. Better far have \$500 of *real* insurance than \$50,000 subject to the whim of any board of directors.

Please warn the travelling men.

Yours always,

M. W. M.

In the letter quoted by M.W.M., R. A. Cavanaugh, of the Illinois Commercial Men's Association, says: "Please accept thanks for yours of the 1st inst., enclosing newspaper clipping

columns your opinion of Big Six? What are the chances for an increase in the price of this stock?

H. B.

This is a Larder Lake proposition. The chances do not appear to be any too rosy for better quotations.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Kindly let me know the present value of Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co. of America?

J. O. Z.

We have a report from New York city that American Marconi is \$10 bid with \$15 asked, this being merely a nominal market for shares. \$100 at par.

P. R. B., Winnipeg, sends along a full-page advertisement from a Western paper and ask what we think of Canadian Sunset Oil, Ltd.

Now, P.R.B., what were you given your faculties for? why not take this display of newspaper advertising, and test it yourself. There's a half-page picture of a train of oil cars steaming away over a reproduction of this sublunar planet. What's that got to do with dividends? The circus type used tells you what? Why, that WE ARE AFTER A BIG WELL—A GUSHER. If you want to gamble, why GAMBLE.

Kingston, April 4.

Dear Sir:

I have some shares in the Beaver Mines, Cobalt, and would be glad to have your opinion. I see they have shipped no ore this year, and am doubtful as to whether

## THE LAMB

MARY had a little lamb,  
To Cobalt he did stray,  
And in the mart of mining stocks  
He purchased Right of Way.



The stock it fell; poor Lambkins saw,  
He sold his snowy fleece;  
With what was left he Foster bought  
At eighty cents a piece.

This stock went down just as the rest,  
And so he lost his all;  
The season changed from summer fair  
Into the cold, cold fall.

Again the stock began to fall;  
Again his wool he clipped;  
To sell that he might further buy  
A stock whose mine had slipped.



Bereft of all his worldly goods,  
Upon the world so cold;  
With fleece twice clipped and substance gone,  
Away from parent fold.



Then Lambkins looked on Cobalt Lake,  
Beheld its silv'ry sheen;  
He pondered well and then he said:  
'Tis watered stock I ween.

He drank, alas, here ends my tale,  
The microbes did the rest;  
That this a moral would convey,  
'Tis as you like it best.

COBALT POET.

I should keep my shares or sell them. I could do so now on a slight advance on what I paid. What standing has the company, and is there any chance of a dividend?

A. D.

Rothschild made his money by selling too soon. Follow his lead. No dividend in sight.

Prescott, March 1, 1910.

Would you advise a small investor to invest in shares of the British Columbia Platinum Co.?

W. J. G.

D. S., Massey, Ont., asks what we think of property in Weyburn Heights, also Sunnyside at \$100 to \$135 per lot per plan enclosed.

Our long-distance judgment as to this is valueless to you. You are able to get a map; go after first-hand facts in the same spirit.

Toronto, March 28.

"Crow's Nest" repeats queries asked before, but evidently overlooked about Crow's Nest Coal. He wants to know capitalization, and asks if it is an investment.

As to the latter, it depends somewhat on Jim Hill. There are millions of tons of coal in the mines, but that isn't getting them out at present. No, it's not an investment for you.

Capital is \$12,665,000. In 1904 2 shares sold at \$125. Later a 10 per cent. dividend was paid. In 1905 a 5 per cent. dividend was paid. At this time it sold high at 130 and low at 120. The last dividend was 3 per cent. The price to-day is offered at 85%. No dividend was shown at last meeting.

Dear Sir:

Could you obtain information about the Haileybury Silver Co., of South Lorraine? Are they working their property?

A. WOULD-BE PURCHASER.

The wise shy at this one.

Granum, Alta., March 31, 1910.

Editor, Gold and Dross:  
Will you kindly, through your paper, give your opinion on the following: Yukon Basin Gold Dredging Co., Dawson City, and Western Union Fire Insurance Co., Vancouver, now under organization?

E. P. D.

The Yukon Fiasin Gold Dredging Co. stock should be left alone. You do not mean "Yukon Gold," which is paying dividends.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

I would be much obliged if you could give me any information on Hargraves. Real information; not the kind

those running the proposition would be likely to hand out. Months ago the company was reported to have run into the Kerr Lake vein, but as yet they have made no shipments, although I have been informed that there is as much as five carloads of ore of sorts ready for shipment.

You are doing a good work in throwing light on the mining companies. Small shareholders have not much chance of getting first-hand information. Do you think this mine has a fair chance of getting on the dividend list, according to present outlook?

I paid 55c. for 200 shares at the market some time ago. Do you advise selling at 40c?

H. P.

The only way to judge a mine is to strip it of its stock and size it up for what it is worth. It now figures on the market at \$1,000,000, which is much money, about as much as would build the Traders Bank building. I think that one-tenth of that amount would be a big price for it. The information handed out about the Kerr Lake vein was a play upon popular ignorance. The vein the mines have in common is No. 3 vein of the Kerr Lake, from first to last not an important ore body. I think in selling the stock you would get away above its value and on the right action can only be based. It does not matter what you paid for the stock; the basis is what it is worth. The chance of its being making instant dividends disengages it are I think, very, very slim. The Hargraves has not got five cars ready to ship, and if they had there is only the inference that the stuff would yield any return. Ore is most any old rock dug out of the ground.

Smith's Falls, April 2, 1910.

Gold and Dross:

Could you give me any information re the King George Gold Mine of Larder Lake. I hold receipt for 900 shares bought three years ago from an Ottawa broker.

H. J.

I have no information that would separate the proposition from the host of wild cats bred in Larder Lake.

Dear Sir:  
Through the columns of your esteemed paper, could you give me any information about the Ross-Bolland Mining Co., Ltd., of Elk Lake, Ont., with offices at Renfrew? Mr. M. J. O'Brien is on the directors' board. So far, I've not been able to find out if the proposition as it now is would be a good investment. Recently the company was reorganized.

AN AMATEUR.

No Gow Ganda stock is an investment and the Ross Bolland is no better than the rest, if as good. Forget it.

Picton, March 26, 1910.

Dear Sir:  
As one of your readers, would you kindly tell me what you think of the "Traders Fire Insurance Company" of Toronto, and what your opinion is of it? Would you think it safe to invest money in it?

ENQUIRER.

Hardly.

Oshawa, April 4.

Dear Sir:  
What do you know of the Hanson Mine of Port Arthur? Is T. H. Hamilton president of same? What is stock worth, and has it ever paid a dividend?

P. T.

Mine been dead years.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Dear Sir—Being a constant reader of your paper, would you be so kind as to give me your opinion on the Radio Wireless Telephone Co. of New York? I have been advised to hold my stock in above company, for which I paid \$6 for some and thirty for a second lot.

W. A. H.

Lose it.

Montreal, March 27, 1910.

Dear Sir:  
I am interested to the extent of several thousand shares in British American, a Cobalt mining stock. What do you think of this stock? Yours,

A. L. T.

I think it is no good.

Dear Sir:  
I have read with great interest your Gold and Dross page. Would you give me your opinion on the King of the North Gold Mine? I am enclosing part of the circulars that were sent out in 1907; also the British Columbia Amalgamated Coal Company, O. J. B. Yevestez, financial agent, Toronto, 1906.

Also the Crown Gas and Oil Co., Ltd., Ottawa, incorporated 1907. Is this property shipping any



Copyright, Underwood & Underwood, New York.  
Andrew Carnegie's fainting spells at Pittsburg alarm his friends. His increasing years may prove too short for him to give away his millions as desired.

you refer to. No ore that by any stretch of the imagination could possibly be called rich ever came out of the region where the Gordon is located. In fact, we have never heard of any silver-bearing ore that came from there. It is possible that you refer to the samples from the Boyd-Gordon mine in the Gowganda district which were on exhibition in Toronto some time ago.

"Stirling, in sunny Southern Alberta," is again figuring in the advertising columns of some of the Winnipeg papers. This is the proposition that was being marketed by Henshaw Maddock, late of the California-Alberta Oil Company. (Maddock put up a bluff threatening SATURDAY NIGHT with a libel suit on behalf of the oil company, but he was afterwards fired out of his job by the said "oily" company. The Toronto offices were closed up, and the California-Alberta, with its fake proposition and the funds nabbed from the unsuspecting easy ones, disappeared from this section of the country.) However, it is Stirling and not the California-Alberta Oil Company with whom we are now dealing.

According to the latest "come-on" literature gas has been discovered at Stirling. Whether the gas has been discovered in the real town of Stirling or in the new town site we are unable to say. The advertisements give us no information on this point. It would probably be well to warn intending purchasers, however, that there is a vast difference between the town of Stirling and the land deal which calls itself Stirling. W. T. Odgen, president of the Stirling Board of Trade, writes us concerning the proposition as follows:—

"With reference to the value of lots in the new town-site here, or rather adjoining the village of Stirling, I will say that lots are for sale in this village at \$100 each, said lots containing 1/4 acres, while lots in the new townsite run from \$100 to \$300 and contain only 25 feet frontage by 125 feet deep. While I consider \$100 for one of our lots of 1/4 acres a fair price, the other I consider very unfair. Especially so when you take into consideration the fact that the greater part of the townsite company's lands are apt to be covered with water when an overflow or a flood comes as it does sometimes. I have seen water running over the railway track on each side of the depot, which will give you an idea of how the land adjoining will likely fare."

Concerning the hotel which has taken such a prominent place in the literature of this townsite company, the President of the Board of Trade says: "It seems that the main object in erecting the hotel was to put in a bar, but they have a hard fight on their hands, as very few would favor a bar and this is a Local Option district. In conversation with our provincial member the other day, that gentleman stated that these promoters could not get a license, so I think they have a white elephant on their hands."

So much for the "townsite" of Stirling with 25 foot lots at \$300 per.

As there appears to be a very general inclination among Canadians to purchase Marconi stocks, though just why they should be purchased is hard to say, I take occasion to pass on a few figures respecting the last annual report of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, known ordinarily as American Marconi.

The company's report for the year ending January

31, 1910, shows a net profit of \$8,701, after deducting \$12,936 from the gross working profits for depreciation. Traffic receipts for the year increased \$26,532. One hundred and twenty steamers plying the Atlantic have been added to the list equipped with the Marconi system during the year.

The directors of the company have decided to reduce the par value of the capital stock from \$100 to \$25 per share, thus reducing the capitalization from \$6,650,000 to just one-fourth this amount. This capitalization was in the first place, excessive, but more to the point is the fact that this reduction of capitalization will save the corporation \$4,500 annually in taxation.

From the figures above it will be seen that American Marconi is by no means an investment security, but at the same time its position is said to be much more satisfactory than that of the Canadian Marconi Company.

Zurich, Ont.

Would you kindly give me your opinion regarding the purchase of International Tool Steel Co. stock? Would you consider it a good investment? What are its prospects? Thanking you for the good advice you have given me in the past,

B. A. C.

Yes, its prospects may be good, and it is not a good investment. It isn't an investment at all, it's an industrial speculation. There are some good men behind it. It claims to have a new process to do things cheaper than the other fellow. Wait till it does it, as per next annual report.

Owen Sound, March 28, 1910.

Editor Gold and Dross.—

The Collins Wireless Telephone Co. are offering a bonus of Pacific Coast stock with purchase of shares in the parent company. Would you please say if this investment is any good?

ENQUIRER.

I can say this much: that there is a bunch of people in and around New York and vicinity that duck every time they hear the company spoken of.

Petanguishene, March 28, 1910.

Dear Sir,—Would you kindly give me your opinion on the enclosed prospectus re "Combination Orchard Co." I appreciate your exposure of the swindlers.

Sincerely,

J. C. M.

Too good, my friend; too good. Don't you know that even the optimistic insurance companies have quit publishing tables of estimated profits?

Toronto, March 28, 1910.

Sir,—Would you be kind enough to state through the columns of your valuable paper your opinion of an investment in the Chief Matach Mines Co., Ltd., which obtained its charter on the 3rd instant? Thanking you in anticipation.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Know nothing about it.

1. What do you think of Waldman Silver Mines at Cobalt which was boosted by The Toronto World some time ago?

2. Would you consider same a fair speculation?

H. V.

Waldman is a new one with which I am not overly familiar. From the manner in which it has been advanced I think it would be a good thing to leave alone.

Chesley, Ont.

Sir,—Kindly give me all information you can re Cobalt Paymaster. Bought 500 shares in November at 25c. per share, and assured by vendor that Paymaster shares couldn't be purchased at that time for less money. Was that statement true, and what can be done to recover money?

HAMILTON.

The stock was selling around 25 cents last Fall, which, however, was about 25 cents more than it is worth. There appears to be no market for it. There is no process by which you can recover. Excuse delay.

Hamilton, March 24, 1910.

Dear Sir,—Give me what information you can about British Columbia Amalgamated Coal Co. Mines on island near Prince Rupert?

R. C.

I do not know Amalgamated Coal. Coal companies are springing up in the West like mushrooms, and few of them have gone sufficiently far to tell with any accuracy how the majority will work out. Coal shares in the great majority of these corporations are necessarily highly speculative. In other words they are a gamble. Not as bad as silver and gold mines, but still a gamble, unless perchance you are on the ground and can still local conditions as well as the property itself.

A gentleman at St. Marys enquires again regarding Agaunico Mines Development Company, stating at the same time that their manner of doing business is extraordinary.

That it is a slick stock selling corporation, already pointed out in this department, there can be no doubt. If its mine is as good as its organization, which we have grave reason to doubt, its shareholders would all be rich. We would say again, it is better to leave this stock strictly alone.

Nicola, B.C., March 18, 1910.

Dear Sirs,—Will you kindly give me your opinion of the shares of the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company of Canada as an investment? The last dividend was paid, I believe, in November, 1907. Is there any prospect of another dividend being paid in the near future?

"QUILCHENA."

I should think that the Consolidated should offer a fair good avenue for speculation and possibly of investment. They are probably the only company that is really solid and safe Kootenays now, while the developments at Rossland appear to be satisfactory. The stock does not appear to have artificial support which to me is a great thing. Of course price trend will more or less follow New York. Why not buy a few acres in the Okanagan and watch your dollars grow on trees? Or your own district? Then you won't cultivate bad habits.

"Alpha," Toronto, inquires as to the value of building lots in Melrose Park:

1. Is \$25 per foot an excessive price for this land?  
2. Who are the owners of Melrose Park?

3. Do you think the real estate boom has reached its height in Toronto generally?

1. It depends on the land.

2. We understand Sir William Mulock, Harry Hunter of Minneapolis and Robins Limited are the owners.

3. It is boom time all right, but no one can prophecy when real estate in a city like Toronto has reached its height. Toronto property is always a sound investment if bought right, but we cannot endorse any specific deal. The investor must depend on his own judgment.

Mount Forest, March 21, 1910.

Dear Sirs,—Will you please state your opinion of (1) Stewart River Gold Dredging Co., Ltd. (2) Silver bar? What is the outlook for shareholders?

K. V. H. M.

The Stewart River has never proved a profitable field for dredging operations. That this should be may be set down to one of the varieties of gold. The first valuable dredge in the Yukon basin were on the Stewart River and the hardy pioneers extracted as high as fifty dollars a day from the bars, but the gold lay as thin as paper on the surface. Believing this to be the history of mining on the Stewart, I cannot recommend this stock, though Mr. Dan Matheson is a man of ability and it is possible he may make the proposition pay, but as it stands it is highly speculative. The deposits are of a nature different to the deposits being worked by the Yukon Gold Co. on the Klondike creeks.

Charles Head and Co. have been good enough to fur-

nish a report on the Mutual Rubber Production Co., information of which was asked recently by a subscriber.

The Mutual Rubber Production Co. own about 12,000 acres in Mexico, of which about one-half is adated to rubber. They have 5,500 acres under cultivation. Three million trees from one to seven years old. Part of the non-rubber land is given over to cocoanuts as a side issue. Capital, \$1,500,000, 600,000 shares, par \$240. They have passed the development stage and are now in a position to market rubber steadily. The market is decidedly in their favor. While their product is not equal to Peru rubber, they are now experimenting to remove the resin and if successful the product should command nearly as good a price as Peru. This company had about \$100,000 surplus and there is no stock for sale.

St. Thomas, Ont., March 26, 1910.

Gold and Dross:

I have been patiently scanning your columns in quest of information of The Haileybury Silver Mining Co. Kindly answer following questions:

1. Market price is about 40c. Would you advise selling now?

2. Have Haileybury Frontier Co. (adjoining property) struck any promising veins that would likely increase value of H. S. M. Co?

3. Have any mines in this district made good?

T. G. H.

1. I think it is time to put all Cobalt stocks into real money, with but very few exceptions.

2. I do not know.

3. There seems to be some ore there. You know the Haileybury Silver paid its dividends out of sales of property.

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly advise me through your estimable columns as to the present condition of "The Grace Mining Company," Ridgeley, Ont.? They also had a branch office in Buffalo, N.Y. Last summer the company announced a meeting of shareholders to be held at Buffalo to consider what action to take regarding the maturing of a mortgage held by the president of the company. I didn't attend, nor have I received any report of proceedings.

J. G.

I have had special inquiry made for you. The Grace gold mine has a claim in the Michipicoten area. It is operated by the Le Peacock Mining Co. and is advertising to latest record it is treating about twenty tons of ore per day. As to whether Grace stock is of any great value, perhaps you yourself know whether the company you ask about is the Grace Gold Mine. If not, we have no information respecting Grace Mining Co.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Will you kindly let me know how the following Cobalt matters stand at present time:

1. Re Gordon Cobalt. Is this concern alive, dormant or dead?

2. When was the last shareholders' meeting called?

3. What was done with cash and stock received from "Southern Belle" for south 40 acres sold some years ago?

4. What mine did the rich Gordon ore samples come from that were exhibited in the offices of a prominent politician promoter?

STUNG SHAREHOLDER.

1. Dead. I fancy.  
2. I do not know.  
3. I do not know.  
4. I do not know. Gordon Cobalt is dealt with at length elsewhere.

Gold and Dross Column:

About a year ago Lorsch & Co., brokers, were booming the Shamrock Mines, Limited, very enthusiastically, and it was supposed to be a sure winner, no matter what happened to the rest of Cobalt. We bought at 40c., and there the story ends. Do you know anything about this proposition? We heard nothing further after buying the stock.

Yours very truly,

INNOCENT.

The proposition holds some mining property, 20 acres, and some leases. Capital, \$3,000,000. I do not know anything to recommend the stock.

A query comes to the editor respecting Cobalt Commercial Mines.

The Cobalt Commercial Mines is the name of a wild cat promotion. Head office, Hamilton.

Montreal, March 26.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

I appreciate the frankness which characterize your statements, and I am convinced that your only motive is that the truth might be known of the various mines at Cobalt.

I am one of those unfortunate persons who has been "stung," by investing money in Cobalt. The bulk of my accumulated savings went into "La Rose Consolidated" at \$7. I am, of course, anxious to know whether I shall ever be able to get back all the money which I invested in La Rose. I was induced to buy La Rose by a Montreal stockbroker.

1. Do you believe that the price of La Rose stock will ever increase as high as \$7 per share?

2. Has the famous "Silver Sidewalk" of the Lawson Mine entirely pinched out at the 88-foot level. Has the Lawson Mine, by which La Rose stock was boomed, come up to expectations?

3. In view of the fact that La Rose is shipping more than other mine and yet only pays 8 per cent., was the cut in dividend justified?

4. Has there been, during the past six months of development, any ore bodies located on La Rose properties which would greatly augment the standing of La Rose as a silver mine, and which would help to justify the large capital outstanding of \$7,500,000?

5. Are there any other ore bodies on the Lawson Mine besides this so-called "Famous Silver Sidewalk"?

I believe that your paper is doing a service to the investors of Canada, and I feel sure that had your paper been consulted by many people who have money tied up in Cobalt enterprises, the results would be much better for the mining of legitimate propositions, as well as the curtailment of the wildcat. Thanking you for the space you allow this letter, I remain,

Yours truly,

"COBALT INVESTOR."

If the bulk of your accumulated savings are in La Rose, I think I would sell, certainly on the first bulge. In advising this I do so in the full knowledge of the possibility that the stock will sell higher; in fact I may say that I almost think it will sell higher, but a man in your position cannot afford to run chances.

The La Rose has a capable manager who recognizes that silver in the ground won't pay dividends, and he runs the ore out as long as it holds a margin of profit. You should not listen to brokers, even when honest—they are more often wrong than right. They know nothing about mining. Here are the answers to your questions:

1. No.

2. The famous silver sidewalk came out in one shot.

3. Yes.

4. Not that I know of.

5. The Lawson has other good ore bodies, but I lack any information on the recent developments of the property.

With a good shipment or two from the Lawson, and a little manipulation the La Rose stock might be materially boosted. On the other hand, I think the stock is selling for all it is intrinsically worth, and after all this is the only basis on which to act.

Hamilton, Ont., March 27, 1910.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Read your letter answering my questions as to the



THE proposal to hold an endurance contest in Canada, which was discussed recently in these columns, is meeting with the favorable consideration of Canadian motorists. The Ontario Motor League, which has always been a ready and powerful influence for the promotion of the sport in this country, is even now investigating the matter and is getting information on the subject. Other bodies of motorists have been notified of the contemplated contest, and it is likely that a decision will soon be reached. It is to be hoped the plan will prove feasible, because it would undoubtedly mean much to motorizing in Canada. It would attract a great deal of public attention, it would afford a pleasant outing to the motorists themselves, and it

stresses upon the mechanism and tires that tend to break and wear.

He had never owned or driven a car before. He knew little more about automobiles than the average layman when he made his purchase, and he had to take lessons in driving to learn to run it. Yet during the first eight months of possession he drove 7,258 miles on an average fuel consumption of one gallon to sixteen miles, and at an average cost per mile of only five and seventeen one-hundredths cents, including all operation and maintenance expenses. Strict account was kept of every item, not omitting insurance against fire and theft, fines for exceeding the speed limits (entailed by friends at the wheel, but paid for by the owner, who was riding as a passenger)

As for tires, which generally are considered a chief source of trouble and expense, two new casings were put on after the car had been run between 3,000 and 3,500 miles, and at the end of November were believed to be good for 1,500 or 2,000 miles more. One front and one rear



THE AERO SHOW AT OLYMPIA, LONDON, ENGL. This picture gives a splendid view of the largest exhibition of the kind ever held. In the foreground to the right is a Bleriot monoplane, and just beyond is an Antoinette. Across the aisle is a Wright biplane.

should be productive of valuable results to the automobile industry in Canada. Such a contest might well be made an annual feature, and in time it would probably grow to proportions undreamed of at this early stage of its history.

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PROBABLY more men have been deterred from enjoying the pleasures of motoring because of the uncertainty and fear of the cost of running a car and maintaining it than on account of the first cost of the machine itself, writes H. W. Perry in Harper's Weekly. The cost of the car is a definite, fixed quantity ascertainable beforehand; the running, repair, and storage expenses are an obscure or unknown quantity, which might be represented by X. They may range anywhere from the minimum shown by testimonial letters published by automobile manufacturers to an annual amount equal to the cost of the car itself. The manager of one of the largest and best equipped garages in New York asserts that, from his observation, it costs just about as much to keep and run a car a year in New York as the machine costs, whether it be a modest little runabout at \$750 or a magnificent limousine at \$7,500. But he views the situation in the light of the man accustomed to the garage prices charged in the Broadway section and the hire of high-priced chauffeurs.

There are ways and ways of doing things—even automobileing. One of the writer's friends, who is a keen, methodical business man, has applied his business methods to his motoring. He has taken great interest, first, in getting the best car he could for the least money, and then in running and keeping the machine as cheaply as possible consistent with the position he occupies in the community. It is a matter of pride to him, as an evidence of skill in driving, to get the greatest mileage per gallon of gasoline and the utmost wear out of the tires. His mechanical instincts cause him to consider it unpardonable to abuse a car by driving at high speed over very bad roads, overloading it with passengers and luggage on a long trip through hilly country, and doing "stunts" with it that good sense tells him impose unnecessary

and State license and city wheel tax for one year.

The machine is a five-passenger touring-car that cost in the neighborhood of \$1,000, but has proved equal to thirty miles an hour and a satisfactory hill climber. A large part of the mileage was made on the boulevards of Chicago, but a considerable percentage was also made over country roads of all sorts in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Indiana. The owner has been unusually generous to friends and acquaintances with his car, taking them for drives in the evenings and for long runs on holidays and Sundays. He has even been known to drive his wife's wash-woman home on a stormy night. Probably not less than half of the total mileage in the eight months was made with four or five passengers, so the actual average cost per passenger mile has been just about one and one-half cents.

\* \* \*

IF your car is equipped with four wheels of like size, it is a good plan to change the tires around occasionally—that is, if one side of the tire is much worn, turn it around. If your tires are apparently in good shape don't be afraid to pump them up hard, as they will not burst. Don't throw your brake on hard with your machine going at even moderate speed, as an unnecessary strain is put on the tires. Beware of car tracks and avoid running over obstructions when not necessary. Keep your valve stem and stay bolt nuts tight, and tires pumped up in order that water cannot get into the tires. Never run on a flat tire, as casing and tube will be easily damaged to such an extent that further use is out of the question. A great many people drive mostly at top speed burning their tires up. Then they complain that they have not had sufficient mileage; this is just one instance of where the tire is always getting the worst of it. Rim cutting

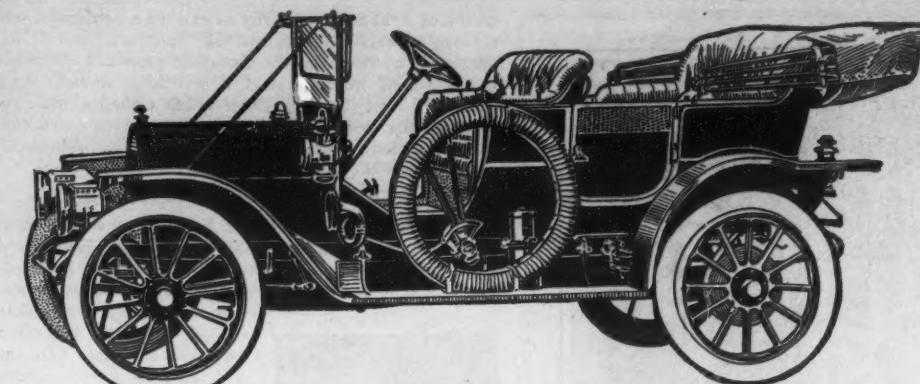
is caused by tires not fitting perfectly, by sharp or rusty edges on the rim, or by running tires partly deflated. Do not take corners fast, as by so doing tires are subjected to much strain. Do not use chains on your tires, except as absolutely necessary, as they loosen your treads, and do a great amount of harm to your tires. Furthermore, tire manufacturers do not guarantee tires on which chains have been used.

Use demountable rims, and by so doing carry your extra tires ready-flated on spare rims—when trouble occurs the damaged tire has only to be removed and replaced with the extra, which is ready-flated. The change can be made in almost no time, and it is so mechanically perfect that it can be operated by any one, the only arduous labor being in jacking up the car. Any style clincher tire can be used on these rims. Leading car makers acknowledge that a year or so will see the general adoption of demountable rims as standard equipment.

\* \* \*

IN an article on the electric lighting of automobiles, the Motor World calls attention to the few cars so equipped and finds it surprising that this should be so. It says that not a few private owners have installed such a system of their own and goes on to explain wherein the electric light seems to have many advantages over the oil lamp, both as to safety and adaptability.

"Despite the precautions of lamp designers, and the most conservative planning of the car builders themselves in regard to methods of safeguarding against fires," says the ar-



The driver's seat and control are on the left-hand side of the Reo—convenient for dismounting to the sidewalk.

## Four-Cylinder Reo \$1500

Thirty horse-power—50 miles an hour

### An Engineering Victory

It is comparatively easy for a maker to build a car that will "do things" if he puts enough money and weight into it. But money is money, and weight is money, too—money for big and quickly-worn-out-tires, money for more fuel and expensive maintenance.

The Reo is a triumph of engineering. Mr. R. E. Olds is a genius for doing that very difficult but useful thing—making a car of very high quality at low cost. The Reo is full of cost where cost earns its money, and full of economy where economy counts. It has the remarkable get-there-and-back ability of every Reo ever built; it is powerful, light, buoyant, graceful, efficient, comfortable.

No car at \$2,000 is equal to the Reo at \$1,500. You must pay \$3,000 for its equal, and then you have expensive and unnecessary weight.

How this victory was accomplished is explained by text and picture in the Reo catalogue. Send also for "Number 31," the story of New York to Atlanta.

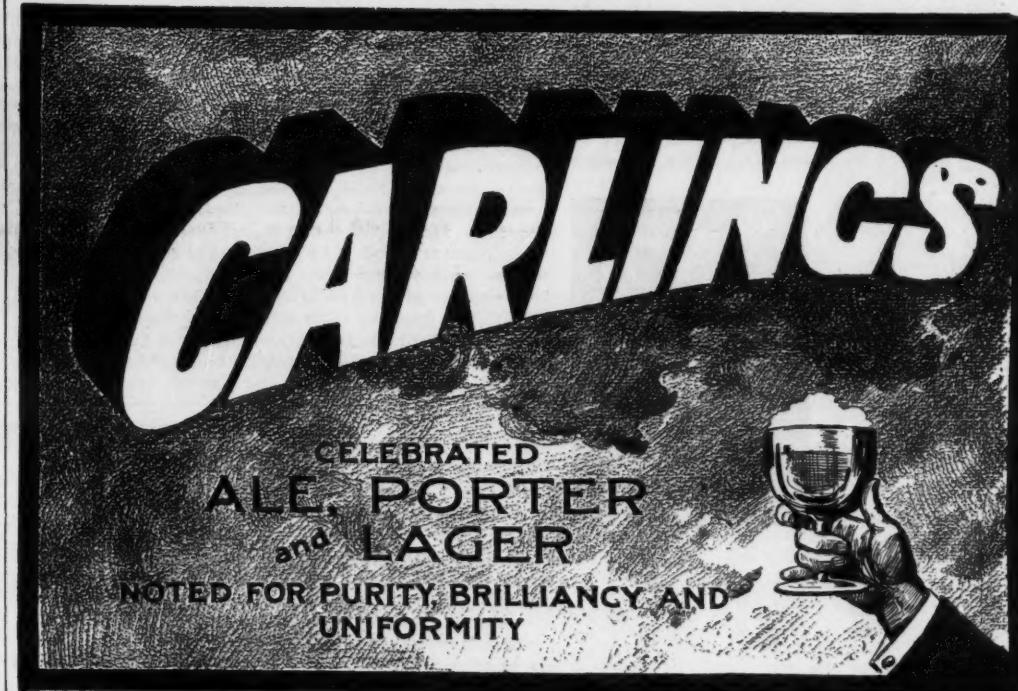
Reo four-cylinder roadster, with same motor and general specifications, at the same price, \$1,500. Top and Mezger Automatic Windshield extra on all styles of Reos—but no charge for fitting.

### REO MOTOR CAR CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.

St. Catharines, Ontario

AGENTS EVERYWHERE

Toronto: International Motor Car Co.  
St. Catharines: The Reo Garage  
Hamilton: The Hamilton Garage Co.  
Ottawa: Ketchum & Co.



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"Despite the precautions of lamp designers, and the most conservative planning of the car builders themselves in regard to methods of safeguarding against fires," says the ar-

used to be an objection to its use, no longer may be held up against it.

"With the modern charging facilities for battery users, ranging from the small charging board installed in the garage, to the simple and compact generator system driven by the motor, there should be no further objection to it on the score of current supply. In cost, it can by no means be termed expensive, especially when its advantages are considered."

CHAUFFEUR.

### OF INTEREST TO TRAVELLERS.

Trains leave Toronto daily via Grand Trunk Railway System for principal points in Canada and United States as follows:—9 a.m., 4.32 and 6.10 p.m. for Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York.

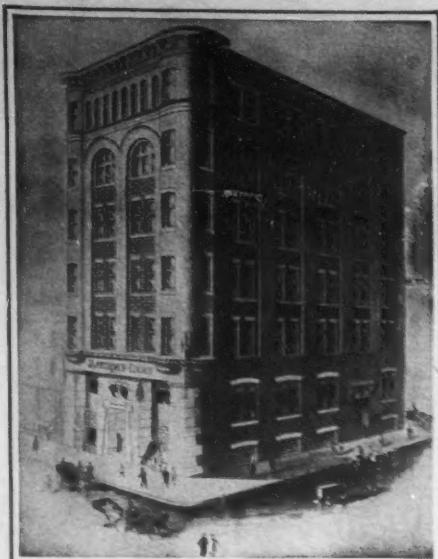
7.15 and 9 a.m., 8.30 and 10.15 p.m. daily for Montreal, Quebec, Boston, etc. 8.00 a.m., 4.40 and 11 p.m. for London, Detroit, Chicago and points in Western Canada and the United States. Smooth roadbed, double-track line, palatial Pullman sleepers, excellent dining car service and courteous attendants are features of the Grand Trunk Railway System.



A SWAN CAR FOR A MODERN LOHENGRIN. This remarkable car, made for an Indian prince, cost \$10,000. The "exhaust" can be sent through the beak, causing the swan to hiss. It has electric lights for eyes.

# Apollinaris

"The Queen of Table Waters"



## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

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## !?. POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE. ?!

"Fingy" Connors' Canadian Scheme.

WILLIAM J. CONNORS, of Buffalo, better known as "Fingy" Connors, has of recent years broken into the American magazines against his will. Since he became boss of the New York State Democracy, the muck-rakers have been after him in full cry. His parents were Canadian Irish, but he was born in Western New York State fifty-three years ago. He has risen from the position of dock laborer and keeper of a tough liquor dive, to the control of the grain-shovelling business of the American ports on the great lakes, and is a power in the Democratic party. Even the great William Randolph Hearst had to form an alliance with "Fingy" when he sought the Democratic nomination for Governor of the State. He controls two journals in Buffalo of a more or less yellow character, The Courier and The Enquirer. Some ten years ago Connors developed a temporary affection for Canada, the country of his parents. It was at a time when he was at war with the longshoremen of Buffalo and seeing himself beaten, he threatened to ruin Buffalo as a centre of grain transhipment by establishing vast elevators at Montreal and Port Colborne, the southerly entrance of the Welland Canal. Hon. Richard Harcourt acted as his Canadian representative and the proposal went so far that when a part of Fenians tried to blow up the Welland Canal, it was generally believed for a few days that the conspiracy was the work of Buffalo grain-scoopers, grown desperate at the thought that Connors was going to permanently destroy their



"Fingy" Connors.

means of livelihood. Shortly afterward a settlement was reached between Connors and the "Scoopers," and he immediately lay down on the Canadian proposal. Whether it was a bluff from the start, it is difficult to say. As a matter of fact, the proposition which Connors made respecting this elevator building was most unbalanced, and had he carried it out, "Fingy" would have gone broke.

## A Great Canadian Chemist.

THE researches of Professor Ernest Rutherford continue to attract attention abroad. Professor Rutherford was formerly connected with McGill University at Montreal, and as in the case of several of that institution's best men, he was "stolen"; that is to say he received an offer from abroad that Canada, with all its wealth, could not meet, and therefore his services were lost to the country. He was one of the greatest living authorities on chemistry. His writings attract universal attention among scientists. Recently he has been writing in *Nature*, the great British scientific publication, on polonium, the radio-active substance, which in some quarters has been exploited as a new and wonderful discovery. He says that it is not a new discovery, but has really been known longer than radium itself, of which it is merely a transformation product. The reason why polonium is so difficult to obtain, says Professor Rutherford, is that it breaks up

five thousand times faster than even radium. For this reason its activity, weight for weight, should be five thousand times greater than that of radium. A point which he and other great chemists, including Madame Curie and Boltwood, have been trying to settle is, whether polonium really changes into lead as appears probable. These very delicate problems are likely to be solved in the near future by experiments at present in progress.

## Dr. Sheard and Smallpox.

IT was not the insolence of wealth that has made Dr. Sheard's figure stand out in his position as medical health officer of Toronto in sharp silhouette against the dark background of lobbyists and log rollers inside and outside of the City Council. It has been rather, a certain strength that made itself known oftener in indifference to convention, but which could be traced in many finer little acts of heroism and courtesy if followed by the careful eye. Dr. Sheard has never "worked" a salary increase for himself. But he fought tooth and nail for adequate remuneration for the underlings in his department—and every man who worked for him at the City Hall got a plump turkey as often as Christmas came round.

One bitter day in winter the health officer called on his rounds at the Smallpox Hospital. There had been a particularly virulent case of the disease, and the victim had died. The hospital staff at the time was shorthanded, and there was nobody to lay the victim out—she was a woman—except a nurse and the ambulance driver. The body was in such repulsive condition that these two had been driven from the room after raising the window in the vain hope of sterilizing the atmosphere by frigidity. The two explained the situation to Dr. Sheard.

"All right," said he. "It's a horrible job and you only get \$15 a week. Leave it to me."

And he entered the death-chamber, removed the frozen bedclothes from the body, closed the eyes of the corpse, straightened out her limbs and arrayed the body decently for burial.

"It was part of the day's work," he said afterwards, quietly.

Smallpox has no personal terrors for Charles Sheard, M.D., but as a physician he dreads it above all other plagues. He has put up the most strenuous fight against it ever waged by any health officer, and Toronto's particularly low smallpox record is a lasting monument to his painstaking ability. Personally he is as indifferent to it as though a proven "immune"—but his reliance is based solely upon precautions. Charles Sheard's left arm from wrist to shoulder is a mass of tiny cicatrices—the marks of repeated self-vaccinations, for he practises what he preaches. At one time he counted forty-seven of these little scars, and while he must undoubtedly have become thoroughly inoculated against smallpox it is quite probable that having acquired the habit he will continue to vaccinate himself yearly, at least till the end of his days.

## An Experiment in Justice.

"The law's delay," which Hamlet thought was one of the things which made life not worth living, has been a subject of railing on the part of satirists and of serious concern on the part of statesmen in all ages. The poor man, who, at the present time, has gone into court, and who fears that justice will never be done him there, may assure himself, at any rate, that his troubles are nothing new.

Chronicles of the time of the Emperor Charlemagne, who was the master, and to a great extent, the lawgiver of Europe in the latter part of the eighth and the beginning of the ninth century, record an interesting attempt on this monarch's part to prevent the delays of justice.

He could not deny that the excuses made by the judges were plausible, but he was convinced that they could decide cases more promptly if they would.

He decreed, therefore, that when a judge had failed to render a decision within a certain reasonable time the complainant in the case should have the right to take up his residence in the judge's house, to eat at his table, and to lodge at his expense until the decision should be made.

The decree was promptly taken advantage of by various litigants, who praised the wisdom and righteousness of their sovereign as they tasted the fare and slept on the beds of their dilatory judges.

They found, however, that there was another side to the picture. They succeeded in hastening the decision of the judge, but when it was reached, it was generally found to be unfavorable to the complainant. It was the judge's way, as we should express the matter, of "getting even."

This interesting method of enforcing decisions became, therefore, unpopular. And what the wise and powerful Charlemagne failed to accomplish has never since been effectually secured.

—

HARLAN P. BEACH, M.A., F.R.G.S., Professor of the Department of Missions at Yale University. Prof. Beach will speak on the future of China, before the Canadian Club, at noon on Tuesday, April 12, and at night will lecture at Carlton Street Methodist Church on "The World for Christ; What This Means for Us."

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**SOMEWHERE**—in London, or New York, in Paris or Berlin: in some lavishly-fitted suite of a swagger building, or in some unostentatious back room fronted by a bogus business, there is one person or a coterie of persons operating a Trust of such gigantic proportions and of such malevolent functions that beside it Standard Oil, Sugar Trust and Paper Trust become mere small change.

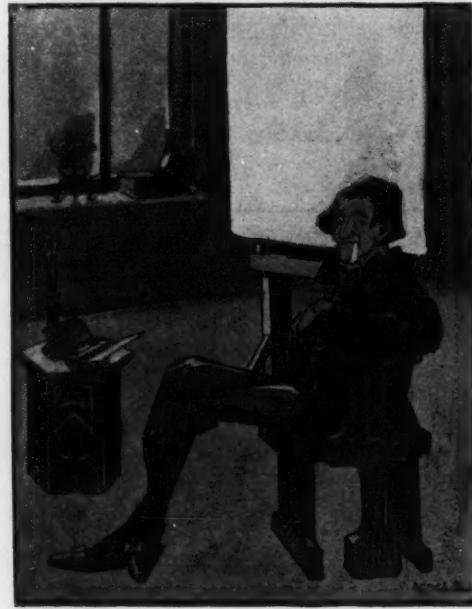
This is the hypnotic, baleful Fashion Trust.

To the non-user of oil, Rockefeller has no terrors. The vegetarian laughs at the Beef Trust, and all who do not wear clothes may jeer at the Fashion Trust.

All those who intend to jeer please step this way.

Careful analysis of the situation will show that while styles of clothing have been subject to change ever since we began to wear 'em, that it is only of recent years that the Fashion Trust as such has been evolved. At the present day it is squeezing from hapless victims so many millions of dollars per year that an aggregate computation would be vain. The figures would be staggering. They would fit Britain, Germany and France with enough Dreadnoughts to stop shipbuilding for thirty years and leave enough over to place the required number of missionaries throughout the uncivilized world to bring about evangelization. And there would be a balance over.

Primarily, women are victims of this Trust. Willing victims, you say. A heedless and short-sighted remark.



A thousand artists ready to pen fresh styles of dress for women.

almost contemptuous in tone: a remark that should never have been made. Men are also victims of the Trust that gives no rebates. Married men are greater sufferers than are single men, but all masculines are only victims of a secondary class. The Trust dare not attempt with men what it daily achieves with the more emotional and less logical portion of humanity. If it did, it might find itself up against an examination for discovery, indictment, prosecution, conviction. In that event the octopus would release its hold, and women of Canada and the United States alone would be for that year some \$200,000,000 wealthier.

Wealth sounds like surplus. But it is not "surplus" earnings that flow into the maw of the Fashion Trust. It is money snatched from the middle and working classes; the results of crime and peculation; the tithe of the church, the fund that should go for food and education.

Of the total amount the Fashion Trust squeezes in one year from its tearful yet unprotected victims, \$80,000,000, is, or has been, for the Princess gown.

Let the Princess gown be the first indictment by way of illustration.

In the United States there are 80,000,000 of people, of which 25,000,000 are women or girls old enough to don a Princess gown. Canada adds to this 2,500,000 more.

27,500,000 women affected by the first count!

\* \* \*

Up to about the spring of 1908 the women of these countries were content to follow the then prevailing mode of dress. It had, after a struggle, made good. It was vicious, but after being first hated it finally was embraced.

Then some bulgy official of the Fashion Trust—in full operation in that year—chewed at his brunet cigar, and snorted: "Most of a whole season gone by and nothin' new in. What in blazes is the Originating Department up to? Get the selection committee together; collect the gang."

Servitors did so. Eleven men and one woman—she figureless and in rusty black—foregathered. Ideas and suggestions were demanded. The bulgy official smote the mahogany and thundered that a thousand artists were sitting with arms folded ready to pen fresh styles of dress for women, and there was nothing doing; the power was up in myriads of the Trust printing factories prepared to get out fashion plates, and money was being lost on their wages. So they swapped suggestions, thumbed books of art, scanned cables from queer parts of the world. The garb of Boadicea nearly prevailed. It lost by a hook and eye. Some one spoke of the Swiss get-up as appropriate for a novelty.

"Would they wear it?" was asked.

"Wear it?" exploded the president, "they'd wear Brussels carpet with shark-teeth Passimenterie if we said so. Wear it. H-ugh!"

The one woman in the bunch voiced an idea and was promptly sat on. What does a woman know about fashions for women? Enough to wear them, that's all. Finally, some one hit on the Princess effect. The word was

said. The Princess had arrived. The wires were soon hot with the news.

Immediately 27,500,000 women were affected.

One-third of these—to be very liberal—were women of fashion or of such means that they were just aching anyway to get out and sink a lump of money in new clothes. Whether the Fashion Trust had evolved something new or not, they would have gone shopping and buying. Cutting off a fraction of the remainder as a safety margin to include bed-ridden women, those in jail and in industrial homes, let us say we are concerned with only fifty per cent. of the whole.

Of these fifty per cent., ten per cent. were women of small means comparatively, but willing to make sacrifices to stay with the game. The remaining forty per cent., or 5,500,000 women, shapely or waistless, blooming or anemic, stunning or scrawny; matrons, maids, housekeepers, domestics, churchwomen—all classes, recoiled from the edict terror-stricken. For this reason, they were all provided with clothes. The clothes suited them. They were not worn out. They were good for six or eight months' more wear, and they had not finished paying for this last batch.

The Fashion Trust was well aware of this, but that giant monopoly has lettered over its head-office portal the words "All the Traffic Will Bear." It butted in with the Princess design then, because it needed the money.

So 5,500,000 women shed 55,000,000 tears and hiked away to become fitted for the new things. Each spent on an average \$15 per gown. Some paid \$250, and a great many clawed their 8 a.m. way to piles at \$4.75.

These dresses cost \$77,500,000.

With alterations, they cost \$2,500,000 more.

Thus the stupendous sum of \$80,000,000 was forced from this restricted percentage of women who kicked at paying every cent of it. Oceans of weeps flowed from them. Of these oceans a good many small seas came from those who saw themselves for the first time in the pier-glass wearing it after it came home from the tailor.

\* \* \*

Had these women no redress? That is where the Fashion Trust gets its strangle hold by utilizing the emotions and known habits and traits of its victims. The Fashion Trust imposed no penalty. But every woman knew that either she had to have a Princess gown, and have it quick, or her life would not be worth living. So she dug down and got the money. She badgered uncle till he promised. She sliced some off the church contribution—fancy starving a missionary—and added it to her Princess pile. She agreed with hubby that she would look bright in a Princess, and spent every evening for the next week with her head buried in Butterick's. Hard-worked lawyers added a Princess on to their court costs. Coal drivers hit their horses extra smacks because they had just been stung for a Princess.

An no one raised, or is raising, a finger to stop it.

The Sherman anti-Trust laws of the United States and Canada's Criminal Code contribution to the same end prohibit any conspiracy in restraint of trade. That does not apply to the Fashion Trust, for what it does is to create a world-wide traffic for the sole purpose of enriching its own coffers.

And as the result makes women weep, the only ones that benefit are the masseuses and the makers of disappearing face cream.

Possibly there may be some men that will sneer at the idea that there is a Fashion Trust. If any such an one will cut a button off the suit he procured last year from his tailor, and take it to that same tailor, and endeavor to match that button, he will procure immediate and first-hand evidence that he is up against the most colossal and far-reaching trust in the history of the world. He cannot get that button.

If he could, he would sew it on the old suit. Being unable to, he is forced to cut all the old buttons off and buy a new set of a different design—this year's design.

Thereby the button section of the Fashion Trust waxes fat.

There are fifty-nine other departments of the Fashion Trust.

In course of time, when the Trust Schemers and Originators have exhausted adaptations of every costume save Lady Godiva's, they will strike China. Then—and this is a business prophecy—women will wear queues, the laundry smock, and what appears under that upper garment.

#### Tolstoy and Young India.

The Tolstoy doctrine has been expounded to the world in a great number of words. Not only are the commentators numerous, but the Master himself is given to much repetition. For the last fifteen or twenty years the message from *Yasnaya Polyana* has been unchanged in form, as in substance: "Love one another, abstain from violence; cast off the sciences; labor." Seldom, however, has this message been put into more vigorous language than that of a single passage from Count Tolstoy's "Message to Young India," in *The Twentieth Century Magazine*:

If people only freed themselves from beliefs in all kinds of Ormuzds, Brahmans, Sabbaths, their incarnation in Krishnas and Christs, from beliefs in a paradise and hell, in angels and demons, from reincarnations, resurrections, from the idea of the interference of God in the life of the universe; freed themselves chiefly from the recognition of the infallibility of the various Vedas, Bibles, Gospels, Tripitakas, Korans, etc., if people only freed themselves from blindly believing in all sorts of scientific doctrines about infinitesimally small atoms, molecules, about all kinds of infinitely great and infinitely remote worlds, about their movements and their origin, about forces; from the implicit faith in all manner of theoretical laws to which man is supposed to be subjected, the historic and economic laws, the laws of struggle, and survival, etc.—if people only freed them-

selves from this terrible accumulation of the idle exercises of our lower capacities of mind and memory, which are called the sciences, from all the innumerable divisions of all sorts of histories, anthropologies, homiletics, bacteriologies, jurisprudences, cosmographies, strategies—and their name is legion; if people only relieve themselves of this ruinous intoxicating ballast, that simple, explicit law of love accessible to all, which is so natural to mankind, solving all questions and perplexities will of its own accord become clear and obligatory.

Tolstoy usually disdains the cumulative weight of the periodic sentence. In the present instance, however, he has used it with effect.

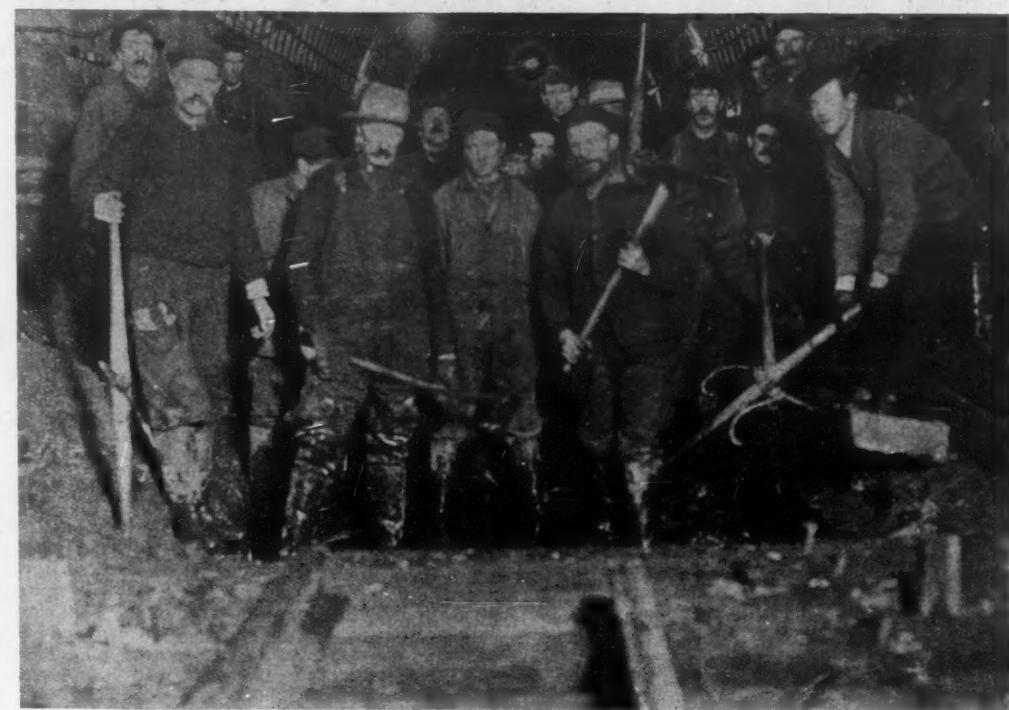
#### Nelson's Great Lieutenant.

A writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* reminds the *Manchester Guardian* that "this is the anniversary of the death of Collingwood, the great Tyneside sailor, one of the greatest and noblest of English admirals. His star has been dimmed by its nearness to Nelson's, yet he had all the gifts of Nelson, and more, except the divine simplicity of his genius. Trafalgar was as much Collingwood's battle as Nelson's for it was Collingwood who first attacked and broke the enemy's line, and on Collingwood, after Nelson's death, the supreme command fell

the end so dubious and melancholy, as the concoction of a Second Chamber. Cromwell and his Parliament set foot on this *pons asinorum* of democracy, without a suspicion of its danger. To call out of empty space an artificial House, without the hold upon men's minds of history and ancient association, without defined powers, without marked distinction of persons or interests, and then try to make it an effective screen against an elected House, to whose assent it owed its own being, was not to promote union, but directly to promote division and to intensify it. Cromwell never thought out the scheme. Like smaller reformers since, Cromwell had never decided, to begin with, whether to make his Lords strong or weak—strong enough to curb the Commons, yet weak enough for the Commons to curb them. That riddle, which perplexed Cromwell, is still unanswered," concluded Lord Morley.

#### The Beginning of Mrs. Besant.

To begin with, Mrs. Besant (the theosophist) was a very ordinary Christian, the wife of a very ordinary clergyman, the Reverend Frank Besant, the orthodox brother of the anti-clerical Sir Walter. Religious dogma was not, in those days, as vague as it often is at present. Dogmatic theologians had not yet learnt to present their



RECONSTRUCTING THE ST. CLAIR TUNNEL. A gang of workmen engaged in the reconstruction of the tunnel between Sarnia and Port Huron under the St. Clair River.

towards the end of the battle. But the greatest work of Collingwood's life was the maintenance, after the battle of Trafalgar, of the long blockade in the Mediterranean—a hymn to duty, if ever there was one, and to duty in her plainest and most repellent guise. There was always about Nelson's character a sense of theatricality; his patriotism was the devotion of a lover to his mistress, a series of passionate outbursts that seem only appropriate in the artificial light that has always been round them. Not so with Collingwood. His duty was a stern, gray-eyed divinity who denied him all rewards but that of service. He never saw England after Trafalgar, but his mind and letters were full of what he would do when he came home.

"There are many more brilliant passages in English naval history than the story of Collingwood's blockade in the Mediterranean; there is none that reveals more clearly the secret of its greatness. There have been greater commanders than Collingwood, but none more pure-minded and unselfish. Newcastle, which erected that fine monument overlooking the Tyne, near the Priory, has not forgotten the noblest of her sons; but the Collingwood tradition in the navy is a national possession, and the centenary of his death ought not to pass without some national recognition."

#### Lord Morley on Cromwell.

PEAKING in the House of Lords recently, Lord Morley said:—

"I once wrote something about Cromwell, and I will read a few sentences:

"There is no branch of political industry that men approach with hearts so light, and yet that leaves them at

propositions in a shadowy shape admitting neither of affirmation nor of denial. The articles of their faith were quite definite, quite rigid; they could challenge their hearers either to believe or disbelieve. Mrs. Besant, as a young woman in her twenties, discovered that she disbelieved. While her husband was declaring the faith without thinking about it, she was investigating it. She could not reconcile the existence of evil with the goodness of an omnipotent God. Such doctrines as those of the eternity of punishment and the vicarious sacrifice seemed to her not only untrue but immoral. The day came when she decided that she could not, without hypocrisy, receive the Holy Communion. The parish was surprised and shocked, and the vicar was virtually indignant. It seemed to him that the foundations of society were in peril if the vicar's wife did not "communicate." So first there was estrangement, and then there was an ultimatum. It was intimated to Mrs. Besant that she must either "communicate" or leave the vicarage. Possibly the case of conscience was not decided on conscientious grounds alone. Mrs. Besant, in her narrative of the incident, admits having come to dislike her husband; and she speaks, though without entering into particulars, of acts of "cruelty" which would have entitled her to a judicial separation. However that may be, and whatever may have been her reasons, she rejected the ultimatum. A separation was arranged by mutual consent; and Mrs. Besant's independent pursuit of truth began.—T. P.'s Weekly.

Dr. Masson was told by Thomas Carlyle "that when a child he was always crying." "That," says Sir W. R. Nicoll, "is a really significant contribution to Carlyle biography. It is an epitome of Carlyle's whole life. He was always crying."



RECONSTRUCTING THE ST. CLAIR TUNNEL. Taking out the under-construction and replacing it with steel girders. The tunnel was electrified in 1900.

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## THE DRAMA



William Faversham, in the title role of Stephen Phillips' poetic tragedy, "Herod," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

TYRONE POWER, the "Drain man," is all that is left of them, left of the original company in "The Servant in the House." But the actor's impressive personality and vivid presentation of the one vigorous character in this rather metaphysical play make the changes of cast seem of little effect in the general impression of the piece. Besides there is no falling off in the quality of acting, except in one flagrant and lamentable instance. Edith Crane is unfortunately an altogether inadequate substitute for that charming woman and delightful actress who is Edith Wynne Matheson. Her voice is unpleasant, and in moments of emotion she puts it through a series of monotonous inflections which are positively exasperating. In fact, her whole work is characterized by a lack of grace and skill, difficult to understand in an actress of Edith Crane's experience and reputation.

Wilfrid Roger, as Manson, the symbolical butler—O shade of the immortal James!—does all that fine and dignified declamation can do to make the character human and impressive. His interpretation is much on the same lines as that of Walter Hampden, his predecessor in the role, and is excellent throughout. In the character of the Vicar, David Glassford is as forceful and convincing as the nature of a particularly weak-kneed role will permit. And George W. Wilson is extremely clever as that animated caricature, the Lord Bishop of Lancashire. But the honors of the production go to Jessie Glendinning, as Mary, and Tyrone Power as her father, the Drainman. These two make the drama a human and vital thing, and not merely the strained and frequently tiresome expression of Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy's theological views.

Jessie Glendinning is a young actress of rare charm and naturalness of method. She makes a wholly delightful figure on the stage, and her childlike artlessness and grace are a splendid foil to the passion and power of Tyrone Power. That very capable and forceful actor continues to be the centre of interest, the one figure of vital human power in this drama of insistent symbolism. Not even such an actress as Edith Wynne Matheson could take from him the pre-eminence which is his in virtue of his role and of his tremendously vigorous art. And he still serves as a breath from the great out-of-doors in this tense atmosphere of warring principles. Although he, too, is used as a symbol and as part of the inevitable and omnipresent moral, he is thoroughly and refreshingly human, and he makes a drama of what otherwise would be only an allegory—however powerful and sincere as such.

Since "The Servant in the House" was last seen in Toronto it has been presented in London, England, and suffered from critical disesteem and public indifference. The American theatrical manager has taken this to mean that English playgoers are indifferent to spiritual things. This theory does not hold water in view of the immense success of Forbes Robertson in Jerome's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," which presents a similar situation in radically different surroundings. The real reason lay in the fact that Charles Rann Kennedy was shovelling fog when he wrote his satire on the Church of England. In presenting the character of the selfish and in-

actors, Mr. Basil Morgan, showed a genuine romantic gift.

Though "The Cricket on the Hearth," dramatized from Dickens' celebrated Christmas tale is rather a crude affair but retains enough of the homely Dickens atmosphere to make it palatable, and was admirably done by the Dickens Fellowship players. It is loosely put together to afford an opportunity to character actors for whom the broadly drawn roles of John Perrybingle and Caleb Plummer give rare chances. Both John Lawrence Toole and Joseph Jefferson endeared themselves to an earlier generation in the latter part. Both roles call for a good deal of theatrical virtuosity to get the full effect from them. Capt. Larking as Perrybingle, and Mr. Bell-Smith as Caleb were surprisingly good and the whole company succeeded in evoking the true Dickens atmosphere. Incidentally, in the small role of Tilly Slowboy, Miss Blanche Walter revealed a unique comic gift. The production of the first act of "The Geisha," by the Peterboro Operatic Company was a creditable accomplishment of a difficult task and one of the performers, Miss Lavinia Hallahan, proved to be the possessor of a singing voice of exceptional beauty. The competitions continue until Saturday night when the awards will be announced.

A welcome face in the company of Miss Henrietta Crossman when she comes to Toronto next week will be that of Albert Brown, the clever young actor who made so good an impression in the stock company which acted at the Royal Alexandra theatre two seasons ago during the first six months of its existence. Mr. Brown impressed himself on playgoers as a comedian of exceptional magnetism, finish and skill. Few who saw it will forget his impersonation of the valet in "Old Heidelberg" to instance but one of many clever characterizations. After leaving Toronto, Mr. Brown made a big hit in the role of Jimmy Smith in "Paid in Full," which he acted for twelve months in the Western States. His part in "Sham" is said to be most amusing.

The competitions for the Earl Grey Dramatic Trophies at the Royal Alexandra theatre have so far revealed matter of considerable interest and the judges will not be compelled to entirely abandon professional standards, as the public is expected to do when viewing amateur productions. The first offering was of two Irish plays by W. B. Yeats, "The Land of Heart's Desire," and "Kathleen na Houlihan," by the Associate Players of the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression. There are one or two pet theories which the writer holds with regard to amateur productions and one of them is that amateurs establish a *raison d'être* for their existence when they produce plays of a definite literary quality which are unlikely to get a hearing in the professional theatre under existing commercial conditions. The two Yeats plays are beautiful as literature. "The Land of Heart's Desire" in particular is peerless as an example of poetic prose. These little plays deal beautifully with common Celtic legends and Yeats has a gift of musical expression in simple English words that is thrilling to the cultivated listener. In point of diction the interpreters showed a keen apprehension of these beauties and one of the

One of the most important events of the dramatic season will be the appearance of William Faversham in Stephen Phillips' historic play, "Herod the Great," at the Royal Alexandra theatre next week. This production has proved a triumph for Mr. Faversham. Since the Shakespearean era at least twenty-five dramas have been played with Herod as the hero. This number includes the dramas made in France, Germany, Spain and England. But the Stephen Phillips Herod is an entirely original work, and in it we have the mightiest of Oriental rulers pictured—not as in the miracles or in the plays of such men as Voltaire, Calderon and Messinger—but as a lover

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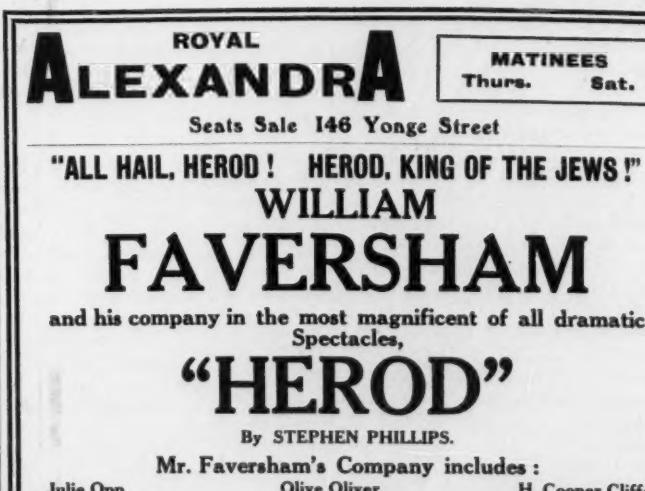


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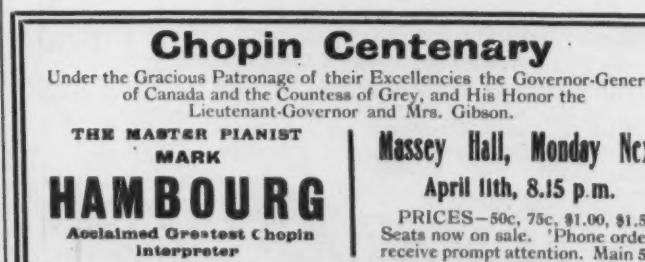
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and as a man. In short, we have the Herod of history, and not the myth. It was a broad canvas on which Stephen Phillips painted his picture. Herod was the king of the Jews and yet he was not of their blood. He had made his rule respected in all lands—and woe be to the man or ruler who treated one of his people without respect to his rights. And this, despite the fact that Judas was little else than a ruff of Rome. It was to Mark Anthony and Octavius Caesar that he owed his crown. Herod's history bears a

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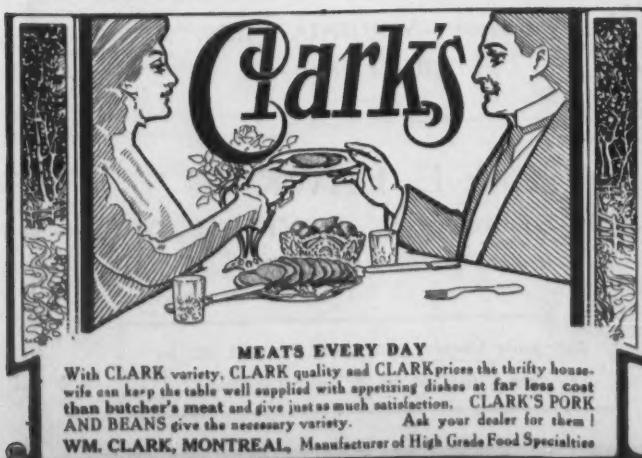
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Elgie Bowen, in "The Love Cure," at the Princess, first half of next week.

striking resemblance to that of Napoleon. In order to give a semblance of royalty to his throne, Herod was wedded to a beautiful Asmonean princess, Mariamne. But Herod was cursed by a family that had a genius for intrigue that overtops even that which made Napoleon's life a burden. Herod's mother, his sister, and his brother were all jealous of Mariamne, and they set about to encompass her ruin. He dearly loved his queen; but so constant were the intrigues of his mother and sister that he knew no peace. Then as a background we have the wars between Antony and Octavius. Herod had taken sides with Octavius, and so when Antony was overcome, he was in a serious plight. But Herod was a consummate politician and diplomat. He posted off to Rome and by his candor and boldness succeeded in saving his crown. But on his return he found a desolated home, for Mariamne had discovered that her brother, Aristobulus, whom Herod had made a high priest, had been secretly taken off. This young man, on account of the fact that he was of royal blood, had become very popular with the people—dangerously so for Herod. Mariamne could not forgive Herod, and his mind had been further embittered with the story that had been set a-going that Mariamne had been unfaithful to him. This latter was the work of Herod's mother and sister. To unfold this tremendous drama requires a production that promises to overtop everything seen in the local theatre for many a day. The incidental music, which is an important feature of the production, was especially written by H. Coleridge Taylor, the English composer. Mr. Faversham has brought to the making of this huge production years of study. As an actor-manager he has in one year proved himself a master of stage craft, and his presentation of the Stephen Phillips' play has placed him in a very much higher position than he has yet attained. He is supported by a particularly fine company numbering upwards of two hundred people, including Julie Opp, Olive Oliver, Florence Auer, Claire MacDowell, H. Cooper Cliffe, Morton Seltzer, A. Hylton Allen, Harry Reding, and Lionel Belmore.

loved among his own people, had never been heard to such advantage in America. His haunting melodies and characteristic rhythm burst on the blase theatregoers like a breath of fresh air. Following his successful handling of the musical side of "The Merry Widow" Mr. Savage has provided, under the direction of the eminent director, Gustav Hinrichs, an organization of trained instrumentalists which will accompany the operetta for the engagements in the big cities of the country.

The "Love Cure" will introduce a most agreeable light comedian in the person of Charles J. Ross. Elgie Bowen, a graceful actress and well known in Toronto, is also a member of the cast.

Henrietta Crossman is coming to the Princess theatre for an engagement of three nights and Saturday matinee, commencing Thursday evening, April 11, 12 and 13, with Wednesday matinee. Mr. Savage used to remark that a "Merry Widow" comes only once in a lifetime, and it is easy to conclude from this that the reputation given "The Love Cure" is far beyond his best dreams of it. This "musical romance of stageland" scored emphatically in New York with its peculiar music by Edmund Eysler. This Hungarian composer, much be-

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A joint stock company with a capital of \$200,000 has been formed for the purpose of erecting and operating an eight-story apartment house on the southwest corner of Bloor and North streets. It is to be of absolutely fire-proof construction and to incorporate in its appointments all the features which years of successful apartment house building and operating on the other side of the line have proven to be the best. Burke, Horwood and White are the architects.

Toronto for its size has been surprisingly backward in apartment house

construction, and one significant fact showing how badly they are needed in this city is the report that comes from Goulding & Hamilton, who are handling the renting of the property, that a large number of the suites have been largely leased from the plans and that applications are coming in daily. It is expected that an entire number of apartments would be rented before the building is completed.

An issue of bonds to the amount of \$100,000 has already been underwritten by a big firm, and the common stock, of which it is proposed to sell

only \$125,000, leaving \$75,000 in the treasury for the further uses of the corporation, will be open for subscription in a few days at the office of A. J. Barr & Co., the brokers for the company, and at the Imperial Trust Co.'s office, who are the Registrars and Transfer Agents.

It is to be hoped, in view of the big

returns for capital invested offered by this form of real estate enterprise that more of them have not been built before, and the projectors of this one are to be congratulated for having made a move in the right direction.



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Julie Opp as Mariamne, in Stephen Phillips' "Herod," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

in every city visited. Chicago enjoyed it for three months and Philadelphia and Boston both kept it for long stays. As for Miss Crossman's personal success in the play, it has been a veritable triumph. This delightful actress has been particularly fascinating as the heroine of this modern comedy. One able critic in Boston declared that Miss Crossman's portrayal of the role of Katherine Van Riper reminded him of Ellen Terry in her prime, and other criticisms were equally complimentary. The company supporting Miss

first appearance in vaudeville in Toronto. Miss Moffat will be seen in Sewell Collin's telephone sketch, "Awake at the Switch." The special features will be: The Five Olympians, in classical statuary with living bronze models and Tom Waters. Other acts will be the Five Avolos, J. K. Murray and Clara Lane, Work and Ower, Lena Pantzer, and the Kinetograph.

The "Rialto Rounders," which comes to the Gayety theatre next week, opening with a matinee, Monday, consists of two farces: "A Day at Niagara Falls," and "At the Races." Sam Howe, who is known from coast to coast as a comedian will be seen in the leading roles.



We are now showing new ideas in spring and summer neckwear in Reps, Grenadines, etc., etc., at \$1.00 and \$1.50 each.

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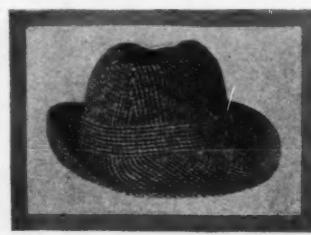
store front, that is—one of the most attractive in Toronto. Large windows, and a better window display, and a more inviting and better lighted store for you to shop in. See our new Spring showing, from which we select the following items:

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Dent's Gloves—natural and beaver shades are the new st' n chamois and in cases. Extra value, \$1.00. Necky-kr-Paris poplins in plain and diagonal patterns, 75c and \$1.00. Jockey's Underwear in fine light Spring weights, \$1.50 a garment and up.

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English cloth hat of modified Alpine shape in a checked pattern.

This spring seems to be toward a somewhat higher crown and flatter brim, the derby a little lower and more rounded in contour, by which I mean more oval on top, is apt to be more becoming to the man of slight build and small head, and the brim that is fairly straight (whatever its curl) from end to end is often more suitable than that which has a decided dip at front and back. Of course the really flat-top crown, or hat showing any other extreme, is inadvisable under any circumstances, but a large, heavy man usually requires a style of much larger proportions and heavier appearance than the man of slight figure and delicate features. And this is about all there is to be said of the derby, other than that some of the shops are showing it of cravetted felt, and that many young men seem to affect the string guard as a fad rather than a precaution against wind. In this country at least, the gray derby is little worn, even for riding or driving, and the dark green and dark brown felts are not considered good style, but the light tan of proper shades—the exact color is really quite important—are entirely correct for spring, if indeed not a bit smarter than the more usual black.

The tendency in hosiery is for rather prominent colors, though for the most part plain. Still one sees large lines of heavy hose (which are worn throughout the year) with bright stripes, either horizontal or vertical, being shown. Purple socks are worn by some of the smartest men with evening dress, and a number of the best shops make extensive displays of this colored hose.

Light-colored canes with crook handles are about the only styles to be seen either on the street or in the shop windows. The natural conservatism of the average Englishman in the matter of dress forbids the carrying of ornate or expensive



A new model of evening vest from London. Note the long points and the narrow space between.

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## Men's Wear



A new dinner coat with crescent lapels. It is fastened with a double button.

THAT there is so seldom any radical change in the hat shapes from one season to another—or, indeed, from one decade to the next—would seem to indicate that present-day styles are in every respect satisfactory, says Vogue, and yet this is probably not so much the reason for keeping to the same fashions year after year as is the difficulty of finding new, or reviving old, ones that would be as appropriate to our present-day forms of dress. It is at least reasonable to suppose that the makers would welcome a disposition on the part of the public to accept more variety than the silk hat and derby—to mention only the designs common to formal and informal town wear—yet not only is such a disposition lacking, but so conservative are well-dressed men that whenever one sees anything even bordering on novelty or extreme one may pretty safely predict that it will have no effect whatever on the prevailing fashion. This the hatters realize, and so it is that we have so little variation from the conventional standards—the derby and silk hat of medium crown and brim, the opera, which is every year becoming less an essential style, and the soft hats that conform more or less closely to the Alpine lines.

On the other hand, since the leading makers not only differ slightly in the shapes of their derbies and silk hats, but have them in a number of different proportions, within the limits of what may be described as standard styles, one need not be governed by exact measurements. The least fraction of an inch in the height of crown or width, curl or dip of brim materially changes the effect of a silk hat so far as its becomingness is concerned, and it is a general rule of good dress especially applicable to hat covering that becomingness must not be sacrificed to exact fashion. For example, while the tendency of

sticks, and those seen are usually of the less expensive variety. Even the smartest men are seen carrying dilapidated inexpensive canes, and the fashion—or fad, as it may be called—is to have one's cane in such condition that the ferrule is missing. Like unto the Englishman's cane is the wornout pipe of the American college boy. \*

IN spite of the fact that only a relatively small number of the readers of this column are likely to be called on to attend Courts held by Their Majesties, it is interesting to read the regulations laid down for dress on such occasions.

The uniform worn by a first-class civil servant, such as the Premier or the Home Secretary, is a most elaborate one. The coat is made of blue cloth, gorgeously embroidered on the fronts, hips, cuffs, back and collar, that on the front being five inches wide on each side. The collar and cuffs under the embroidery are of black velvet. The fronts fasten with hooks and eyes, but nine buttons are sewn up the fronts and the usual two behind. This coat is lined with white silk, and is worn with white breeches which button three at the knee and fasten with a garter and a gilt buckle.

A white linen collar may be worn at the neck, but as the coat buttons close up to the throat, only the edge of this is seen. The gloves worn are white, and the headgear is a black beaver cocked hat with silk cockade, gold loop, and white ostrich feather border. To complete the outfit, a gilt mounted sword and gold lace strap and tassel to wear with it are necessary.

This dress is also worn by mem-



NEW TIE SILKS.  
These are specimens of Tussah silk in the natural blonde shade, with Russian cords.

bers of the Royal Household during their term of office. It costs from £130 to £200, according to the style of the embroidery and the quality of the accessories and general finish.

The private gentleman who receives a command to attend a Court has to appear in a black silk velvet suit, consisting of a stand-up collar, cut away front, swallow-tail skirted coat, having six cut steel buttons up the right front, and imitation holes on the other side; the sleeves are finished with plain gauntlet cuffs, but the hips of the skirt are finished with flaps, pointed downwards at the ends and the centre, and having a steel button under each point, whilst two more buttons are placed at the back and two others at the bottom of the tails.

Knee breeches are worn with this, which are also made of black silk velvet and finished at the knee with three small cut steel buttons and a steel buckle.

The vest may be of white satin or black silk velvet, cut low and fastening with four cut steel buttons of small size. Black silk stockings, patent shoes with steel buckles, silk cocked hat with steel loop, sword with cut steel hilt, white bow and gloves complete this outfit, which may be obtained, complete in a uniform case, for about £25.

Some gentlemen arrange with their tailors for the hire of a suit when they are not likely to require it more than once; the cost of the entire outfit for one day varies from three guineas to four guineas.

The official dress for levees is much less ornate, but the civilian outfit is practically the same, though trousers may be worn if preferred.

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FTER all—nothing so conduces to a "well groomed" air, as immaculately fitting, modish linen—such style, and class, for instance, as are Tailored into Shirts and Collars marked

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Shirts this year show wide striped patterns with or without figures: W. G. & R. Shirts show them best.

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This is the mark worth insisting upon:

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## Spring Overcoats

Eight artistic creations—from the stately "Governor Paddock", 50 inches long—to the smart little "Topper", only 36 inches long.

In design—in pattern—in finish—in every essential of fine workmanship—these Fit-Reform

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### The "ALBANY" Cigarette

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Finest "VIRGINIA" only.

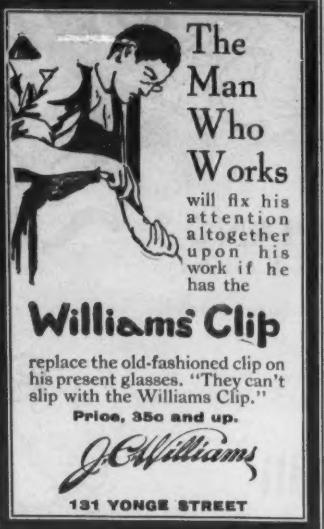
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**Did you swear this morning as you tugged at your tie? Swear off. A Mitchell "Slide Easy" tie will stop your fight with your collar, and look fine when tied. Costs no more. LOOK FOR THIS LABEL ON EACH TIE**

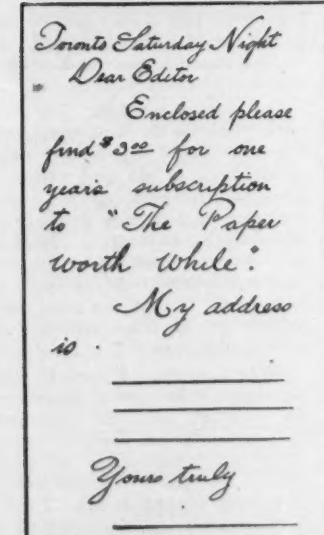
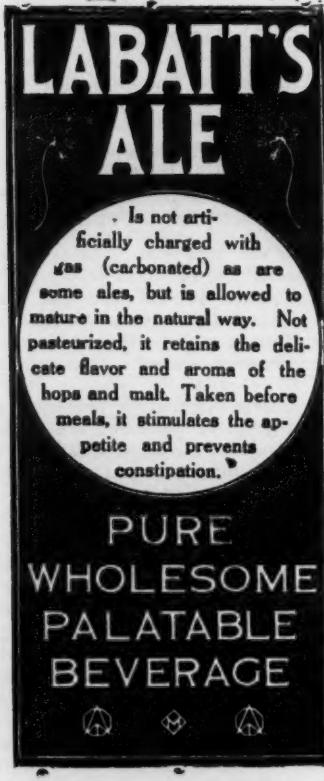
**Mitchell Slide Easy Tie**



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Can be procured in most first-class shops, or they can get them for you in the very latest colorings and best quality of silks at 50 cents. Insist on getting this tie for value and comfort, or write for addresses of shops which keep them.

**Niagara Neckwear Co., Ltd.**  
Niagara Falls, Ontario



Sir W. S. Gilbert is understood to make an income of \$60,000 a year out of the Savoy operas. In this connection it is interesting to note that Sir W. S. Gilbert, Mr. J. M. Barrie, and Sir Arthur Pinero make more money than any other British dramatists. Mr. Barrie is reputed to have made \$240,000 out of "The Little Minister" alone, and to be making \$30,000 a week out of "Peter Pan." Monsieur Rostand, the author of "Cyrano," is said to have made \$1,500,000 out of one play.



SIR GILBERT PARKER, in an article in the current Harper's upon Sir Walter Scott, has the following reminiscence:

"There was a tailor called Bonthon, to whom I owed money for clothes. I was very young, had but little incoming, and times were very hard with me. But it was essential that I have another pair of trousers. Now Bonthon was a hard man in his way—the outer crust was hard, that is; and I feared to ask credit for another pair of trousers. But at last I did, and he made them, and they came to me—too long by an inch or more. I feared to send them back, for he was crusty, and I owed him much—much for me. But I knew he was a lover of Scott and Burns, as deep a lover as Scotland ever sent to get porridge and pence overseas. I sent the trousers back,

"Ring" performances, he asked Wagner's permission to hear the dress rehearsal. Wagner answered that this could not be done; King Louis of Bavaria would be there, and he did not like any one else to be present. Grieg promised, however, that he would sit in a dark corner and be as quiet as a mouse, and at length Wagner gave permission. But during the rehearsal the King turned to Wagner, who sat with him in the box, and said:



"You see, Mum, I ain't had no vote since my 'usband died."—Punch.

with these words from Burns pinned to them:

"Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long!" I waited with the cup of trembling to my lips. The trousers came back by true measurement to a hair. On them was pinned a paper with these words from Scott: 'On—Stanley—on!' and on they went.

"No sooner had Stanley put them on, perfect in fit, beautiful to see, than there came a tender appeal from my tailor patriot that I should have another suit of clothes, and go deeper into his debt. Well, the debt for the clothes was the smallest debt I ever owed him. Into his ears I could pour my literary enthusiasms, my young ambitions. Thirty odd years have come and gone; he still remains, an ancient friend of eighty, who still, over the wide seas, quotes to me Scott and Burns."

A WOMAN, somewhat over-dressed, entered a U. S. naval recruiting office, leading a boy about five feet nine, but in knee pants. She said her son was seventeen, and she wanted to enlist him. The navy appealed to her as the ideal place to raise her boy. She said she had intended putting him in the military academy, until she saw some cadets smoking cigarettes. That settled it for West Point.

"They don't allow the men to smoke in the navy, do they?" she asked.

When she was told that enlisted men were permitted to smoke, she gave a snort, and the boy, who hitherto hadn't opened his mouth, got up and said:

"Come on, Ma," and they went out, the boy still being led.

As the recruiting man looked out of the window, he saw them drive away in an auto.

SENATOR TILLMAN became reminiscent one story day: "Yes, this is bad weather. It is nothing to London, though. Once, on a dripping water day in London, a sulphur-brown or pea-soup fog in the air, and everybody drenched to the skin, I sat on bus top beside a Parsee in a red fez. When the Parsee got off, the driver of the bus, touching his hat with his whip, said to me: 'Would you mind tellin' me, sir, what sort o' chap that is?' 'He's a Parsee, said I. 'An Indian, you know; a sun worshipper.' 'Worships the sun, does he, sir?' said the wet and shivering driver. 'I suppose he's come 'ere to 'ave a rest?'

WHEN the Norwegian composer, Grieg, in 1878, arrived in Bayreuth to be present at the first

"There's somebody down there!" He had caught a whisper from somewhere in the theatre. Wagner tried to persuade His Majesty that he was mistaken. But a little later the King again became nervous: "There must be somebody! I can hear them talk!" This time Wagner rushed down and found Grieg in whispered conversation with a German musician who had gained admittance on the same conditions. Wagner lost his temper and ordered the two men out in no measured terms.

ON Lord Dufferin's estate, near Belfast, there once stood a historic ruin, a castle which had been a stronghold of the O'Neils. One day Lord Dufferin visited it with his steward, Dan Mulligan, and drew a line with his stick round it, telling Mulligan that he was to build a protecting wall on that line. And then he went to India, feeling secure as to the preservation of the great historic building. When he returned to Ireland he hastened to visit the castle. It was gone. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes, gone it certainly was, leaving not a trace behind it. He sent for Dan, and inquired: "Where's the castle?" "The castle, my lord? That old thing? Sure, I pulled it down to build the wall wid."

A NEW biography of Rachel by Mlle. Valentine Thomson contains some hitherto unpublished letters from the pen of the famous actress. In an epistle to M. Creu-mieux, written in London, she describes an evening in Windsor, where she recited before the young Queen. "A 9 at night," she writes, "beautiful carriage came to convey me a short distance from my hotel to the

estates?"

"I am young and pretty, and I love you deeply. My first husband was a prince. He divorced me and left me a comfortable fortune. Then I married a baron, and he, good man, died and left me more money. I have watched your work, and my pity is aroused that you should have to do it. Won't you leave the stage, marry me, and come and live on my estates?"

Fred, with a twinkle in his eye, says he got a friend who was a German scholar, to write and acknowledge receipt of the letter, and express great regret that "Madge" had refused permission. Madge is Mrs. Fred Wright.

The "Bristol" is essentially an up-to-date collar for the particular dresser. Stylish in its every line and cut to fit snugly—it does not have to be forced.

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the best gloves since George IV was on the throne of England.

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Thus you need not experiment with unsatisfactory gloves, for

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are always sold under their own name and you are as-

sured from the start of the fit, the style and the unusual

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The pleasure that is derived from a Negligee Shirt of

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will convince all who value comfort that it is just right.

Never damp, like a cotton shirt

Always odorless, saves laundry charges and wear and tear.

The style of patterns and colorings in Jaeger Shirts

ings are exclusive and give distinction to the wearer.

Trained concentration and attention to the smallest details of fit and construction have enabled us to produce a "Perfect Fitting Shirt" in these soft materials, the hang of the shoulders and the smooth fitting front being all that can be desired.

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EVERY house has its treasured heirloom. It may be a bit of old lace, a piece of antique silver, a Chippendale desk, or a Colonial china cabinet, but whatever it may be, it is esteemed and revered as a priceless possession. Moreover, articles of this nature continually increase in market value. Every change of ownership means added value. Therefore, a purchase of an antique may not only be regarded as a beautiful and artistic addition to the household appointments, but as a highly lucrative investment as well.

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BY HENRY A. HERING

II.—THE BISHOP OF BISTER'S CROZIER.

THE Bishop of Bister's dinner hour was eight o'clock. With unfailing regularity, when at the palace, he entered the drawing-room at 7.58 in order to collect his family and any guests. His annoyance may therefore be understood when at 7.55 on the night in question a servant brought him a card on which was written:

"Georgiowitch Kassala, Mush, L. Van, Khurd, craves audience."

"The gentleman is in the examination room, my lord," the servant added.

"A very awkward time for calling," said the Bishop, consulting his end of his cathedral was sinking below the surface. At the present rate



HE SAW THE FIGURE PASS A WINDOW

sigh, "Ask your mistress to keep dinner back ten minutes."

His lordship ambled to the examination room. A big man in a loose blue cassock-like garb rose at his entrance—a big-limbed, red-bearded man, with enormous eyebrows. He rose, bowed low, and sank on his knees, caught hold of the prelate's hand, caressed it gently, and finally kissed it. The Bishop was embarrassed. He preferred that sort of thing to be done before an audience, when he would play his part with the best of them, but with no spectators at all he felt uncomfortable.

"Rise," he said gently.

The red-bearded man obeyed. "I am—" he began. "I have come—ah, perhaps I had better show you my papers. I have a letter from my Patriarch." This in excellent English, with just a trace of a foreign accent.

From his capacious pocket he drew out a bundle of papers. He abstracted a letter therefrom, and handed it with evident pride to the Bishop.

It was apparently Greek, yet it was not the language his lordship of Bister had learnt at school and college. Here and there he saw a word he almost knew, yet the next one to it was a perfect stranger. He glanced at the end. There was a big seal, an extraordinary date, an impossible name.

His visitor seemed to appreciate the position. "Our Patriarch is old," he said. "He is no longer facile to read. I sometimes have difficulty myself, though I know his writing well. May I read it to you?"

He did this with great fluency and emphasis; but the Bishop understood nothing, though occasionally he thought he caught the sound of a fleeting particle.

The letter was finished. "And this," said the reader, producing a blue document, "is more earthy." It was, being from Scotland Yard, informing all and sundry that the bearer, Georgiowitch Kassala, a Christian priest, was authorized to collect subscriptions for the church of Saint Barnabas at Mush, in Khurdistan.

"Ah!" said the Bishop, with perhaps a shade of disappointment in his voice. "I hope you have been successful."

"Your Grace, I have travelled far, and not without recompense. To all I have said, 'If you give me money it is well, but if you do not it is still well.' Some have replied, 'Then we'll leave it at that,' but many have responded. See—here is my subscription book. I have begged from Batoun to Bister. I have received money in

nothing to do with him. He pretended to import chocolates and acid drops and—barley-sugar, I think he called it—and such-like things; but they were all filled with aniline colors. In return for language lessons he got me to introduce him to the chief of the Persian frontier Customs, whom he bribed for his purposes. He made a large fortune before the Shah discovered that the colors of the Palace carpets were fading. My friend, the chief of the frontier Customs, was beheaded, and three dyers were put into plaster of Paris; but the Englishman escaped. His name was Benjamin Watts. Do you happen to know him; sir?"

The episcopal circle was justly shocked at this recital of their countryman's perfidy, and Mr. Percy warmly repudiated any knowledge of Mr. Watts.

The Bishop found his guest profoundly interesting, and he twice made notes in his pocket-book about Asiatic matters. The ladies left the room regretfully.

The chaplain, who was of an extremely bashful temperament, now put a question that had been trembling on his tongue all the dinner hour.

"Is not your village somewhere near Mount Ararat?"

"Certainly. We can see its snow-capped summit quite plainly from Mush. With a telescope we can even discern where the Ark rested after the Flood."

The Bishop looked at his guest reprovingly, for jokes on such matters grieved him deeply.

"I meant it, your Grace," said Kassala. "Surely you heard that the Ark itself was discovered about three months ago?"

"What?" exclaimed the Bishop and the chaplain together. "The Ark discovered?"

"Certainly," Kassala replied. "My venerable Patriarch had long suspected that remnants might be found preserved in the perpetual ice, so he sought the assistance of Professor Papineau, of Prague, who was travelling in the East. After months of—what do you call it?—prospecting—this gentleman discovered an enormous chunk of ice bearing some resemblance in outline to the object of their search. The only possible way to remove the ice was by blasting, and Professor Papineau inserted a charge of dynamite. A fatal mistake was made in the size of the charge, with the result that the whole enormous chunk was blown to atoms. Embedded in the fragments were found what were apparently portions of a leviathan ship, which my Patriarch and Professor Papineau regard as being the veritable vessel built by Noah. In no other way but by a universal deluge could it have got on Mount Ararat. But for the mistake made in the size of the charge the structure of the Ark might have been at any rate partially preserved. It was a terrible misfortune, only to be compared to the destruction of the Parthenon by the Venetians. Professor Papineau was for a long fortnight ill in bed with remorse. He reads a paper on the whole incident at the forthcoming Oriental Congress at Prague.

"But perhaps I have been indiscreet. Evidently the news has not reached the country, and the Professor may wish to be the first to give it to the world. He might represent my telling you, and my Patriarch shall not appeal to me in vain, although, as you may well believe, I have many calls upon my purse. But we will speak again of this. You will, of course, spend the night under my roof, and now, if you will join us at dinner I shall be very pleased."

The priest's face broke into smiles. "You are most kind," he replied. "I shall be glad." Then he glanced doubtfully from the Bishop's evening dress to his own raiment.

"Tut, tut," said his lordship pleasantly. "A wash and a brush up, as our saying is, and you'll be all right. Come along."

It was 8.15 when they entered the drawing room. "My dear," said the Bishop appealingly to his hungry wife, "I have brought a visitor from Mush, in Asia Minor. Mr.—er—Kassala—Mrs. Dacre—my daughter."

The visitor bowed low before the ladies. The Bishop thought he was going to kneel, so restrained him with a gentle hand. "Here," he went on, "is my chaplain, Mr. Jones, who will be greatly interested to hear of your work at home. And this," he concluded, "is our friend, Mr. Marmaduke Percy."

Then they moved to the dining room.

At dinner Mr. Kassala conducted himself with ease, and spoke with great fluency on many matters; so much so that Mr. Marmaduke Percy, no doubt feeling that the Asiatic was monopolizing too much attention, asked him somewhat abruptly where he had acquired his excellent English.

"I had it from one of your countrymen, sir," replied Mr. Kassala pleasantly. "He was engaged in the smuggling of aniline dyes into Persia. Of course, I did not know his real occupation, or I should have had



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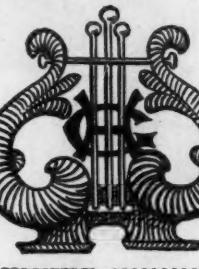
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ier of the see is now kept in our chapter house. It was too old for use, so last year the ladies of the country presented me with a new one. If you like, I will show it you. Mr. Jones, I wonder if you will mind bringing my crozier from the library?"

Five minutes later the chaplain re-appeared, bringing a long case with him. This was duly opened, and Mr. Kassala had then the pleasure of inspecting the crozier presented by the ladies of the country. It was of ebony and gold, and was richly jewelled. It was a work of art well worth the encumbrances bestowed upon it by the Asiatic.

"With your permission, your Grace," he said, "I should very much like to make a water-color sketch of it in order to show to my Patriarch, who is deeply interested in such matters. He has a very fine crozier himself. Would you allow me?"

"By all means," said the Bishop. "Thank you. I will do it before breakfast in the morning. I am an early riser. I suppose I may find it in this room?"

The Bishop nodded, but Mr. Percy intervened. "Allow me to take care of it over night, Bishop. I don't

er at best, and to-night the excitement of Mr. Kassala's visit kept him practically wide awake. His thoughts were with the unhappy Professor Papineau. He was wondering whether it would not be kind to send him a letter of sympathy, when his attention was attracted by a noise outside his room. He jumped out of bed and opened his door quietly. Someone was stealthily walking along the corridor. He saw the figure pass a window, and the moonlight fell upon Mr. Kassala. In great wonderment Mr. Jones followed. A turn of the passage brought the Asiatic to the head of the great staircase, and here he stopped so suddenly that the chaplain almost ran into him. For two minutes Mr. Kassala paused in a state of indecision. Then he advanced to a door, and gently opened it. Mr. Jones was paralysed with horror. It was the Bishop's bed room. What could Mr. Kassala want there? Determined to save his beloved chief, Mr. Jones re-entered, bringing a long case with him. This was duly opened, and Mr. Kassala had then the pleasure of inspecting the crozier presented by the ladies of the country. It was of ebony and gold, and was richly jewelled. It was a work of art well worth the encumbrances bestowed upon it by the Asiatic.

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er at best, and to-night the excitement of Mr. Kassala's visit kept him practically wide awake. His thoughts were with the unhappy Professor Papineau. He was wondering whether it would not be kind to send him a letter of sympathy, when his attention was attracted by a noise outside his room. He jumped out of bed and opened his door quietly. Someone was stealthily walking along the corridor. He saw the figure pass a window, and the moonlight fell upon Mr. Kassala. In great wonderment Mr. Jones followed. A turn of the passage brought the Asiatic to the head of the great staircase, and here he stopped so suddenly that the chaplain almost ran into him. For two minutes Mr. Kassala paused in a state of indecision. Then he advanced to a door, and gently opened it. Mr. Jones was paralysed with horror. It was the Bishop's bed room. What could Mr. Kassala want there? Determined to save his beloved chief, Mr. Jones re-entered, bringing a long case with him. This was duly opened, and Mr. Kassala had then the pleasure of inspecting the crozier presented by the ladies of the country. It was of ebony and gold, and was richly jewelled. It was a work of art well worth the encumbrances bestowed upon it by the Asiatic.

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"With your permission, your Grace," he said, "I should very much like to make

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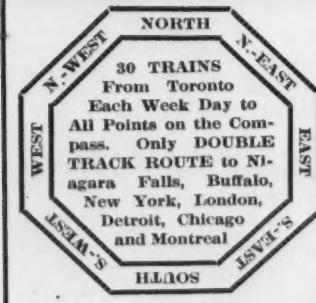
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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"From the Bottom Up." The story of his own life, by Alexander Irvine. Published by the Musson Book Company, Limited. Price \$1.50.

THIS is the extremely interesting history of a man who has led a life singularly full of varied incident and experience. It is told in somewhat flamboyant style, and there is no suggestion of undue modesty in Mr. Irvine's presentation of his own story; but it is told with vividness and a certain dramatic quality, which makes it as interesting as a novel of adventure. Mr. Irvine will be remembered as the clergyman who turned Socialist, and gained a widespread reputation as the author of a series of articles describing the conditions of forced labor in certain parts of the South. His autobiography is marked by the same qualities as distinguished his magazine articles, vigorous and clear-cut statement, vivid descriptive power, and fine story-telling ability. But it must also be confessed that it often seems over-drawn and forced in tone, and too suggestive of the special pleader, who is driving his point home. It is easy, however, to criticize a book by blaming it for not being something else. Mr. Irvine is not Arthur C. Benson or G. Lowes Dickinson. Nor does he try to write like either of these gentlemen. But he is a vigorous and interesting man, who has been ditch-digger, soldier, miner, Socialist, and preacher, and who tells in a striking and impressive manner of his experiences in these various callings.

of good newspaper work, clearness, vividness, and unpretentious statement of the facts of the case. It may be, however, that it suffers slightly from the usual defects of newspaper writing, which arise from the conditions of the work, and which are chiefly a too great readiness to generalize and a narrowness of outlook. The papers, however, are extremely interesting, and when all allowances are made they form a valuable contribution to the literature of a vexed and momentous problem.

"The Snare of Circumstance." A novel of mystery, by Edith E. Buckley. Illustrated by Arthur E. Beecher. Published by the Musson Book Company. Price \$1.50.

HERE is an extraordinary interest in tales of mystery, no matter how crudely constructed, no matter how grievously they sin against all probabilities of incident and character. People want something that lifts them out of the humdrum of everyday life; and so they turn with unabated appetite to the newest thriller, even though they have seen story after story start out with splendid promise of mystery and adventure, only to fizzle out miserably in anti-climax. In the present instance, however, their confidence would not be disappointed. "The Snare of Circumstance" is a good story of its kind, cleverly constructed, fairly well told, and leading up to a striking and entirely unexpected conclusion. It is a tale of secret murder, and human doubles, a young man laboring under a terrible and undeserved suspicion, and final solution of the mystery through the cleverness and daring of a young newspaperman. To tell much of the story would obviously be unfair, as in such tales the plot is everything. It is enough to say that no lover of mystery stories is likely

a splash. The result should be something like a best-seller. Miss Dean has done so in "A Disciple of



GERALD STANLEY LEE.

He is the author of "Inspired Millionaires," a book in which plutocrats are held up as stable factors in the prosperity and advancement of the country.

Chance." She has followed the prescription very carefully, and if the dish is not quite so appetizing as it once might have been, the fault is rather with the changed taste of the times than with the ingredients or the cooking.

"The Sundial." A novel of murder and mystery, by Fred M. White, author of "The Corner House," "The Slave of Silence," "Craven Fortune," etc. Published by Ward, Lock & Co., Limited. Price \$1.25.

THE reader of such a story as this must not apply to it any tests of logic or probability, for it contains the familiar farago of incongruities that make up the ordinary mystery story. The style, too, is crude, and everything is sacrificed to melodramatic effect. But the author has a certain kind of story-telling gift, and he manages to keep up the interest by constant jumping from incident to incident. There is a rough-hewn artist with genius, and a cold-hearted wife. There is also a brilliant young scientist, who has made wonderful discoveries in electricity, and who is able to bring tremendous powers to his aid in the prosecution of his nefarious schemes. He murders the maid of the artist's wife by means of a powerful current thrown about sundial. But in the end he is hoist by his own petard, for the artist's wife, with whom he is enamored, dies accidentally by the same means. And finally he himself goes the way of the wicked, and morality is avenged. Altogether, the book is an average specimen of its class, a department of literature which has many readers but few defenders.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

A recent photograph of the English Poet Laureate, who has lately published some charming work in prose.

to drop this one till the last page of the last chapter has been reached.

"Ireland, Yesterday and To-day," a series of newspaper articles, by Hugh Sutherland, with an introduction by John E. Redmond, M.P. Published by The North American Company, Philadelphia.

THE preface of the book sets forth, it is made up from letters written by the Associate Editor of The North American newspaper, of Philadelphia, for his journal, during 1902 and 1909. During those two years the writer visited Ireland and studied at short range the various aspects of the Irish problem. His letters and this book compiled from them contain his observations and the conclusions to which they led him. The letters written seven years ago deal with "The Problem of The Land," while those written last year treat of "The Land Problem Solved." There is also a section of the book devoted to Home Rule and the strength and development of the Irish demand for it.

While newspaper articles are always of more or less ephemeral interest, this series is especially valuable on account of the disinterested character and unbiased attitude of the observer. He has "covered" Ireland, in the same way as a reporter would go out on an assignment. And his report has all the qualities

of a good reporter.

"Roses and Rue," by A. Marian Crawford. Published by Richard G. Badger. Price \$1.50.

"A Disciple of Chance." An eighteenth century love story, by Sara Dean, author of "Travers." Published by the Copp Clark Company Limited.

THE receipt for an eighteenth century romance is a very simple one and has been found almost invariably successful—after a sort.

You take a fine, fresh young lord, with a love for gambling and pinking his enemies, and a taste for wild adventures, and into the pot with him you throw nice, plump heiresses,

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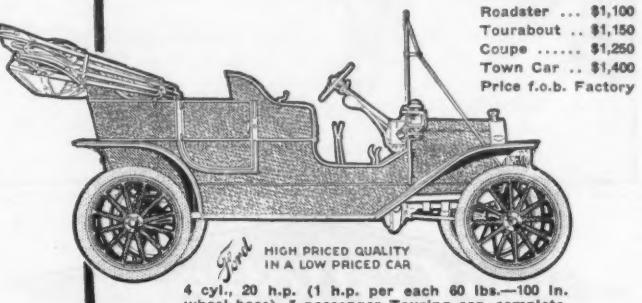
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were almost closed to other makers have been changed over to "Sovereign" without solicitation on our part.

But the circumstance suggests to us the necessity for a word of caution: The heating specifications for your new house likely call for a "Sovereign" or another well-known make that is held to be just as good. In spite of the general idea on this subject, the "Sovereign" is a better boiler than that other make—and it will be well worth your while to change over if the other make has been selected for you.

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### The Burglars' Club

(Continued from page 14.)

night, Marmaduke, in reference to my crozier, which seemed to have peculiar attraction for Mr. Kassala. I hope it is safe."

"I put the case on the top of my wardrobe last night, and it was there five minutes ago," said Mr. Percy.

"I wonder what his object could be in coming here, and then leaving us in this extraordinary manner. Perhaps you can throw some light on that very peculiar incident in the middle of the night, Mr. Jones?"

"I heard a noise, my lord, and followed Mr. Kassala to see what he was doing. I haven't the faintest idea why he went into your room, unless it really was, as he said, that he had mistaken it for Mr. Percy's."

"But what should he want with Mr. Percy?" asked Mrs. Dacre.

"Perhaps Mr. Percy will answer that?" said the chaplain, with much meaning in his voice.

Mr. Percy fixed the eyeglass and looked coolly at the chaplain. "How on earth should I know, Jones?" he said. With this oracular remark he returned to his egg.

The chaplain was bursting with indignation at Mr. Percy's concealment of his midnight interview with Mr. Kassala. He longed to expose him, but shrank from the necessity of a painful scene.

"Mildred," said Mrs. Dacre suddenly, "let us look through the drawing room silver at once. I hope the equestrian statuette of your father is safe."

While the ladies were ticking off their household goods, Mr. Percy went to his room to pack, and Mr. Jones followed.

"May I have his lordship's crozier?" asked the chaplain.

"Certainly. Here you are. But do you look unhappy, Jones? What-ever is the matter?"

Mr. Jones took the case without replying. "The key was in the lock last night," he remarked.

"Was it? Then it must have dropped out somewhere. Perhaps it's on the floor." But it did not seem to be there, although both Mr. Percy and the chaplain looked very carefully for it.

"Never mind," said the former, after five minutes' fruitless search. "It will probably turn up after I've gone. Remember, that I'll be responsible for any damage."

The chaplain was very pale. "Mr. Percy," he said, "I know of your midnight interview with Mr. Kassala."

Once more Mr. Percy fixed his monocle. "Do you, old man?" he replied. "Then I won't be the one to get you into trouble over it. You may rely on me. If you don't say anything, I shan't. Now good-bye. It'll take me all my time to get my things together. My man's ill, and I'm out of practice."

Mr. Jones left the room more bewildered than ever. His lordship, after leaving stringent instructions regarding Mr. Kassala, should he again appear, went by the noon train to town with Mr. Percy.

Mr. Jones appeared singularly distracted that day, and Miss Dacre gazed at him with much concern. He spent the evening alone with Paley, and about eleven o'clock, with firm determination on his face, he forced the lock of the crozier case. His worst fears were realized. In place of the crozier of ebony, gold, and jewels, the present of the ladies of the county, there reposed in the purple velvet lining a common bedroom poker!

At that very moment the Bishop of Bister's crozier lay on the table of a London mansion. Twelve men were gathered round it, complimenting their host upon it. Their host, by the way, was lately His Majesty's Secretary of State for Egypt. He was now attired in a long blue cassock-like garb, such as Asiatic priests may wear.

"By the burglary of the Bishop of Bister's crozier lay on the table of a London mansion. Twelve men were gathered round it, complimenting their host upon it. Their host, by the way, was lately His Majesty's Secretary of State for Egypt. He was now attired in a long blue cassock-like garb, such as Asiatic priests may wear.

"Hear, hear! Bravo! Good for the Ribston Pippin!" was the general chorus.

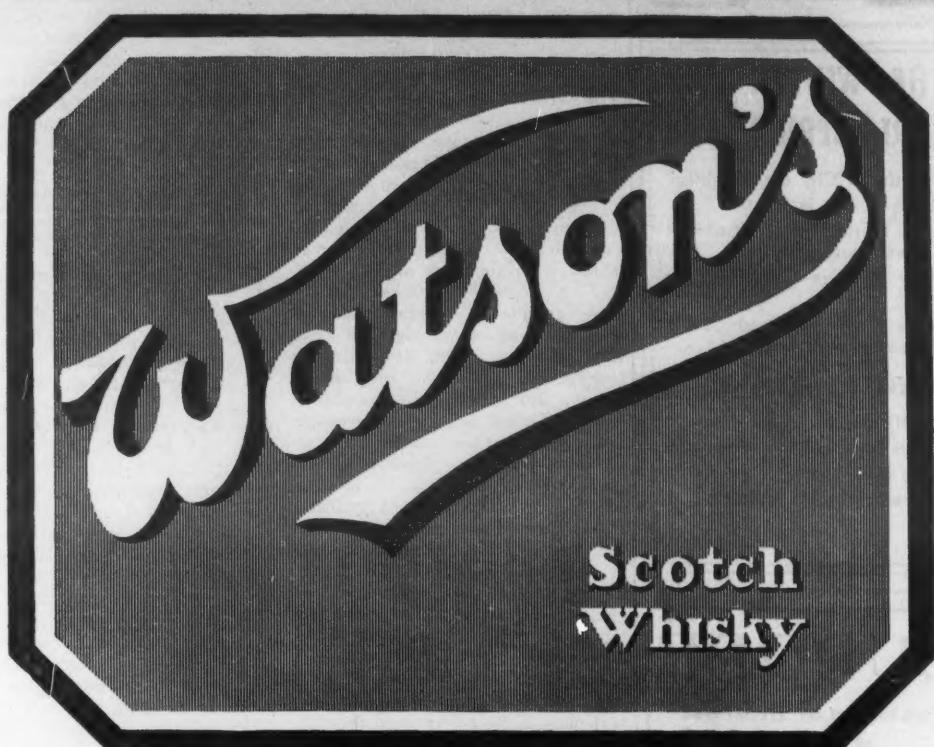
"Gentlemen," said the man in the priestly garb, rising to his feet amidst applause, "I am proud once more to have been able to fulfil the mandate of our Club. With your permission, I will now pack up the bauble so that it may be returned by the midnight express in order to ease the mind of a most worthy man, his lordship's chaplain. But before I do so I wish to propose a new member—Mr. Marmaduke Percy. You will recollect that his name was brought forward twelve months or so ago, but he was not considered equal to the demands that are occasionally made upon the members of this honorable fraternity. I have reason to believe that we did Mr. Percy an injustice. Yesterday, at any rate, he saw through my dis-

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### Complaints from Passengers

"Yes," said a citizen the other day in conversation with an official of the Toronto Railway Company, "two or three times I've seen things on the street cars that ought to have been reported. But I never made a complaint, because I was afraid I might get some fellow fired who had others dependent on him."

For the benefit of this citizen and passengers generally, it should be explained that very often a timely correction has saved a motorman or conductor his position.

When a passenger has just ground for complaint against an employe of the Company it is because the latter is acting either in ignorance or disregard of the wishes of the Management. If he offends through ignorance, it is doing him a good turn to notify his employers, so that they may have an opportunity of educating him. Faults that are due to a lack of understanding are usually slight at first, and if they are then observed and amended not much harm is done. The correction makes a man more fit for his work, and the person who first called attention to his remissness has helped to bring this about. It is plain that a passenger who lodges a just complaint against a motorman or conductor is really befriending him, and is also doing something to protect the public.

Of two things passengers may be assured—No employe will be discharged by the Toronto Railway Company without good reason; and no complaint, however trivial, will be pigeon-holed without investigation. If the employe complained of is at fault, the necessary correction will be given him, and he will be all the better for it. He will not be the better for an altercation with the passenger on the car; nor will the employe, the passenger or the Toronto Railway be improved if citizens cherish silent grievances and give nobody a chance to set them right.

The Company is always on the alert to make its motormen and conductors more efficient, because the more capable and courteous they are the better can the Company serve the public. Therefore the Company requests the citizens to co-operate with it, and to report instances where its men fail in their duty, either to the Company or to the Public which the Company serves.

JAMES GUNN,  
Superintendent  
Toronto Railway Co.

guise, and divined my purpose. He could have easily have betrayed me. But he behaved in a sportsmanlike way, and for that reason I now propose that he should become one of us. Major Armitage is seconding. You will have an opportunity of voting for Mr. Percy at our next meeting. Is there any further business before us, Mr. Secretary?"

The Secretary consulted his book. "I note that Mr. Danby Travers' subscription is due," he said.

"Good old Danby! Pile it on!

Make it thick enough!" was the varied cry.

"Gentlemen," said the Secretary, "we meet on Tuesday next, and Mr. Danby Travers will then be asked for the Black Pearl of Agni, the property of the Illingworths."

## •THE OTHER PAGE•

GETTING married is a matter that is still usually regarded as entirely the affair of the two persons who are principals in the affair, and yet there is nothing which arouses so much curiosity and comment as the announcement that two people well known in a community have decided to spend the rest of their lives together. Why such a purely personal matter should be regarded as a topic for general conversation and an excuse for more or less unnecessary remarks is one of the puzzles that it is impossible to solve. The mere fact that young people have taken a sufficient liking to each other to decide them to marry seems to be a signal for every one to discuss them, their characteristics, their prospects, their present, their future, and certainly their past. An engaged girl immediately becomes the property of her friends to be talked over and commented upon, complimented and condemned in turn in every drawing room she has ever frequented—and the man of her choice need not imagine for one moment that he is likely to come off any better.

Matrimony starts an epidemic of gentle scandal. The good and bad points of the prospective bride and groom are discussed over the tea cups and settled in a different manner by every group of friends who have assisted at the process of vivisection. And, oddly enough, if the consensus of opinion is in favor of a match it's almost safe to wager that it will turn out unsatisfactorily. The people who seem to be "just made for each other" usually turn out to be anything but that, while the marriage which holds forth no prospect of great material advancement and seems to defy Fortune usually produces the delightful grey-haired Darbys and Joans who are among the most attractive spectacles of life. A sunny-faced grandmother who looks as though life had dealt kindly with her is a better advertisement for matrimony than a thousand brides in the first blush of their happiness. A white-haired old man who is at peace with the world, and who shows it, who has no quarrel with life and bears his years with gentle dignity, who still finds joy in his home and charm in his wife is a living document in favor of the domestic state.

Matrimony is largely a question of yielding. If both are anxious to please, both will be pleased. Little misunderstandings make all the trouble and these misunderstandings are only too often the work of so-called friends. The wreck of many a home may be traced to the interference of well-meaning but utterly misguided relatives. There is nothing more unsatisfactory than taking part in the domestic troubles of others. Married people may settle their differences in time, but they will never forgive the people who widened the breach between them. The first law towards retaining the friendship of one's married friends is to listen to all that's said, express no opinion, and never on any account to take sides.

When a home is broken up it is very seldom that there is any chance of a reconciliation simply because both husband and wife place pride before anything else and refuse to admit that there were faults on both sides, and this too, may be largely traced to the influence of talkative friends who would accomplish much more if they would devote their time and attention to their own affairs. When a man and woman who have been divorced decide that they will make another attempt to run in double harness the matter is something more than a nine days' wonder, and yet in almost anything else, the man or woman who has made a hash of things is given another chance to make good. There is one rule that should be strictly observed in matrimony and that is "no interference." If it were only regarded as vulgar—or at least unfashionable—to comment on the domestic affairs of one's friends and associates, there would be more happy marriages.

The other day in New York a man and woman who applied for a marriage license explained that they had been married before in Hungary and had been divorced. Separation, and freedom from the comments of his friends, made the man, who had come to America, realize that life wasn't long enough in which to quarrel. Taking his courage in both hands he wrote to his wife and told her of the conclusion to which he had arrived. She, too, had found that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," and as a result they are once more married and happy. But the chances are such a state of affairs would never have come about if both had been in the same place and each had been subjected to the constant reiteration by their friends of the failings of the other. Constant dropping will wear away any stone, and the average heart and mind have not even the solidity of granite.

SENTIMENT is a peculiar thing, and leads to all sorts of curious situations. It crops out in most unusual places, but perhaps nowhere does it flourish as strongly as about death and matters which concern it most closely. In this respect it has been responsible for all sorts of odd ideas, some of which, to the onlooker, seem to have more than a touch of hysteria about them. One of the best known instances of much thought in life being given to the disposal of the body after death is furnished by the British peer who not many years ago left instructions for his funeral stipulating that his heart was to be buried on the Mount of Olives. His widow and daughter, in order to carry out his wishes, went to the East, taking the heart with them, and there quietly buried it. There are dozens of instances which show this unusual interest in the final resting place after death, and quite recently in accordance with the wishes of a well known Californian architect, his ashes, and those of his wife, who had predeceased him, were taken out to sea, the urns containing them weighted, and then dropped overboard to find a final resting place beneath the blue waves of the Pacific.

The interest in what will happen to one's body after death is very general, and much time and money is expended by some people in erecting wonderful tombs or planning great monuments which will testify to succeeding generations that a person of no particular importance, even in his own time, once lived and flourished under such and such a name. This craze to be remembered has been characteristic of every age, and the tombs of Egypt typify the same ambition as the granite shaft or marble mausoleum of to-day. This peculiarity manifests itself in men and women whom one would be justified in thinking might

escape from such eccentricities, but even Shakespeare—if one is to judge by the inscription on his tomb in the church at Stratford—shared this very common weakness.

Most of us have pondered upon the final resting place that is to be ours once the spirit is freed from the body. And perhaps in our hearts a good many of us agree with the old woman who said that dying wouldn't be so bad provided she could only come back to attend her own funeral. It's not morbid curiosity by any means, this feeling that the final abiding place of one's body should be carefully chosen, and the committing of it thereto be conducted in an orderly and dignified manner. Most of us realize that as soon as we are dead, the earthly part of us inspires horror rather than affection. Too often one sees a friend who has been very dear left to the watchful care of hirelings just as soon as life has left the body. To be

lead budding authors into such devious paths it could well be dispensed with. The truth seems that the many trashy stories published from time to time make a deep impression on the imagination of weak-minded and impressionable girls. It's the same sort of thing that, in cheap detective stories and dime novels, fascinates the small boy and leads him to undertake Wild West exploits on his own account. It has long been realized that cheap fiction has a pernicious influence on the young, but this is one of the first instances where a young woman, fired by the desire to write similar books from personal experience, has been led into a career of crime. It's easy to moralize, but after all, the average mother shouldn't find it a difficult task to know what books come into the possession of her daughter, and see to it that trashy tales are eliminated from her reading. The matter may seem one of small importance, but it has very far-reaching consequences. And it should be regarded as of vital importance in every home where there are young people.

whole story sounds like a piece of fiction, but the Gerry Society is having the matter investigated, and the boy who was the means of disclosing what was going on was charged in the Children's Court with malingerer. The boy in question is a Galician, and had only been in America a few months when he turned his attention to the occupation which has got him into trouble. According to his story, shortly after his arrival he met the man who subsequently proved his instructor and who promised him a fat harvest if he would become a professional beggar. It's not much wonder that half-educated, or wholly uneducated, Europeans have a way of looking upon America as a land where money comes easily, if they know of the existence of such scholastic institutions as this one that has just been discovered in New York.

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EVERY now and again an outcry is made against the sort of plays that win the greatest popularity, and preachers who haven't seen them and patrons of the drama who have, unite in denouncing the managers who provide such fare, and the people who accept it. It is generally conceded wherever the drama flourishes that the success of a play depends entirely upon the favor with which it is received by women. Any manager will admit that it is impossible to keep a play running if it does not appeal to the very large proportion of the fair sex in his audiences. Usually when the question of what play to see is under discussion, it is the women of the family who decide what theatre to visit. It is readily admitted by those who are familiar with the habits of theatre-goers that the life of a play depends entirely upon the women, and if so it is obvious that women are the self-appointed censors of the drama.

Quite recently Wilton Lackaye, who was seen in Toronto in "The Battle" this season, gave his ideas as to the reasons for the popularity of the immoral drama, and in his opinion women are entirely to blame. He believes that they attend such performances owing to their morbid curiosity and because they think it is the thing to encourage what they consider art no matter how unclean the play may be. Mr. Lackaye believes that women think it broad-minded to become hardened to indecency upon the stage, and insists that "if the American stage is to be redeemed the American women must learn that it is she who decides what plays shall succeed and that it is her attendance which makes possible the existence of the very worst plays."

The charge is one that hits women pretty strongly, especially as it contains much truth. In their hands lies the power which makes or unmakes the individual who would be received in respectable society; and they also seem to be the censors of what should or should not be presented. Unfortunately, each woman wants to see for herself whether a play is "fit to be seen," and in that desire to take nothing for granted lies the explanation as to why women patronize all sorts and conditions of theatrical productions. Apparently they one and all have the Missouri's instinct for facts and "must be shown."

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MOST women regard their conversational powers as among their greatest assets, and being deprived of the ability to talk as the worst calamity that can befall them. At least this is the belief that is fostered by comic papers, hypercritical husbands and crusty bachelors. And apparently it has some foundation in fact, for the other day a woman sued because she was deprived of the power to express her thoughts in the usual fluent manner.

According to her story she was deprived of speech, or what practically amounted to that—after a visit to a "dental parlor" where the proprietor had promised for fifty dollars to build her a set of teeth that couldn't be told from the real article and would make her look as charming as she was at sixteen or thereabouts. When delivered the goods didn't fit, or rather they didn't fit, and the lady sued for the amount which she had paid for them. Moreover, she got the full amount, for the New York judge before whom the case was tried evidently thought she had suffered deeply by being deprived of the power of speech during the days in which she attempted to become accustomed to her brand new outfit of store teeth.

The evidence went to prove that she could open her mouth but couldn't close it—a calamity which to the individual is almost as terrible as a tidal wave is to a coast town, or a crop failure to a country. Not only was she deprived of the power of talking, but she was limited as to the quality of what she ate, and had to substitute gruel and sago pudding and such things for steak and onions, corn beef and cabbage and other dishes which are considered food for a grown-up person.

Now that she has tried artificial teeth and found them a failure, she is ready and willing to go back to the few that Nature has left her, and is willing to give up all artificial aids to digestion. In fact, she has accepted the situation philosophically and has voted for comfort rather than beauty. And in spirit at least she is right, even if she errs in this particular instance. It is infinitely better to grow old gracefully than to fuss and fidget over every new wrinkle until one's very worry adds enormously to their number. It is obviously a woman's duty to make herself as attractive as she can, but when she can't be attractive and comfortable too, then it's better to be comfortable. Once a woman begins to get old there's no use in her trying to deceive herself. She may keep up the semblance of youth long after the real thing has fled, but there are few more pathetic sights than the really old and wrinkled woman who depends upon the dressmaker, the hairdresser and the masseuse to give her the appearance of youth. Old age is dignified and may be made very charming, but old age disguised as youth is always laughable even when it is most pathetic. The woman who makes up her mind to grow old when the right time comes, and to do it gracefully, has won one of the hardest battles in life. She who tries to defy time and cling to youth loses her dignity and her attractiveness, and provides a spectacle alike for the thoughtless and the heartless. It takes courage to grow old gracefully, but it is the sort of courage which is well rewarded by the respect of others and one's own consciousness of having acted wisely.

had come



THE ITALIAN ROYAL FAMILY.  
King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Elena, who received  
Ex-President and Mrs. Roosevelt in Rome.

quite candid most of us shrink from being brought in contact with the dead. To the one who has gone, perhaps this does not matter, but the bustle and fuss of a funeral—for too often those words best describe the state of those who have lost a near one—always seems to me to make the affair entirely one of the living and not of the dead. Mourning frocks, black bordered handkerchiefs and even widows' caps, while very commendable outward signs of grief, must mean little to the one who has gone before, can he have any knowledge of what is still happening on earth. There is a tendency to shrink from the dead, a habit of mind which makes one unconsciously hold the body—once the spirit has fled—is a thing to be avoided, to be left in solitary grandeur, flower bedecked of course, but alone.

Over and over again one sees those who have been most loving and loved in life left alone in death. The living are selfish even in deepest sorrow, and the man is wise indeed who decides that whatever his life, his death must be shorn of all pretence, and elects to be finally disposed of in the most simple and unostentatious fashion. It is this feeling that is leading to the popularity of cremation, and the time may come when instead of being sealed in an urn for future generations to discover, we will realize that it is wise to have our ashes scattered abroad, or simply committed to the earth that we, too, in our turn, like

"Imperious Caesar, dead, and turned to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

IRLS sometimes get the wildest ideas, so wild that it seems almost impossible to trace them to their source, and yet easy enough of explanation once one gets on the right track. The other day in London, an attractive young girl of eighteen was charged in the Police Court with obtaining a cheque book from a bank by means of a wonderful tale of titled relations, and all that sort of thing, having made her story so specious that she was believed to be the person she represented herself. A day or two after it was discovered that the girl had been passing cheques in every direction and had obtained a considerable amount of money and goods. Her explanation was that she wanted to give her mother money and in order to do so had decided to write books. As her own life has been without incident, she decided to become the sort of person she wished to write about.

Realism in fiction is all very well, but if it's going to



as cripples, as sufferers from some incurable disease, or as blind. The discovery was made through the arrest of a boy of fifteen or so who said he was blind, and in spite of the belief of the doctor who examined him, that his sight was perfectly good, managed to carry on the deception for over a week while under observation. Finally he broke down and confessed, and according to his story he is but one of a number who make malingerer a regular business. It seems it is the custom of this group of boys to go every morning to the house of the man for whom they work, and he—apparently skilled in the use of makeup—prepares them for the day's campaign by painting hideous sores on some of them, binding the limbs of others until they seem deformed, and equipping still others of his pupils with the glasses and sticks which will enable them to awake sympathy on account of their apparent blindness. The police are now trying to discover the lair of this man who not only successfully "doctored" his assistants, but took away most of their earnings. So skilful did his pupils become that they varied their roles, the cripple of to-day being the blind boy of to-morrow. The



MISS DOWE, the attractive girl who has been spending the winter with Miss Elizabeth Blackstock, returned home this week.

Mrs. Arnold Haultain and little Audrey are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Casgrain in Windsor. Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Haultain are visiting Mr. Haultain in Parkdale.

Professor Goldwin Smith has been so much better as to be able to be moved downstairs.

Mr. Clifford Brown has been in Edmonton, where he has been ill, but is now well enough to come east to Winnipeg.

The French Club, under the direction of Monsieur Paul Balbaud, presented the one-act French comedy, "La Chance du Mari," at the home of Mrs. Hume Blake, on the evening of Friday, April 1. Beside the comedy, there were two charming recitations by Mrs. Sidney Small, who was accompanied on the piano by Mrs. B. B. Cronyn. Those of Monsieur Balbaud's pupils who took part in the comedy were Mr. A. G. Brown, M. Francois Chambaud, and Mr. Ernest Cattanach. Professor and Madame Balbaud played also. A number of friends gave much encouragement by their attention and applause, and the Government House party were in the friendly audience. Dr. Bruce is the president of this enterprising little coterie of French students, and Mrs. Sidney Small the vice-president. Although I was unfortunately otherwise engaged on the evening of the play, and lost the privilege of hearing it, I am told by an able critic that the ladies and gentlemen took their parts perfectly, and that the two winsome ladies and firm friends, Mrs. Small and Mrs. Cronyn, were delightful in the rendering of the "Recitation de Noel," by Augusta Holmes, and the Paul Verlaine poem. I hear these clever students of French are arranging to give several plays during next season.

Mrs. Mulholland, 40 Binscarth road, and Mrs. Trow, 38 Earl street, have gone to Atlantic City.

Mr. George Tate Blackstock is sufficiently better from his illness to take up his legal duties again.

Mrs. H. Ernest Tremaine has returned to her home in Prince Rupert, B.C.

Mrs. G. E. Gooderham has gone to Atlantic City with her children.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Chatterson and their daughters are expected home from Europe to-day.

Miss Anne Hendrie is touring in the Holy Land with Mr. and Mrs. Ross and Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Mathews.

The London Players will present "Jack Straw," Hawley's great success, at the Alexandra to-night.

Mrs. Featherstone Aylesworth won the first prize at the Charity bridge at the King Edward last week, and Mrs. P. E. Doolittle the second prize. These prizes were a bracelet watch and a handsome silver bag-purse. The winner of the first prize had her choice and selected the bracelet watch, although probably Mrs. Doolittle's prize, intended for first, was more valuable.

Owing to a change in the time of going to press, many interesting items are too late for this week's issue.

Mrs. W. R. Riddell received for the last time this season on Tuesday, her sister, Mrs. James, assisting, and numbers of old friends enjoyed half an hour in her home, so elegant and dainty, and always fragrant with the most exquisite flowers. The hostess fits into her surroundings like a smiling picture in a rich frame, and was looking particularly attractive on Tuesday in a gown of palest pink.

Colonel Davidson returned to his home from the General Hospital some time ago.

Mrs. Cleeve Hall and her little one have gone on a visit to friends in Vancouver for some months.

The marriage of Miss Phyllis Piper and Mr. Jack Sweatman, for which invitations were received this week, will take place on April 21. The ceremony will be performed in St. Thomas church, and a reception will afterwards be held by the bride's mother at Wanakong, the family residence in Avondale road.

The marriage of Miss Kathleen Florence, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher McKenzie, "Gypsy Glen," Petrolea, and Mr. Philip Valentine Wilson, manager of the Bank of Toronto at Oil Springs, took place in Christ church on Thursday, March 24, at half-past one. Rev. Canon Craig, B.D., officiating. No formal invitations had been issued, nevertheless a number of friends came to the church to witness the ceremony and see the fair bride, who is one of Petrolea's most popular daughters, and a member of one of the oldest and most respected families. She looked very trim and charming in a tailored suit of pale grey pebble cloth with becoming hat of maline straw trimmed in shades of grey to correspond. She

carried an ivory-bound prayer-book and bouquet of Bridal roses. At the conclusion of the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson immediately left on the honeymoon trip to Detroit and points west.

The marriage of Miss Charlotte Gooderham, of Deancroft, and Dr. Burson, will take place next June.

The marriage of Miss Mary Clark and Mr. Douglas Ross will take place next Wednesday.

On Tuesday evening, the Peterboro competitors for the Governor-General's Trophy, gave part of "The Geisha" in a smart and taking manner, and received much applause, and The Dickens Fellowship Players excelled any former effort in the presentation of "The Cricket on the Hearth."

The able criticism to which they so cheerfully submitted in Ottawa has been accepted and acted upon, and those who saw the Ottawa performance two years ago were not slow to note the improvement in several details on Tuesday night. Thus one of the objects of the Competition is attained. The audience, though not so large as on Monday, was a smart and representative one, a good many were also present from out of town. His Excellency and Lady Sybil Grey looked none the worse for a busy day, including a return trip to London, and many remarked that His Excellency still manifests remarkable interest in every point and detail of the Competition. Miss Merritt's company played "A Little Leaven" on Wednesday night, too late for remark in this column.



AN APRIL BRIDE.  
Miss Margery Lawson's marriage to Mr. T. Fenwick Harrison is to take place this month in London. Miss Lawson is a daughter of Colonel Lawson, and a granddaughter of Lord Burnham.

friends who mourn her loss, and countless proteges to whom she was an angel of kindness. To the very last, her beautiful home was a centre of good deeds, wise counsel and loving encouragement and appreciation. In many ways she carried on the saintly traditions of her mother-in-law, whose long and useful life she unfeignedly revered. To her old friends, the dear Scotch friends, Mrs. Osler's passing away has been a great bereavement. Dignified, thoughtful, just and kind, her high-minded personality leaves its impress and influence on all who knew her.

#### Golf in China.

MOST ardent golfers have unkind recollections of some particular course, and travellers have some quaint tales to tell of when and where and how they have at-

tempted to play their favorite game while far from well laid out links. This seems particularly true of China. The chief hazards on the links of Tientsin are of a somewhat gruesome character since they consist of the graves of deceased Chinamen. "So and so's grave" has been, time out of mind, a favorite name for some bunker of particularly infamous reputation in England, but it has never borne so literal a meaning as it might in China.

As to the Chinese caddie, the Chinaman, we are told, does not understand golf at all. Perhaps he sees the game in its proper light, two middle-aged persons becoming heated over a trumpery little ball. At any rate, his one aim is to get done with the round and receive his fee, and he pathetically inquires of his employer at intervals how long he proposes to follow the little white ball.

The golf course at Pekin is also on a flat place, and as at Tientsin, the plain is muddy. It lies close to the Antung Gate, and to get there from the European quarter necessitates a long and dusty journey by pony or rickshaw. At Tientsin, hazards have a disconcerting way of springing up like mushrooms in the night. They are, however, of a less horrible character, though possibly more difficult to play out of, since they consist, not of graves, but of cabbage gardens, which the Chinaman plants at his own sweet will in the same rapid and light-headed way.

Thus the character of the course changes from day to day in a way calculated to dispel monotony, and a golfer who has carefully placed his tee shot in such a way as to get a clear run up to the hole finds himself confronted instead with a most difficult pitch over cabbages.

The difficulties of the situation are enhanced at Pekin by the fact that the golfer is only allowed to play on condition that he does not disturb the cabbage patches. "Golf is not agriculture," so it has been written of those who tear vast and hideous divots from the shrinking turf. It is held to be true at Pekin, and the native agriculturist will have the law on you if you interfere with the fruits of his industry. Cabbage patches are strictly out of bounds, says Fry's Magazine.

Other hazards of a less transitory character are camel roads, which traverse the links from the mountains. Along these roads there come, in addition to camels, great droves of ponies, which the Mongolians bring down to sell in Pekin. Yet another possible incident of Pekinese golf is the dust storm, which is a terrible infliction.

When the dust storm arises, which it does with abominable suddenness, the game stops and the players make for the ditches and trenches, or cower behind mud walls. The stern rule which disqualifies those who shelter during a medal round is presumably suspended at Pekin in regard to dust storms.

#### Father of the "Limerick."

"I DON'T not think I didn't never receive no letter from you at Abetone, but am not shower." Thus wrote Edward Lear to his old friend Canon Selwyn, in December 1884, from the Villa Tennyson, at San Remo. It is one of several characteristic documents published in the March number of Cornhill Magazine, and was written towards the end of Lear's life, an event for which he waited with equanimity. "As for my elth," he says in the same letter, "it ain't elth particularly but rather pheebleness, and I can now hardly doodle-waddle as far as the pestilential postoffs. But I work a great deal." Yet Lear found time to draft his own obituary, which he sends to Canon Selwyn under date of "25 Hocktombur (as my servant calls it), 1886." The interment was to take place in the "Symmetry of San Remo, where I have already bought a Toomb and have ordered a Toomstone."

The obituary ran: "Edward Lear was the youngest of a family of nineteen children, of Danish parents, and he owed what education he had to the loving care of one of his sisters. His name was originally spelt Lor. He first earned a precarious livelihood by drawing animal pictures. Some of these, in a window front in Piccadilly, caught the eye of the thirteenth Earl of Derby, who, after inquiry, invited the author to reside at Knowsley, and draw his zoological specimens there, and in order to amuse his children the Nonsense Rhymes, an entirely

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new kind of literature, were composed." There is a deeper note in his remarks of a year before: "I am now as far as I am able—arranging matters so that my executors and friends shall have as little trouble as possible, should it please God that my life end shortly."

Lear's life at San Remo was not an idle one. He painted and sold pictures. In 1884 he sold a "Gethsemane" to Mr. R. W. of North Seatin, Northumberland, "near that place where you and the Venerable Bede used to live together when the papists used to tell you to go to 'L'." This, we learn, had reference to a verse that used to greet Church of England curates in the streets of Jarrow-on-Tyne:

Protestant minister, quack, quack, quack!  
Go to the Devil, and never come back, back, back!

#### Conscience Makes Cowards.

A QUIET, bashful sort of a young fellow was making a call on a Capitol Hill girl one evening not so very long ago, when her father came into the parlor with his watch in his hand. It was about 9:30 o'clock. At the moment the young man was standing on a chair straightening a picture over the piano. The girl had asked him to fix it. As he turned, the old gentleman, a gruff, stout fellow, said:

"Young man, do you know what time it is?"  
The bashful youth got off the chair nervously. "Yes, sir," he replied, "I was just going."

He went into the hall without any delay and took his hat and coat. The girl's father followed him. As the caller reached for the doorknob, the old gentleman again asked him if he knew what time it was.

"Yes, sir," was the youth's reply. "Good night!" And he left without waiting to put his coat on.

After the door had closed the old gentleman turned to the girl.

"What's the matter with that fellow?" he asked. "My watch ran down this afternoon and I wanted him to tell me the time so that I could set it."—Denver Post.



WRITER AND ACTRESS.  
Baroness Von Hutton, the author of "Pan" and half a dozen other successful books, has decided that she wishes to become a playwright, and in order to study the technique of the stage not long ago appeared in London in the revival of "Pinkie and the Fairies," playing the part created by Ellen Terry. Baroness Von Hutton has no intention of adopting the stage as a profession, and it is not likely that she will be seen in any other play.

The police committee of the Woman's Municipal League, is working to establish in New York, a proper house of detention for women prisoners brought to the night court. The plan is to have the detention house under the same roof as the court. It is to be divided, so that women with children, and young offenders will be separated from habitual criminals. There is to be a woman physician in charge and every effort made to help the women.

Organizations representing more than two thousand Hawaiian women sent a cablegram to the Hawaiian delegate to the U. S. Congress, asking his support for the cause of woman suffrage.



# Montreal Society

MONTREAL, APRIL 7, 1910

THE reception held by Her Excellency the Countess Grey, last Thursday night at Lord Strathcona's house on Dorchester street, the temporary vice-regal residence, gave another welcome opportunity—regrettably the last of the kind under this regime—to pay one's respects to the Governor-General and his wife. The reception began at half-past nine. Their Excellencies receiving first in the picture gallery upstairs, until it filled up, and then in the large drawing room on the ground floor. Apartments in the house adjoining also occupied by the Vice-regal household, were arranged for cloak rooms, from which the guests passed to the reception rooms through the connecting conservatory, which was illuminated with Chinese lanterns. Her Excellency's taste for flowers was evident throughout the house, where spring blossoms were lavished in the picture gallery and library, while roses everywhere in the drawing-room filled the air with their perfume. The buffet and table in the dining-room were bright with daffodils. Her Excellency wore a rose-colored silk brocade, made with the overdress and little plaited ruffles of the new-old fashion, finished on the

a beautiful gown of ivory satin with net over-dress hand embroidered in fine silver threads and seed pearls, producing an exquisitely delicate shimmering effect. The long, square train was edged all round with wide Honiton lace that had belonged to the bride's mother. Her tulle veil was held with a small wreath of orange blossoms, and she carried a shower of orchids. The bridesmaids, Miss Olive Boulter and Miss Brenda Molson, were in the bride's favorite color, blue. Their gowns were of pale blue chiffon, trimmed with silver embroidery over blue satin, and they wore big black picture hats of tulle with large pink roses as trimming, their bouquets being of pink roses. The flower maidens, Violet and Frances Doble, were in dainty frocks of white silk muslin and lace with pink sashes and muslin mob caps, and they carried little flower baskets filled with rose petals, which they strewed in front of the bride as she came down the aisle with her husband after the signing of the register. Mr. Gordon Greenshields was groomsman, and the ushers were Mr. Harry Ashmore, of New York, Mr. Howard Pillow, Mr. Charlie Greenshields and Mr. Walter Ramsay. A reception was held at "The Linton," by the bride's mother, who was wearing a lovely gown of rose cashmere de soie and tulle hat of the same shade with black osprey. She carried a sheaf bouquet of mauve lilac which harmonized effectively with her costume. Mrs. Boulter wore black tissue over white, relieved with some rich old lace, and a black hat with white osprey. The bridegroom's sisters, Mrs. Herbert Wallis and Miss Boulter, were of the immediate wedding party, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Walter Meigs, of New York state, came up for the occasion. After returning from a southern trip, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Boulter will occupy an apartment in "Hampton Court."

The engagement has been announced of Miss Grace Lowrey, daughter of Mrs. Hayter Reed, to Mr. Harold Mayne Daly, son of the Hon. T. Mayne Daly, of Winnipeg. Miss Lowrey and her mother are now on their way home from California, where they spent most of the winter. Another engagement recently announced is that of Miss Violet Cooke, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. J. P. Cooke, to Mr. Basil L. Delmege.

Mr. Eugene Lafleur, K.C., and Mrs. Lafleur are at Virginia Hot Springs for two or three weeks. Miss Pearl Wainwright has gone with friends to Bermuda. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Marling have been spending some time at Saratoga Springs. Mrs. Fred Southam has left to stay at Lakewood, N. J., for some time.

Sir Melbourne and Lady Tait have had the sympathy of many friends in their anxiety over the illness of their son, Stanley, who is now happily on the way to recovery.

Bishop and Mrs. Farthing had as their guest this week at "Bishopscourt," the Rev. Griffith Thomas, the principal of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford.

Dr. A. E. Garrow and Mrs. Garrow have left for England, and will be away until about the end of May.

Mrs. Baumgarten sailed on Tuesday from New York for Germany to spend a couple of months. Miss Mimi Baumgarten, who has been visiting in Germany for some time, will probably return with her mother to enjoy the summer at their charming bungalow in the Laurentians.

The Women's Art Society study class had a most delightful afternoon on Friday, when its members met at 360 Peel street, by kind permission of the hostess, Mrs. James Ross. The meeting was held in the picture gallery, the convener, Mrs. J. R. Hutchins, presiding. The house, which is one of the handsomest in Montreal, combining solid magnificence with home-like comfort and an atmosphere of culture, was open to the visitors, who appreciated the opportunity of seeing the valuable paintings hung in the different rooms. Mr. and Mrs. Ross are still away on the Mediterranean trip, but Miss Lambe, an intimate friend of the hostess, did the honors, and assisted by Mrs. D. N. C. Hogg, (wife of Mr. Ross' secretary) served tea in the dining-room.

The Montreal Women's Club celebrated the seventeenth anniversary of its Charter Day by a luncheon at the Place Viger Hotel, on Monday, April 4th. Mrs. Alfred Ross Grafton presided, with Mrs. John Lovell and Mrs. W. S. Barnes, original charter members, on either hand, and next to them two former presidents, Miss Eglan and Miss M. L. Ferguson. After the luncheon and a toast to the King—(drunk in Laurentian water), short speeches were made on "Our Own City," the club's history and ideals, the club and the college girl, and so on. Miss Atwater sang two solos, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. C. T. Shaw, of the Ladies' Morning Musical Club. The celebration was altogether very enjoyable and successful.

The American Presbyterian Church congregation were more than usually interested in the marriage of Miss Sawtell and the Rev. John R. MacCrimmon, as the bride has been for several years an active helper in the Church's Mission and philanthropic work. The wedding took place at the bride's home, in the drawing-room, which was decorated for the occasion with Easter lilies and palms. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Robert Johnston, and the bride was given away by her father, Mr. Edward Sawtell. She wore a white satin gown, with veil and orange blossoms, and was attended by her sister, Miss Bessie Sawtell, and two small flower-girls, her niece, Marjorie Varcoe, of Grand Valley, Ont., and Diana Hamilton, of Ottawa. Mr. J. Saxton Fraser, of Ottawa, was best man. Among the many wedding gifts was a very handsome cabinet of silver from the members of the American Presbyterian Church, and a marble clock from teachers and officers of the Inspector street Mission, while the Mission children subscribed for the gift of a Bible. After their honeymoon trip to Atlantic City, the Rev. Mr. MacCrimmon and his "helpmate"—to use an old-fashioned term particularly appropriate—will enter on a new field of work at Williamsburg, Ont.

LADY ARTHUR GROSVENOR.  
One of the most popular members of the racing and hunting set in England, Lady Arthur Grosvenor was, prior to her marriage, Miss Helen Sheffield, daughter of Sir Robert Sheffield.

corsage with some fine old lace. Her jewels included a diamond tiara and necklace, and a rope of pearls. Lady Sybil Grey was beautifully gowned in silver gauze tissue over blue, and Lady Evelyn (who left for Halifax the next day to sail for England) was in white satin. The Countess of Lanesborough wore a soft black gown, with crystal bugles and tulle on sleeves and corsage, and her daughter, Lady Eileen Butler, was lovely in a simple gown of crocus-hued chiffon over satin. Lady Eileen Roberts was in white, and Mrs. Arthur Sladen, who was also of the house party, wore a black gown with jet garniture. After the formal reception, the orchestra was brought in from the hall, and there was a delightful dance for an hour or two, in which young people and their elders joined. A great many people are out of town, but there was a representative gathering, among those present were the Bishop of Montreal, and Mrs. Farthing, the Mayor of Montreal, Miss Guerin, and Miss Carroll Guerin, Lady Hickson, Sir Melbourne Tait, Sir Edward Clouston, Principal Peterson, Senator David, Miss Stikeman, Miss Muriel Stikeman, Mr. and Mrs. K. Miller, Mrs. Campbell MacDougall and Miss Beatrice MacDougall, Mr. R. Bickerdike, M.P., and Miss Bickerdike, the Rev. Dr. Barclay Dean and Mrs. Moyse, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Baker, Lieut.-Col. Roy and Mrs. Roy, the Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Boyer, the Hon. P. E. LeBlanc and Mrs. Le Blanc, Mr. A. R. Creelman, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lacoste, Miss Thais Lacoste, Mr. and Mrs. R. Wilson Reford, Mrs. James Peck, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Arribald, Miss Maud Mitchell and her nieces, Miss Dorothy Vaughan and Eugenie Tatam, Mr. and Mrs. Alan MacKenzie, Dr. Alexander Johnson and Mrs. Johnson, Dr. Donald Hingston, Mr. A. A. Allan and his daughter, Miss Doris Allan, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Learmont, Lady Van Horne, Miss Van Horne and Mrs. R. B. Van Horne, Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Molson, Mr. and Mrs. Jules Duchastel de Montrouge, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Robidoux, and Miss Gilberte Robidoux, Mrs. Charles Bouthillier, (of St. Therese) and Miss Violet Bouthillier, Dr. Turner, Dr. Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Meighen, Dr. J. G. and Mrs. Adami, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Morrisey, Mrs. F. H. Wigmore and Miss Davida Wigmore and Mr. and Mrs. T. Chase Casgrain.

The first of the Church weddings after Easter was also one of the prettiest in color effects and all the details that go to make up the charm of a wedding from the picture point of view. It took place in the Church of the Advent, where Miss Muriel Paet, daughter of Mrs. Alister Mitchell, was married to Mr. G. Reginald Boulter, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Boulter. Mrs. Boulter being in mourning, the wedding was quiet, only about fifty guests being present—relatives and the most intimate friends. The decorations of the church were extremely pretty, pink and white and pale mauve spring flowers, with palms. The Rev. A. J. Doull officiated, and Mr. Mitchell gave his step-daughter away. The little bride wore

The balmy April weather smiled on the wedding

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day of Miss Olive Carson, daughter of Lieut.-Col. John Carson and Mrs. Carson, whose marriage to Mr. Irving Rexford took place in St. Stephen's church on Tuesday. The ceremony was performed by the bridegroom's father, the Rev. Dr. E. I. Rexford, of the Diocesan Theological College, assisted by the Very Rev. Dean Evans, the service being full choral. The church was lavishly decorated with spring flowers. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a lovely gown of white satin, hand-embroidered, with pearls wrought into the design, and rose pointe lace trimming the bodice, a long tulle veil and orange blossoms, and a single piece of jewelry, a diamond pendant, the groom's gift. She carried a "shower" of roses and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids, Miss Gwendoline Carson and Miss Eva Rexford, were dressed alike in rose pink crepe de chine and white hats trimmed with pink roses, and their bouquets were of pink roses. Dr. F. F. Harrower, of Philadelphia, the groom's cousin, was best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Wilfred Brotherhood, R. Tippet, R. Hepburn, and A. Bayne. Following the church service, Mrs. Carson held a reception at 4113 Sherbrooke street, where the floral decorations were prettily arranged in pink and white. Mrs. Carson was wearing a handsome gown of periwinkle blue velvet embroidered in gold and silver and draped with tulle, and a blue hat with a garniture of roses interspersed with periwinkle flowers. Mrs. Rexford wore black lace over purple silk, and a black jetted toque. There were a number of out-of-town guests, among them Dr. Rexford's sister, Mrs. Harrower, of Philadelphia, and the bride's uncle and aunt, Dr. and Mrs. Bascom, of Ottawa. Mr. and Mrs. Irving Rexford have left to spend the honeymoon in Bermuda. They will reside at 457 Mount Pleasant avenue.

### Centenarians Usually Poor.

The majority of the centenarians have been poor people who led a very simple life. A few rich men, as Sir Moses Montefiore, who lived to be 101, have reached a very high age, but they are very exceptional. In spite of the enormous difference in numbers of the rich and which makes comparisons difficult, one may nevertheless affirm that wealth does not tend to promote a long life. Poverty carries with it sobriety, especially in old men, and it has been settled that sobriety tends to prolong life, and that most centenarians have been men of very sober habits. They have not all followed the example of the famous Cornaro, who ended by consuming only twelve ounces of solid nourishment, and fourteen ounces of wine, and who in spite of his poor health lived to be 100 years old. A number of centenarians are known indeed to have been drunkards, as the surgeon Politman, who died 110 years old in 1795, and who "was in the habit of being drunk every night after spending the day performing difficult surgical operations." Another example is the Irishman Brown, who lived 120 years and who had the inscription placed on his tombstone that "he was always drunk, and while in

this state looked so terrible that even death was afraid of him." From all this it is seen that when you are tempted to attribute long life to a certain factor you discover your mistake as soon as you look into a sufficient number of cases. It is, nevertheless, certain that a good constitution and simple habits promote long life, but there is besides these some mysterious hidden factor.

A number of Chinese girls who received their training in San Francisco, have just begun work in Pekin as central operators in the recently established telephone system.

Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth is planning to establish a Hope Hall for the convicts of Louisiana.



A POPULAR AMERICAN.

Among the best known New Yorkers is Mrs. Harry Whitney, who was Miss Vanderbilt. Among Mrs. Whitney's chief interests in life is music and she is frequently seen at the Opera. She is also devoted to horses and is much interested in horse shows and races.



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### Concerning Costumes.

THE coats of some of the new suits are very attractive and show rather unusual features. In one suit, where the skirt is quite plain, the dark blue coat comes well below the hips and is finished with a band of silk of the same hue done in a scroll design in silk braid. The coat is double-breasted and fastens invisibly at the left side, where a single lapel turns back to show the embroidery, which matches the band on the coat. A similar use of the embroidery is shown in the circular effect which finishes the low-cut neck and appears in bands on the sleeves above the elbows.

Another dainty suit with pleated skirt and deep hip yoke has a pretty coat which has several distinctive features. The material used in the suit is pale grey broadcloth. The coat, which is single-breasted, and of short length, fastens with three gun metal buttons which centre frog-like ornaments of grey silk and braid, which are several inches long and are applied on the slant. The collar, which is of the modified shawl variety, and the deep turned-back cuffs, are of gun metal moire.

A smart little costume of dark brown cloth is distinguished by the oddly shaped sections in which it is stitched. The skirt is stitched in a deep vandyke, the lower points of which come as low as the knees. The same effect is obtained in the little coat, which has two rows of vandyke stitching, one coming about the natural waist line, and the other below the shoulders. The coat is cut away in front and has revers and collar of the material.

A smart little one-piece suit suitable for a young girl is carried out in the new bright blue. The ankle length skirt is quite plain save for the line of stitching which makes a panel-like effect in the front to about a foot above the hem, where it turns off to encircle the skirt. Above the line of stitching and following it closely is a narrow fold of blue and white hairline goods. The jumper-like upper part of the dress fastens at the left side with groups of buttons arranged in threes. The neck is cut in a very low square both back and front, underneath which is a tight fitting bodice of the striped goods, the sleeves being made in one piece with it. A blue leather belt finishes the dress, with which comes a rather long semi-fitting coat of the blue cloth with revers and turned-back cuffs of the striped material.

### Mourning Hats.

IN spite of the fact that this is a season marked by a perfect riot of color in millinery, some very pretty mourning hats are being turned out by the good designers. One delightful little turban is of crin twisted into a becoming shape, the brim, which fits closely to the head, being of jet mounted on net and intermingled with chenille. The only trimming is a saucy little aigrette of black, which is so placed at the left that it looks as if a hole had been punched in the crown to permit the wired end to be hidden out of sight.

Black net and chenille, relieved with a few jet sequins, cover a large bicorne shape which turns up both back and front in rather high effect. The trimming to this smart little bit of headgear consists of black silk roses fashioned into rosettes and placed at the corners, where the hat turns up sharply at the sides. With this hat come two big jet hatpins, one of which has a small mirror and powder puff hidden in its top.

A very large black crin hat, slightly turned up at the left, is trimmed with a narrow fold of crepe, which encircles the high round crown. A large buckle made of black violets is placed to the left and serves to hold in place the two wide quills, with pointed ends, which form the only other trimming.

### Some Smart Frocks.

GRACE and charm of outline characterize many of the one-piece afternoon dresses intended for wear on ceremonial occasions. A very charming example of this sort of dress I saw in New York the other day, the wearer being a tall slight and very willowy girl with dark hair and eyes and a clear dark complexion. Her dress was of moire in the new shade, which is neither plum color nor purple, but is almost both. Its princess lines were



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### FLYING COSTUME.

This aeroplane costume of mole broadcloth is said to combine comfort with utility and consists of a "skirt" of somewhat full trousers which can be converted into a walking and automobile skirt. The high-necked blouse-coat is held snugly at the waist by a patent leather belt.

very good and it ended in a long train, the dress being very long all around. Over the moire and following it closely in line except at the shoulders, where it was separated both back and front in surplice fashion, was one of the new marquises of the same tone as the foundation. This overdress was embroidered in a narrow floral design all along the hem and train, the same design being used on the sleeves. Where the surplice effect was caught at the high waist line in the back and at the bust line in front, small enamelled ornaments in shades of purple were used. With this dress was worn a big bicorne of chip the shade of the dress, faced with velvet in the same tone, and trimmed with two feathers of the same shade.

Another equally attractive dress was of black marquise and crepe, the former, which formed a sort of overskirt, being drawn back on the train where it was finished in a big knot and bow. The bodice, which had a fichu effect of the marquise, was slightly open in a V in front. The elbow sleeves were finished with embroidered bands, and an embroidered belt finished the gown. The hat worn with this was a big black crinoline affair twisted up at the left side with a big jet buckle, which held a sweeping black and white bunch of ospreys in place.

VOGUE.



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### HEAD AND HAIR DRESSING.

The up-to-date method of hair-dressing illustrated is decidedly suggestive of the artificially deformed heads of the girls on the upper Changy River at Nouvelles Anvers, etc. A few examples of head-dressing is also shown. The new Spring hats demand the style of hair-dressing shown and already has become very popular in the United States. In Nouvelles Anvers the heads of the girls are artificially shaped, the treatment beginning early in life. Fashion has demanded a good many things of the American woman, but as yet she is allowed to dress her hair to suit the prevailing style instead of being called upon to fit the shape of her head.

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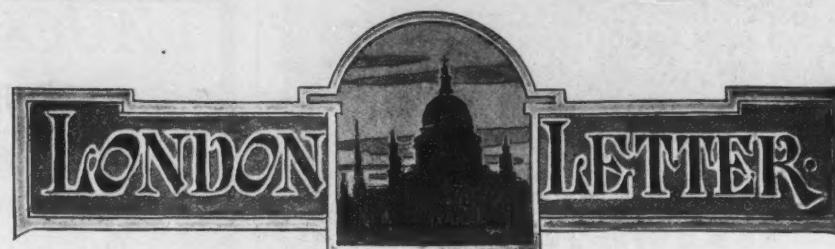
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LONDON, MARCH 26, 1910.

THESE are the Easter holidays, and as Easter holidays are rather an important factor in English life, they are worth a paragraph to themselves. For one thing they last so long. A large number of business houses, offices, and some shops are closed from the evening of Holy Thursday until Tuesday morning, thus allowing the clerks a chance to have an outing in the country, or even a short stay at some nearby continental spot over Easter. All the railways run excursions, many of them good for two weeks, at surprisingly low rates. For days beforehand one reads in the newspapers the advertisements of trips to Rome, the Riviera, Paris, Holland and Belgium for so small a sum that it is no wonder over a million people have left London within the past three days for the continent or for some part of England. The south coast is doing a wonderful business, and the hotels are turning people away. The weather is beautiful, which is another reason for the unprecedented rush to get away from town.

Good Friday is the strictest church holiday of the whole year in England. There is no Sunday so faithfully observed, and regarded with so much solemnity as Good Friday. On Sunday the museums and picture galleries are open. On Good Friday every theatre and music hall is closed, all the shops and offices are closed, and every gallery and museum and other place of public amusement is shut up. Except the people going to one or other of the many churches, and the East-End people doing the West-End for a holiday treat, fashionable London is deserted. Bishops preach in music halls, dedicated on other days to dancers, singers and stars of the "legit," who have descended to the halls; and the three hours' service is almost universal. The people who, for some reason or other, have not been able to go away for Easter, throng Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, as well as the less important places of worship, to listen to addresses, and to sing the familiar hymns for Holy Week.

Curious customs are peculiar to Good Friday. At the old priory church of St. Bartholomew, well known to visitors to London, twenty-one old women were given sixpence each, which had to be picked from a gravestone in the churchyard. This charity was founded five hundred years ago by a lady who desired that the recipients of her bounty should pray for her soul every Good Friday. Nowadays one has to scramble up a ladder and through a window to get to this gravestone, but the twenty-one valiant old women climbed through and picked their sixpences off the gravestone, being afterwards treated to two hot cross buns each, bought with the balance of the money from which the sixpences were taken.

THE question of another general election is still agitating the minds of all those who take an interest in politics, but no one seems to know anything; it is all guess-work. It is pretty certain that none of the politicians are eager for another struggle so soon again, while their money-bags are still so light. Neither does the Opposition feel very anxious to take over the financial affairs of the country while they are in such a chaotic state.

A very wonderful historic event passed with comparatively little notice, when one considers what it meant in conservative England. This was the passing of Lord Rosebery's third resolution for the suggested reform of the House of Lords, declaring that the possession of a peerage does not of itself give a peer the right to sit and vote in the House of Lords. It was a startling instance of the changes being wrought in English feeling that this was passed by the Lords by 175 to 17. The two heroes of this division were Lord Wemyss, who is ninety-three, and Lord Halsbury, who is active and energetic at eighty-five. These two old peers acted as tellers, and as they are both strong on the hereditary principle, must have mourned over what England was coming to, in these democratic days, when the peers could pass such a resolution as would (if it became law) cut their heirs off from the right to sit in the House of Lords.

M. R. J. M. CLARK, K.C., of Toronto, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given on St. Patrick's Day by the Imperial Co-operation League, when he spoke on "Canada and the Navy" to a few ladies and a number of prominent men, including Lords Strathcona and Onslow. Col. Seely, M.P., Under-Secretary for the Colonies, presided, and made a very good chairman. Among others present were Sir Charles and Lady Bruce, who have recently been in distant parts of the earth, investigating the causes, etc., of sleeping sickness; Mr. Richard Jebb, the defeated candidate for East Marylebone at the general election, and a number of other people interested in Imperial affairs. The chairman spoke in high terms of Hon. L. P. Brodeur, and regretted the illness which had prevented his taking an active part in the debate in the Canadian House on the naval question. Mr. Clark gave a brief resume of what Canada thinks of the above matter.

Plato himself accepted the existence of ghosts, and he makes Socrates explain their frequenting of graveyards. These ghosts, says the great Athenian, long to re-enter the body in which they could gratify their desires. It is hopeless, but memory tortures them with vain affection for the fleshly abode in which they formerly dwelt. Shakespeare is full of allusions to the dwellers in the realm of shadows. But he, too, knows the meaning of philosophic doubt; for he makes Hamlet wonder whether the image of his father may not be some coinage of his fancy. He hesitates between contrary opinions, but inclines toward belief in the supernatural. He says to his friend:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in thy philosophy."

From Shakespeare's day to now we have advanced in one particular. We know more of the composition of the brain and the susceptibilities of nervous tissue. We are assured to-day that a man may honestly believe he sees a ghost, and yet see nothing but the projection of an image within his own brain. But as to the existence or non-existence of ghosts, we are as ignorant as the ancient Egyptian or the modern redskin. Reason learnedly as we may, we cannot eradicate from our mind that vague feeling, half fear, half hope, that ghosts may be. Sir Thomas Browne touches on this matter with characteristic quaintness. Some people, he says, hope to see a ghost that they may be persuaded of the immortality of the soul. But he adds that the devil will never let them see one; for that would be to turn them away from himself.

Mrs. Harriet Johnson Wood, a New York lawyer, recently delivered an address on "The Legal Status of Women in New Jersey," in which she held that the early right of suffrage possessed by women of New Jersey, still existed.

and went on to suggest, humorously, that the House of Lords should be transplanted to Canada, and the Canadian Senate settled at Westminster, which would give a Liberal majority of two to one. He further hoped that the legal tribunal of the House of Lords and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, for which Mr. Clark expressed great admiration, would be merged into one great Imperial Court of Appeal. Lord Strathcona, who said a few words, looked well, and spoke clearly. He is regarded as one of the wonders of London when one considers his great activity and his advanced age.

WOMEN are being honored in fields hitherto considered quite the property of men. Lady St. Helier, Miss Susan Lawrence, and Miss Adler, who are the women members of the London County Council, have been showing a remarkable devotion to the duties they have undertaken by attending an all-night session of the L.C.C. It began at two one afternoon, and finished at eight the next morning, but the ladies stuck to their posts, and voted for what they wanted passed, and generally won the public attention.

Unhappily the ladies are not so pleased and admiring of male methods as might have been hoped. They think there is a good deal of time wasted, and much unnecessary talking done. This is carrying the war into the enemies' country with a vengeance. At one time male persons connected with public affairs could return to their homes, like wounded warriors, to tell of what they suffered in the cause of duty to their country, but now that women are on the London County Council, it is possible that clay feet may be exposed. Thus are our illusions shattered with the advance of knowledge.

Other women at the moment occupying positions which testify to their high standing, and the value put upon their brains, and judgment, are Lady Frances Balfour and Mrs. Tennant, who are the only ladies on the Divorce Commission, which is, as you know, enquiring into facts and conditions with a view to recommending changes in the divorce laws of England. Lady Frances is the sister of the Duke of Argyll, and keenly interested in such big questions as women's suffrage and others affecting the rights of women. Mrs. Tennant, who is the second wife of Mrs. Asquith's brother, was formerly an Inspector of Factories, so she brings a good deal of practical experience to her work. One of the serious facts bearing upon the divorce question is that there are so many early marriages in England. In London alone there are 14,000 married persons under twenty, and in the whole of England and Wales, 83,000. In the prisons, out of a total of 800 persons, more than a quarter are married. Of the London husbands who are under age, more than 2,000 do not live with their wives.

M. E. MACL. M.

### Concerning Ghosts.

ARE there such things as ghosts? The incredulity with which the question is often asked is paralleled by the passionate belief with which the affirmative answer is often stated. That there are apparitions is granted even by the most sceptical investigators. But, whereas the impressionable see of ghosts believes they are supernatural, the colder scientist says they are nothing but hallucinations. Frank Podmore, the English "ghost hunter," has much to say of the attendant circumstances in most ghost seeing, circumstances which do much to weaken the value of the testimony of the seer. Almost invariably there are mysterious noises, by which the witness is put in a state of nervous alarm. Then comes the vision, which often takes terrifying form. Is the ghost seen viewing something objective and external, or is he merely contemplating an image created by his own imagination? Of the good faith of many people who say they have seen ghosts there can be no question; but Mr. Podmore shakes his head as to their credibility.

And yet, when the testimony of people who believe they have seen ghosts has been attenuated to the utmost, people will still believe, says a recent writer. Science may discredit evidence; but it cannot prove that ghosts do not exist. Throughout the ages there is a cumulative mass of testimony which, though it does not amount to proof, yet commands shuddering respect. The sternest materialism will not eliminate from people's minds that credence in the unknown and the undemonstrable which has been handed down to them from the beginnings of time.

Plato himself accepted the existence of ghosts, and he makes Socrates explain their frequenting of graveyards. These ghosts, says the great Athenian, long to re-enter the body in which they could gratify their desires. It is hopeless, but memory tortures them with vain affection for the fleshly abode in which they formerly dwelt. Shakespeare is full of allusions to the dwellers in the realm of shadows. But he, too, knows the meaning of philosophic doubt; for he makes Hamlet wonder whether the image of his father may not be some coinage of his fancy. He hesitates between contrary opinions, but inclines toward belief in the supernatural. He says to his friend:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in thy philosophy."

From Shakespeare's day to now we have advanced in one particular. We know more of the composition of the brain and the susceptibilities of nervous tissue. We are assured to-day that a man may honestly believe he sees a ghost, and yet see nothing but the projection of an image within his own brain. But as to the existence or non-existence of ghosts, we are as ignorant as the ancient Egyptian or the modern redskin. Reason learnedly as we may, we cannot eradicate from our mind that vague feeling, half fear, half hope, that ghosts may be. Sir Thomas Browne touches on this matter with characteristic quaintness. Some people, he says, hope to see a ghost that they may be persuaded of the immortality of the soul. But he adds that the devil will never let them see one; for that would be to turn them away from himself.

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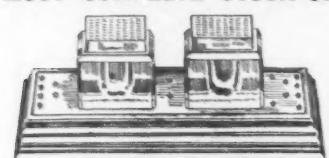


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## CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES

### Advice to Home Builders.

MANY a home-builder, entering upon a building project for the first time, is not fully alive to the need of good business methods and habits in his dealings with architect and contractor. There are many occasions when misunderstandings arise which may be avoided through very simple means. The most frequent cause of trouble is due to the fact that instructions are given verbally by the owner to the architect, over the telephone or in office conversations. If instructions could always be in writing and the owner could retain a copy, the chance of trouble would be reduced to a minimum. For women, this requirement would not be only irksome but often impossible of fulfilment. The best way to proceed, in case the owner finds it impossible to keep a record of his instructions, is to always request the architect to confirm a telephone message, a conversation or even a written communication, by letter as soon as possible after the receipt of the instructions. This increases the work for the architect but he would generally prefer to add to his labors if by so doing he can feel in perfect accord with his client and place himself on record regarding his understanding of his client's wishes. Sometimes a client is disappointed because a certain finish or a color is not what he expected. There is one good way to guard against this difficulty and that is for the owner to request samples and to sign his name on those which he wishes to have followed. If the finished result is not like the sample, the contractor will be obliged to do the work over again.

The question of extras is of great importance and, rightly handled, may present little or no difficulty. When the time comes to sign plans and specifications, it would be well if the owner would ask the architect to give him a list of the items that have not been included in the contract, but which are usually a necessary part of the equipment of a comfortable home, such as blinds, storm sash, screen doors, screen for windows, awnings, flower boxes, hanging shelves in cellar, hardware, lighting fixtures, kitchen range, laundry stove, water heater, mantels, tinting, wall-papering, etc. These are the principal items that are quite frequently omitted from the specifications. It is perfectly legitimate to leave them out, provided the owner has taken them all into account and knows approximately what they will cost.

The writer believes the better way is to include them in the specifications and obtain estimates covering every necessary item. If, then, the estimates are high, omissions can be made to reduce the cost. It is well known that loosely drawn specifications will secure low bids. The estimators see at a glance that there will be a large bill of extras and they plan to make their main profit in that way. They do not feel responsible for the loose specifications and they do not feel called upon to advise the owner to the disparagement of the architect. Specifications are much more important than owners generally realize. Drawings occupy his chief attention and when the bulky sheets of typewriting are put up to him for approval he very naturally is inclined to feel that here is a technical side of the subject of which he knows nothing and which he is entirely willing to leave to his architect. It is not necessary for the owner to read the specifications with the intention of criticising the phraseology or the technical points. If he is a lawyer he will possibly run over the pages to test their legal strength. If he is an engineer or a builder he will possibly wish to see whether his architect has followed the prevailing customs regarding methods of construction. But the chief reason why an owner should study the specifications is to ascertain what omissions, if any, have been made. Although the specifications may have been written with great care, extras may easily arise through the wish of the owner to change the building more or less radically, during construction. Such changes should be ordered by the owner in writing and he should keep a copy of his order.—American Homes and Gardens.

### Design for a Country Home.

This week is presented to the readers of this department a design for a large house especially adapted to a rural site. It is a type of building which will be seen to the best advantage on a slight elevation with plenty of open space in its immediate vicinity. The house is built entirely on a foundation of field stone. Everywhere is open construction with both purples and rafters exposed. Cypress is the material used in the exterior of the house, being employed in various forms, but equally as good results could possibly be obtained from other species of wood. The weather boardings are thick and broad, as are the shingles, so that the angle of their projection one upon the other is deep enough to throw a shadow, and thus even at a distance the walls retain the rugged char-

acter of their construction. The roof is of low pitch, with a projection of four feet at the eaves. The lower storey and part of the second is covered with eight-inch weather boarding seven-eighths of an inch thick. This surface is varied by two belt courses of four-inch boards, laid flat and stained a darker color than the rest of the house. Between the upper belt course and the eaves, riveted shingles are used. In the gable, narrow V-jointed boards are laid vertically, with a flat band matching the board courses in color, forming the finish between the vertical boards and the shingles, and running around the house at the line of the eaves. The effect of these three courses of darker color is to take away from the height of the house and give it a low bungalow-like effect in spite of its three stories. The windows all over the house are much the same, protected by a projecting hood; the large windows are made with a stationary panel, on either side of which a single casement opens outward. The smaller windows have a casement placed between a stationary panel of the same size. The entrance door is panelled with a group of square lights at the top, and opens on a small porch of stone with stone posts at either side of the steps. Large wooden pillars support the roof, which protects the porch and makes it practically an outdoor room. The design gives ample opportunity for the display of personal taste and preference in the interior arrangements.

### Bacteria in Green Plants.

FOR once the bacteriologists and hygienists, who usually appear to delight in alarming timid folk, announce a discovery which will reassure those persons who are afraid to eat green vegetables. Manau thought that he had discovered soil microbes in the interior of vegetable stalks. From this discovery resulted the condemnation of sewage farms and, indeed, of all market gardening as it is ordinarily practised, with the employment of manure. Fortunately this opinion has not been shared by all bacteriologists. In order to solve this problem, which is so important from the hygienic point of view, Remlinger and Nouri have undertaken a series of experiments, in which they endeavored, by every possible means, to infect plants with microbes. In every case, however, they found it impossible to obtain colonies of microbes from the interior parts of the plants thus infected. Hence they conclude that the microbes in the soil do not penetrate into the interior of plants, but remain entirely upon the surface.—Scientific American.

### How to Embellish Cheap Furniture.

To every professional cabinetmaker the problem has doubtless been already presented of making cheap furniture, which, in spite of the lowest price, should present to the eye a pleasing appearance. Carving or tarsia (inlaid) work cannot, of course, be thought of in this connection, as these would materially raise the price of the furniture. The following procedure will, accordingly, enable the joiner to decorate the furniture in a beautiful and appropriate way without the necessity of enlisting therefor the aid of other professional artisans.

Every joiner is expected to have had some practice in drawing and to be capable, therefore, of getting up designs for the decoration of panels, front-pieces of drawers, etc. This drawing he has, accordingly, to transfer by means of tracing paper upon the portions of the wood to be decorated and to fill the ornament or the ground, according to the effect intended, with gum arabic. The gum must not be too weak in order that it may properly cover the parts smeared, and must also be entirely colorless, for otherwise the wood becomes stained. Then, after having allowed the parts to dry for a day, the panels, etc., should be rubbed by means of a woolen rag vigorously, though sparingly, with printer's ink previously diluted with a little petroleum, so that the wood may receive a uniform coloring. This ink can be obtained in all shades and one may therefore choose the tint which will harmonize with the given stain of the wood. The whole must then be wiped off with a sponge, whereby the gum is dissolved and the parts that were covered remain standing out with distinctness. The gum must, of course, be entirely washed off and particular care should be given to this point.

If the ground has been rubbed in, the ornament in that case being left untouched, then it becomes an easy matter to color the same with ordinary water stain, inasmuch as the printers' ink, by reason of its fatty contents, does not take any water staining. The furniture is now treated as usual—either waxed or polished; whereby the fatty nature of the ink renders very good service.

For such manner of ornamentation only light woods are, of course, adapted, such as firs, pine, ash, maple,



Design for a country home on a large scale.

### ANALYSIS OF

**St. Lawrence Sugar**  
THE STANDARD OF PURITY

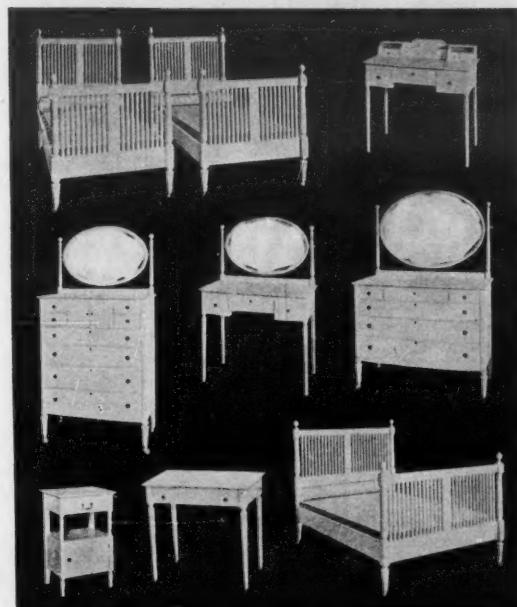
#### Laboratory of Provincial Government Analyst.

MONTRAL, 22nd February, 1909.

I HEREBY CERTIFY that I have drawn by my own hand ten samples of the St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co.'s EXTRA STANDARD GRANULATED SUGAR, indiscriminately taken from four lots of about 150 barrels each and six lots of about 450 bags each. I have analyzed same and find them uniformly to contain 99-99/100 to 100 per cent of pure cane sugar, with no impurities whatever.

(Signed) MILTON L. HERSEY, M.Sc. LL.D.  
Provincial Government Analyst.

The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Company Limited, Montreal. 20



LOUIS XVI SUITE.

## For Your Guest Chamber

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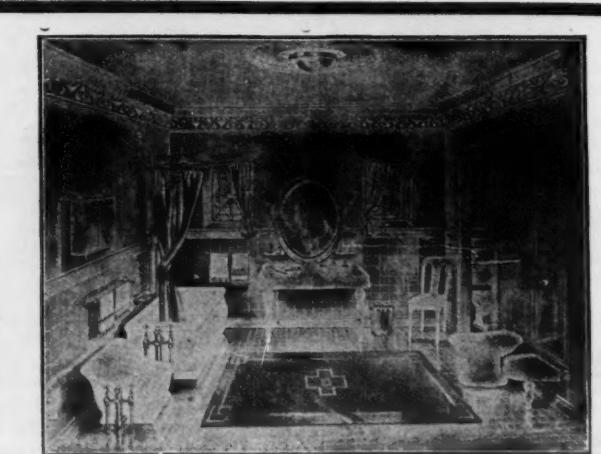
Like all our furniture—our enamel is built in our own workshops and is made by the best cabinet-makers. The wood used is the best hardwood suitable for that purpose. The enamel used is strictly our own process, and with ordinary care, will not turn yellow, or crack. It is rubbed as smooth as glass. Even the drawers are finished natural and are rubbed inside.

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As your guide you will find our Shop-mark in the inside of top drawers. Look for it. Trust to it. It protects you—is a sign—you have found the best.

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## CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES



Residence of Thomas Baker, Talbot street, London, Ont. Designed by F. S. Baker, F.R.I.B.A., Toronto.

oak, etc., while walnut or mahogany, on account of their dearness, do not even come into consideration for simple furniture. By the designing of the ornament, much depends upon a proper distribution of the same. Very poor and monotonous would be the effect of filling the given surface with it completely. It is just in limitation and the happy selection of the place where the ornament is suited that one shows himself a master. Above all with those places have to be decorated which first catch the eye, or are especially conspicuous because of their monotonous lines. In case of door, which, perhaps through a desire of saving a framing piece, has been given a very long panel, it will be commendable to set off the upper quarter of the same by means of an ornament. The bounding lines of the latter need not, however, run exactly parallel to the framing of the panel, but somewhat greater freedom of form may be allowed here.

It is likewise of great importance to consider that one and the same ornament has a different effect according as to whether the ground executed in dark and the ornament light, or vice versa.

## Pruning Best in Spring.

WHEN pruning either shrubs or trees the person doing the work should be able to give a reason for every cut made," declared the manager of a nursery. "Among the things that every amateur who wishes to prune his own shrubs and trees should know is that early blooming plants and shrubs are best pruned in the summer just after the blossom fades, and the next best time is early spring. All late blooming shrubs and trees are best pruned in the spring.

The great advantage of spring pruning is that the wounds heal more rapidly. When pruning is done in the winter the wounds must wait until spring to heal. In this way tender plants are injured by cold and hardy ones by the drying of the exposed tissues.

Before starting to prune, it is well for the amateur to look over his tools. He should have pruning scissors, a pruning saw, a knife, and if there are tall trees to be attended to a long handled pruning hook. All these must be kept sharp, and the hook and scissors should also be lubricated. Besides these tools it is desirable to have a three-legged ladder especially constructed for orchard use.

Before starting to prune you should always look the shrub or tree over carefully, so as to make sure what you are going to do. The actual work begins at the ground.

Water shoots should not be cut off on a level with the ground's surface, but you should dig down to the origin and cut as close to the root of the stem as possible. When this is accomplished and the earth packed back in its place the next step is to remove or mend all broken branches.

You must always remember, when doing this, that your aim should be to close up empty spaces caused by the broken limb. This is best accomplished by encouraging the growth of neighboring branches.

The next step is to walk around the tree and shorten last year's growth on the lower branches about one-third. In doing this your aim should be to give a circular effect to the tree. From now on your stepladder will be needed. Using this again go around the tree, trim-

ming last year's growth higher up, but somewhat shorter than the lower branches. Continue this process until the entire tree is trimmed.

If perfectly done the tree will present an almost globular shape, the top branches being shortened to less than a quarter of their previous year's growth. It is not wise to attempt to trim all one side of a tree. This almost always ends in giving the tree an ugly shape. The higher up you go the oftener you will be called on to thin out branches. In this case always cut out the weaker ones or those growing toward the inside of the tree, provided they do not leave a vacant space.

## The Vanishing Roller Towel.

They have cut their whiskers out in Kansas and put colytic shower baths into their houses, they have ceased wearing their boots to bed and have made the public drinking cup a felon, but still their passion for militant bacteriology remains insatiate. Its latest victim is the roller towel—that drooping but romantic relic of simpler days and braver men. Kansas calls the roller towel pathogenic, and sees in its mysterious folds the Garden of Eden of all germs. It is the father and mother, says Kansas, of eczema, ophthalmia and dandruff. It abrades and inoculates the human hide. It spreads pestilence and offends the eye. It is immoral, and being immoral, Kansas has made it illegal.

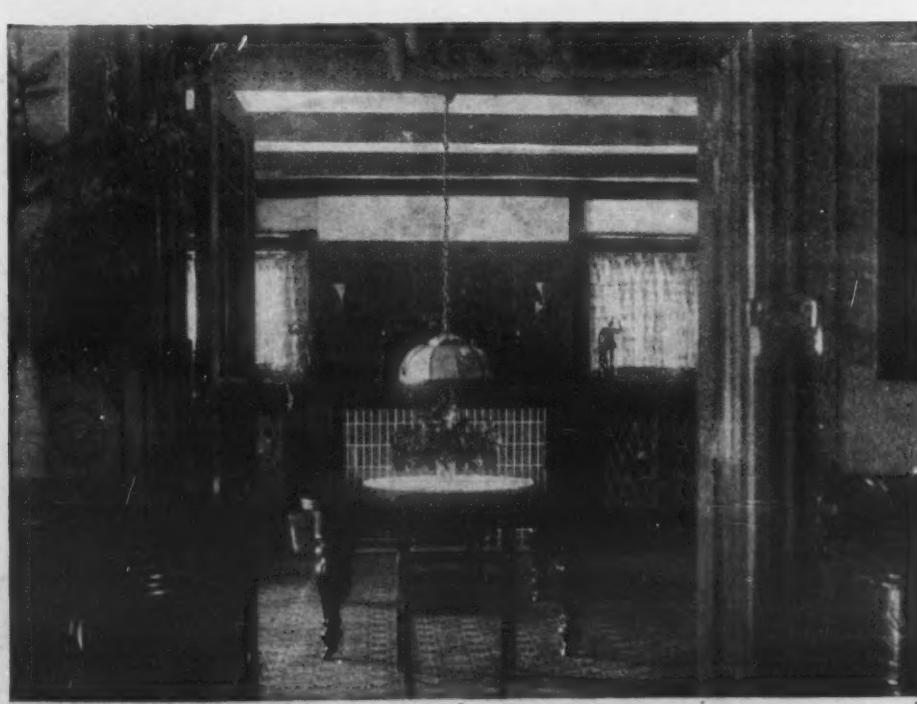
A triumph for aseptic, but Waterloo for romance! Who will forget the noble uses of the roller towel in other and happier years? It was an essential ornament, an integral part, of all ancient inns, taverns and ordinaries; it adorned all oldtime printing offices; it was known and loved by judges, juries and learned counsel in country towns. The passing stranger employed it to remove the clay of travel from his boots, the dust of the road from his face; it had its regular customers, its loving clients, its devotees. That was before the day of shoe shining parlors, Turkish baths and other such degenerating luxuries. The roller towel served all purifying purposes. It was the one cleansing angel of a frowsy world.

Eugene Field and Bill Nye were full of anecdotes of famous roller towels. Field used to tell of one in a printing office in Chicago which grew so hard with ink and silicates that it gave out a musical note. Nye claimed for one that he loved that it had been used by a printer of his acquaintance to stab a copy chopper. Mark Twain, in his palmy days, had similar tales to tell.

But enough of all that. The roller towel is done for. Printers now mop their brows with aseptic gauze; even lawyers fear bacteria. In a few years, perhaps, the roller towel will be a rare thing, a curious antique, to be gaped at by loafers and honey-mooners in museums. People will speak of it as they speak to-day of the rabbit foot, camomile tea, the pulse warmer, medicated lingerie, the haircloth sofa, populism and all other dear things that were but are not.—Baltimore Sun.

Pine sleepers treated with California crude oil have been used on the Santa Fe Railway since February, 1902, with no sign of decay. Untreated sleepers last about two years.

The highest salaried woman doing department work in Washington is Miss A. H. Shortridge of New York city, whose salary is \$2,500 per annum.

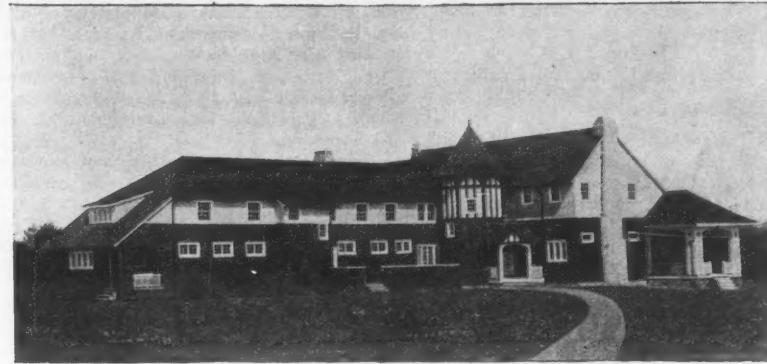


Interior view in the home of Thomas Baker, Talbot street, London, Ont.

# Melrose Park

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Right here in our own quickly spreading city of Toronto, you have an "honest" chance to double—yes, even treble your money.

HOW? By buying property in Toronto's new "Highland" suburb—MELROSE PARK.

This newest and most exclusive of suburbs is magnificently situated on the highlands of the city, 500 feet above the level of the lake, thus affording an entire elimination of the city's soot, noise and smoke; and affording, at the same time, the ideal air and environment so desirable to the "home" builder.

An efficient line of street cars passes the property, giving excellent service to the entire park, stopping at three places on the Yonge street frontage.

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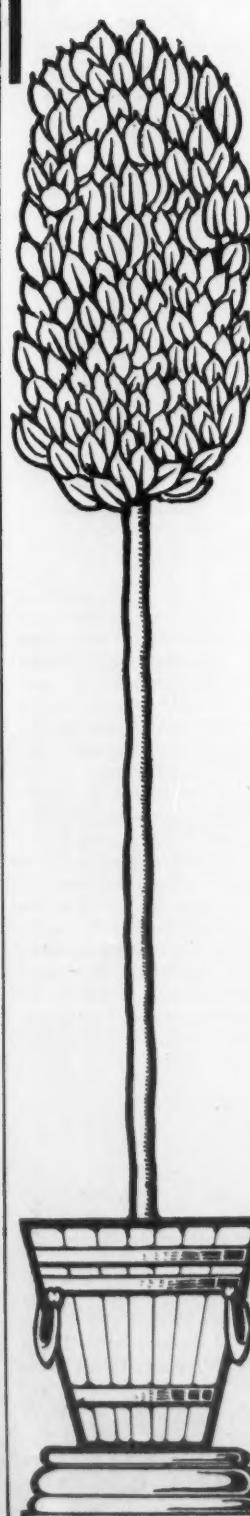
We have endeavored to give the public the best possible property for their money, and always make our terms of payment so reasonable that everyone will have an opportunity to become interested in our projects.

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A woman's strength lies in her lack of it.

When "anything goes," it's safe to say that everything will.

A woman loves best when she loves first; a man when he loves last.

In union there is sometimes divorce.

To some people the goal doesn't matter so long as they can keep up the pace.

When interest pulls against honor, man usually trusts himself to chance.

Anticipation is the cocktail which makes it possible to accept life with a show of appetite.

While pride lasts defeat is impossible.

One's discretion may be measured by the powers of observation possessed by one's associates.

Brains aren't much use without backbone.

C. C. M.

### A Survival of Mediævalism.

WHEN one comes to look for it, there is nearly as much of the mediæval left in England as in Italy, Spain or southern Germany. The difference is that, whereas Italy, for instance, with her gondolas in Venice, her papal guards in Rome, her wonderful gendarmes, and her time-defying buildings and walled towns all over the country, keeps her antiquity ever before one, England is apt to hide hers under a bushel. One has to go to the Tower to see the Beef-eaters (*buffeters* they were called when French was still the court language), and to the nooks and corners of town and country, to find her architectural antiques other than churches and palaces. In the same way, only those who go to court realize how mediæval many of the costumes and customs that surround King Edward on State occasions really are.

Conspicuous among the gorgeous functionaries, there are the Gentlemen-at-Arms, one of the three bodyguards of the sovereign. Clad in a uniform which was designed by Prince Albert, consisting of scarlet coatee, gold epaulettes, blue trousers with gold-lace stripes, gilt spurs, and helmet with a plume of white swan feathers, this resplendent corps—now only forty strong—has passed its 400th birthday. Founded by Henry VIII. in the first year of his reign, it is the second oldest of three corps of bodyguards. First upon the army list come the Yeomen of the Guard—*valeti garde domini regis*, as Henry VII. called them when he instituted them to guard his person in the troublous days of Bosworth Field. Then come the Gentlemen-at-Arms, and lastly the Royal Company of Archers, chartered by Charles II., but not made a bodyguard till 1692.

The Gentlemen-at-Arms have the honor of being the "nearest guard" of the sovereign. In the old days, when kings rode out to battle, a knight among knights, this meant that they formed a ring of fighters immediately around his person. Now their functions have considerably changed. In 1851 their captain gave the following account of the duties of his stewardship. His men were to attend as the immediate guard of the sovereign at coronations, royal marriages, baptisms, progresses, and funerals, installations of Knights of the Garter, the serving up of dinner to the sovereign, the opening of Parliament (as recently, for instance), levees, and other state functions.

Originally a purely military body, the Gentleman-at-Arms at one time had become almost civilian; no previous military service was necessary, and places in their ranks were bought just as commissions in the army used to be.

In 1862 the rules of the corps were revised. Purchase was abolished, the previous holding of a commission became a *sine qua non*, and active service had to have been seen by the applicant. The only anomaly now is that the captain, who is always a peer, is a political appointee, and loses his place on a change of ministry. The other officers of the forty Gentlemen-at-Arms are so by virtue of military promotion. There is a lieutenant, a standard-bearer, whose office in the old days was no sinecure, a clerk of the cheque—and kind of adjutant—and a sub-officer to help him.

Curiously enough, after a long period of inglorious ease, the last time the corps—then a civilian corps with three exceptions—was called upon to prepare for active service, was during the Chartist riots of '48, when it was called out to guard St. James's Palace. There was much hasty drilling, but luckily its results were not tested, says The New York Post.

The more ancient archives of the corps seem with incident as picturesque as its present uniform. After Henry VIII. had ordered "fifty gentlemen to be speered"—"and every gentleman to have three greate horses to be attendant on their persone—there was none of them but they and their horses were appareled and trapped in cloth of

golde, silvur, and goldsmith's worke, and their servantes richly appareled also." It is to the credit of these magnificent creatures that they did equally good service with their "spears" at the battle of the Spurs, and with their raiment at the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

In Queen Mary's time they cleared the precincts of the Palace of Whitehall of Wyatt's Kentish labor agitators after the latter had terrorized London. Under Elizabeth they appear—perhaps because they were carefully selected for their address and presence to have added the wiles of the courtier to the prowess of the soldier. When Elizabeth died, at Richmond, and the personal party politics of the day ran high, it was one of their number who, helped by his brother, the captain of the corps, and his sister, who had been lady-in-waiting to the queen, was the first to convey the news of his accession to James, who was anxiously awaiting it in Edinburgh Castle. Though 400 miles of miry roads had to be covered, on the evening of the day of the queen's death, March 24, Carey was at Doncaster, and on the afternoon of the 26th he dropped on his knees before King James, hailed him King of England, and handed him a letter from his brother, the "captain of the Speers," beseeching his favor for the corps. A few days later he crossed the border again in his new sovereign's train as Baron Carey of Lapington.

During the civil wars the corps was scattered, members raising and leading bodies of cavaliers from their own districts. Then came exile abroad, and a return to the congenial atmosphere of the second Carolinian court, where the corps was reconstituted. James II. first recognized the Gentlemen-at-Arms. Under the duller Hanoverians, when banking, literature, higher politics, and mercenaries were more to the fore than cavaliers, they languished with but few alarms, and now have become with gold stick and silver stick in waiting, keeper of the sword of State, etc., etc., picturesque survivals of an older age.

They live comfortably, these Gentlemen-at-Arms, with a mess at St. James's Palace; but unlike certain other court functionaries they have earned their position not by rank but by feats of arms and bravery. All of them have seen active service, and have at least four or five decorations, and medals for every war in which the British army has served during the last twenty or thirty years, will be seen on their breasts.

### The Belief in the Black Cat.

MOST people are superstitious, and almost everyone has some faint belief in the good-luck bringing powers of the black cat. This idea that black felines have a special sort of power has been believed in for many years, and is still widely cherished. In the past a black



LORD LANSOWNE'S DAUGHTER.  
The latest photograph of the Duchess of Devonshire.

cat was looked upon as the familiar of the evil one, and the special companion of those who dealt in witchcraft.

Nothing is supposed to bring better luck than that a black cat should see fit to make itself at home, unbidden, in one's house.

In the theatrical world the black cat is an immense favorite, and in every theatre in Great Britain the black quadruped, with others, is placed on the salary list. That is to say, so much per week is set aside out of the treasury for the purchase of suitable viands for the benefit of puss.

A black cat in a theatre is declared to bring "good luck," particularly if it be a "stray," which wanders in during the rehearsal of a new piece or at the debut of an actor or actress before the audience is admitted.

As we all know, the chariot of Freyja was drawn by cats, and Holda was attended by maidens riding on cats, and they themselves were disguised as cats, and it has been suggested that the reason is quite easy of solution. Like the lynx and the owl of Pallas Athene, the cat owes its celestial honors above all to its eyes, that gleam in the dark like fire; but the belief in its supernatural powers may very probably have been corroborated by the common observation that the cat, like the storming boar, is a weather-wise animal. Good weather may generally be expected when the cat washes herself, but had when she licks her coat against the grain or washes her face over her ear or sits with her tail to the fire.

Kelly in his "Curiosities of Indo-European Tradition and Folk-Lore" says: "Cats, though inveterate milk stealers, very rarely rob the dairy in any but the natural way. On the other hand witch cats have a great hankering after beer, a liquor into which no canny puss will dip her whiskers. Witches are adepts in the art of brewing, and therefore fond of making parties to taste what their neighbors brew. It appears that on these occasions they always masquerade as cats, and what they steal they consume." These witch cats are invariably black, as being less distinguishable in the dark. The "Puss in Boots," of the Marquis de Carabas was of the order, black, and although all black cats are not in the pay of the evil one, all cats of necromantic tendencies or witchlike nature are most decidedly of the night shade hue.

Thus Galinthia was changed by the Fates into a black cat. Hecate also, when Typhon compelled the gods and goddesses to hide themselves in animals, assumed the form of a black cat. Mr. Kelly, referred to above, relates the story of a countryman whose beer was all drunk up by night whenever he brewed, so that at last he resolved for



COUNTESS MARIE TARNOVSKI AND HER SON.

The Countess, who is known as "the enchantress," is the central figure in the great murder trial in Venice which has attracted so much attention. She is said to have so fascinated her confederates that they did exactly as she wished and were unable to resist her spell.

once to sit up all night and watch. As he was standing by his brewing copper up came a number of cats, and he called to them: "Come, puss, puss, come, warm you a bit." So they all squatted in a great ring round the fire as if to warm themselves. After they had sat there for a while he asked them if the water was hot. "Just on the boil," said they, and as they spoke he dipped his long handled pail in the wort and soured the whole company with it. They all vanished at once, but on the following day his wife had a terribly scalded face, and then he knew who it was that had always drunk up his beer.

Famous men have ever been noted for their partiality to cats. Champfleury wrote an essay on the love of distinguished characters for cats, and in his book there are eighty excellent wood-cuts, which give us at least a hint of what has been done in the way of artistic appreciation by the Egyptians, the Romans, and the Japanese; by the German, Gottfried Mind, "the Raphael of cats"; by the Dutch Cornelius Wischer; by several Frenchmen, and by the English artist, Burbank.

In these days we have Louis Wain and others. Literary men have ever been noted for their partiality to cats. Champfleury wrote an essay on the love of distinguished characters for cats, and in his book there are eighty excellent wood-cuts, which give us at least a hint of what has been done in the way of artistic appreciation by the Egyptians, the Romans, and the Japanese; by the German, Gottfried Mind, "the Raphael of cats"; by the Dutch Cornelius Wischer; by several Frenchmen, and by the English artist, Burbank.

Chateaubriand's passion for cats was so notorious that when he was Ambassador at Rome the Pope made him a present of one. But this catalogue of authors, British and foreign, who have been devoted to their feline companions is endless. It should be remembered that the cat is a symbol of liberty. The Roman Goddess of Liberty was represented as holding a cup in one hand, a broken sceptre in the other, and with a cat lying at her feet. The fact is that no animal is so great an enemy to all constraint as a cat.

### Subdued.

PA doesn't smoke around the house,

He doesn't go out nights,

He's quit his club, and never goes

To wrestling bouts or fights.

He doesn't swear, he doesn't drink,

He never cares to roam,

He's doing everything he can

To keep the peace at home.

He never has a thing to say,

Whatever is right;

He's letting mother have her way

And keeping out of sight;

Time was he loved a quiet game,

His fellow men to flee,

But now he merely stays at home

And strives to keep the peace.

He never goes to burlesque shows

Or racetracks any more,

He wipes his feet when he comes home,

And always shuts the door.

When mother says a thing is so

All arguments now cease,

For father says he's working in

The interest of peace.

PA says he's fought a heap of fights

With ma, and lost them all;

It took him twenty years to learn

His chances all were small,

And now he says he's on the job,

Till death brings him release,

There's nothing that he wants to do

So much as keep the peace.

—Detroit Free Press

### The Queen's Dairy.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA takes great interest in her dairy, which has been considerably remodelled of late. It has been maintained at Sandringham for many years, and is planned on those in and around Copenhagen. So successful have been the efforts of the Queen to introduce the methods of the farmers of her native country into England that she has had a number of imitators. The late Duke of Westminster and the seventh Duke of Devonshire were among those who built dairy farms on the same lines as those at Sandringham. When she is staying at her favorite Norfolk residence the Queen pays almost daily visits to her dairy, which is very pleasantly situated close to the home farm, and she is herself a great adept at all forms of dairy work, as are the Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria.

Princess Mary of Wales is being initiated at the present time into the art of butter and cheese making, and she displays the greatest interest in and aptitude for this work. The whole of the butter, milk, eggs, etc., for Sandringham and York Cottage come from this farm; while large quantities of butter and eggs are also sent regularly to Buckingham Palace, Windsor, Marlborough House, Frogmore, and other Royal residences.



### An April Fool Story.

A LITTLE group of Toronto women were indulging the other day in first of April reminiscences, when one grey-haired member of the party volunteered the information that the strongest characteristic she possessed had been developed as the result of an April fool prank, and this was the story she told to prove it.

"My early girlhood was spent in a small town on the St. Lawrence, and my elder sister and I studied together at a very old-fashioned establishment, of which the head mistress was a Scotchwoman of the very old school. My sister was as good as she was pretty, and like the heroines of the mid-Victorian books for girls always got rewarded for her piety and kindness. I was a bit of a tomboy and was always getting into scrapes of some sort.

"One April fool's day we started off to school together, and as it was very wet and muddy we were allowed to take our lunches with us. Each little parcel contained thin bread and butter, a piece of cake, and most wonderful of treats—a peach turn-over. We were sauntering along towards school when, in the middle of a very muddy bit of road, through which we were picking our way, we encountered a very little boy with a tremendously big slice of bread and butter, from which he had taken one huge bite. Imbued with the first of April spirit of joking, I said to him, 'Oh, little boy, little boy, how did you cut your finger?'

"Down went the big slice of bread and butter into a puddle twice its size and depth, while the owner of it looked anxiously over his ten fingers to find out which one was injured. When he discovered that there was nothing wrong, and realized that his bread and butter was ruined, he started to weep in a truly heart-breaking fashion. I was sorry, but I felt I could do nothing. Not so, my sister, who said—as would any good little girl in a story book written especially for good little girls—"Here, little boy, don't cry. Take my lunch." And instead of passing over only her bread and butter, she handed him the entire meal as well as the fine damask napkin in which it was wrapped.

"We trotted on to school, my sister serene in the consciousness of a good deed well done, while I thought her as big a goose as I usually did when she made a semi-martyr of herself. The luncheon interval came in time, and in a far corner of the room I seated myself and rapidly dispatched my bread and butter, and had set my teeth in the cake when my attention was arrested by a conversation taking place between my sister and the head mistress. 'Helen,' I heard the latter say, 'Helen, have you no luncheon?' Helen admitted she hadn't. 'You are not very strong, Helen,' the voice went on, 'I am surprised your mother allowed you to stay at school without any luncheon.' Helen admitted at once that it wasn't mother's fault. 'Then where is your luncheon?' came the question. My sister hemmed and hawed, but finally told me what she had done, and of course told my share of the deed.

"Before I had time to grasp the situation and dispatch my cake to join the bread and butter I was summoned, trembling, to my teacher's side. There I was questioned and had to admit the truth of the dire tale.

"The sentence was not long delayed. 'Give Helen what is left of your luncheon,' was the decree and I had to obey, and stood enviously by while Helen ate my cake and consumed every crumb of my peach turnover.

"But I learned a lesson I have never forgotten. From that day to this I have always taken the best first. If I could eat the sweets at dinner before the soup I believe I would do it. And I have found my policy work out all right. I have never since been compelled to give up the equivalent of my peach turnover to another."

### He Would Do Anything.

A PUBLIC school teacher in Southern Manitoba one evening visited the home of one of her pupils. During her visit, she was greatly attracted by a small boy, who looked curiously at her, but refused to come within reach of her. With all the love of a teacher for a conquest over the little folks, she coaxed, but in vain, until a happy thought struck her. She produced some chocolates, which she held up as a bait.

The little lad was not proof against anything so attractive as chocolates and went to her at once, and kissed her for the candy.

His little sister had been watching him with considerable interest, and when she saw him spring into the teacher's arms and kiss her, she said, with an air of finality: "Yes, Frank would do just anything, for chocolates."



MISS MARGERY MAUDE.

The pretty daughter of Mr. Cyril Maude and Mrs. Maude (Winifred Emery), who recently made her stage debut at her father's London theatre, in "The Toy Maker of Nuremberg."



# Letters of a self-made Woman to her Daughter

MY DEAR ANNIE,—

Here we are again on the wing, and this time with steamer trunks and rugs and cushions, for a trip across the ocean. We are sailing from Canada so that we may have a couple of hours with you before we leave. Travel is a great resource in many emergencies. Our household having been disorganized by the sudden marriage of my little maid and the chauffeur, and your father's decision to go abroad and look into some new enterprise, there seemed a dreary and lonely spring before me if I were not willing to pack up and go along. So we shall expect you at the hotel for a couple of hours on Wednesday, and tell Madame we very much appreciate her kindness in allowing you the recess. We were so fortunate to find out Madame and her school, and I am more than pleased that you have come on so well. Environment and examples seem to mean more to you than to most girls, Annie; you are so responsive and accessible a nature, and have such hearty goodwill, that you have never developed reserve or mistrust, scarcely even the most ordinary caution. You will be lucky, too, in having your way prepared for you, in the circle in which you will move. The caution and patience and reserve and mistrust have all been my portion. Sometimes they almost soured me, but happily, I came out on the right side before the milk of human kindness curdled. Many don't! I cannot look back and say it wasn't worth while even if only for your sake. But I have also gained a sort of victory over small but important foes, most of which are dead, and those still able to get in my way are feeble and merely annoying. Talking of examples influencing you, how strong an instance was your sudden development of a passion for the rights of women, which grew, like Jonah's gourd, after hearing just two lectures from a militant suffragette. That sort of passion put upon one from the outside instead of generating and growing in one's own mind and being, is apt to be evanescent and affected. I did not recognize my Annie in its throes. Your father had an idea that it was a mistake to let you attend those lectures, but now he agrees with me, that it was a fair part of your training, to bring you into touch with the questions which are interesting people to-day. Just after the lectures which were delivered here, many of my women friends were very eloquent suffragettes, who have now forgotten all about the matter. It is a great help in meeting these enthusiasts to look forward six months or so, and realize that by that time, they will be rushing something else, perhaps quite different. In fact, the idea, that nothing, good or bad, endures very long, is a bracer against many of life's hard experiences. I think I may promise you London in June, and Oberammergau later on, and perhaps we will be brave enough to take a trip in the Zeppelin airship, when we are over there in August. It is, in one way, delightful to know one can pick and choose and do precisely what one likes, unless illness or mischance interferes, but somehow I catch myself wishing that some one would say: "Now, you will have to contrive and plan to get money enough to accomplish this or that." There is the delightful excitement of uncertainty about the plans of the poor. They depend on so many things, and are easily frustrated. People rail at the uncertainty of life, but that is, I think, what makes it so interesting. I know that in those old days of self-denial and elaborate planning to make both ends meet, any little jaunt took on an importance and possible interests such as even our trip around the world, with everything in the way of comfort and luxury at our command, never will!

So, you see, Annie, it's always a case of losing something to gain something else. Many of the complaints and repinings one hears about life arise from failure to grasp this undeniably hard fact. But I've become very preachy to my little girl! If you feel bored by these remarks, Annie, remember that youth is naturally impatient of philosophy and that your mother understands that. Your father and I went to dinner with Uncle and Aunt yesterday, mid-day Sunday dinner as is the prevailing fashion here. It was a treat, for there is enough of the real courtesy about them to remind one of young days—good days, too, though most people wouldn't believe it. The country place, where I had hoped to be watching for the crocuses this month, must wait for a year. Instead of crocuses, as your father said quaintly, I shall be presented at Court. It is a far cry, and I hope



A DUCHESS AND HER SON.

Formerly Lady Katherine Lambton, the Duchess of Leeds is well known as a writer of short stories and verse. Keenly interested in politics and other questions of the day, the Duchess is also devoted to yachting. Her only son, Lord Carmarthen, was born in 1901 and has four sisters all older than himself.



AN AMERICAN COUNTESS.

The marriage took place last week of Miss Harriet Daly, younger daughter of the late Marcus Daly of Montana and New York, to Count Anton Sigray of Hungary, who acted as best man at the wedding of Miss Gladys Vanderbilt and Count Széchenyi.

the interest and pleasure of the presentation will make up for missing my spring time in the country. Perhaps the possibility of seeing you in court-veil and feathers will enthrone your parents!

YOURS AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

### The Cost of a Peerage.

IT costs something to become a peer, the amount varying according to the title. Mr. Herbert Gladstone and Mr. Ivor Guest, for instance, will not get into the House of Lords for nothing, but will both have to pay pretty heavily for their peerage in stamp duties, Crown Office fees, and Home Office fees—the total in each case running into several hundred pounds, and all fees are collected strictly in advance.

As a viscount, Mr. Gladstone will be charged £467 4s. 6d., the amount being made up as follows:—Stamp duties, £200 12s.; Crown Office fees, £229 10s.; Home Office fees, £37 2s. 6d. A viscount is, of course, the fourth degree in the British Peerage, the first being a duke, whose rank is inferior only to princes of Royal blood. After a duke comes a marquis, and then an earl. Viscount was anciently the name of him who held the chief office under an earl. The latter being often at Court, the viscount was his deputy to look after the affairs of the country. In the reign of Henry VI, the title became a degree of honor, and was made hereditary.

The coronation robes of a viscount are the same as an earl's with the exception that he has only two and a half rows of ermine; his cap is the same, and the golden circle of his coronet is surmounted by sixteen silver balls. The robe of a viscountess has two and a half inches of miniver, and two and a half bars of ermine, a yard and a quarter train, while the coronet is the same as her husband's.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone can thank his lucky stars that he was not given one of the higher ranks of the Peerage, for a duke has to pay fees amounting to £809 12s., whilst a marquis has to pay up £691 12s., and an earl a sum of £573 12s.

Mr. Ivor Guest, having only been made a baron, gets let off with a mere £380 17s. in fees. The sum is made up as follows: Stamp duties, £150 12s.; Crown Office fees, £179 10s.; Home Office fees, £30 18s.

The coronation robes of a baron have but two rows of ermine; in other respects they are the same as those of other Peers. King Charles II. granted a coronet to the barons, who until his reign wore only a plain circle of gold. It is formed of six silver balls set at equal distance on a circle of gold bordered with ermine.

A baroness has two inches of miniver and two bars of ermine on her coronation robe, which has a train a yard long. She wears a coronet the same as that of a baron.

It will be remembered that when Lord Roberts was made an earl he strongly objected to paying the bill of more than £1,750 with which he was presented.

The reason why the fees were considerably in excess of those quoted above was that, having no son to succeed him, he wished to have what is called "a special remainder" to his daughters. All "extras" of this description have to be paid for.

In addition to all the fees enumerated above, says M.A.P., there are many more charges that a newly-fledged Peer must pay before he takes his seat in the House of Lords. There is the licence for the coronet on his carriages and notepaper, and, if he wishes them, the expensive coronet and robes of his new dignity. It may, however, be whispered in confidence that not every Peer possesses his own coronet and robes. In the case of the older families, of course, these are treasured family heirlooms, but in the case of the newer creations, they have been known to be borrowed or hired for the occasion.

The only occasions on which Peers put on their coronets are at a State Coronation of the Sovereign, or when they wish to have their portrait painted or to be photographed "in State." A few years ago a newly created viscount was so fond of his coronet that he had it emblazoned on everything—even his luggage. The result was that, when travelling in Spain, he was mistaken for the Prince of Wales.

For a long time he could not make out why he was treated with such extraordinary ceremony and charged such wonderful prices. It was only when the mayor of a certain town proposed to offer him an address that the mystery came out.

A baronet has to pay £294 9s. 6d. for the privilege of seeing "Sir" in front of his name and Bart. behind it.

### Some Famous Jewels.

THE jewels worn at the two Courts held at Buckingham Palace this spring are said to have been "splendid beyond words." Every woman present seemed to have made it a point of honor to don her best and bravest; and the Queen's black robes threw into relief the "rivers of pearls and lakes of diamonds" that covered her graceful figure. On the first night Her Majesty wore the Culianian gems upon her corsage. On the second occasion the famous ruby—"the Agincourt stone," as it is called—

won almost as much admiration as those gigantic diamonds.

According to authorities, true Oriental ruby of perfect color weighing five carats is worth quite ten times as much as a diamond of equal size, and as size increases the value rises so rapidly that very large rubies command fabulous prices. The stone belonging to the Crown of England, worn by Her Majesty, is second only to that belonging to the Tsarina. The Russian stone was presented to Catherine II. by the King of Sweden when he came wooing her grand-daughter, the Grand Duchess Alexandra. It is of the true "pigeon's blood" hue; while the English gem is said to be a "spinel" stone, of far less intensity of color, and of less value, accordingly.

Another famous ruby is that belonging to Lady Carew. This is an uncut stone of 133 carats, and over an inch long. It was obtained by Lady Carew's great-uncle in Persia some fifty years ago. Apart from its value as a gem, it is uniquely precious as bearing its history engraved upon its surface. On its four sides it bears the names and titles of the four great Mogul Emperors to whom it has belonged.

It was Nadir Shah, King of Persia, who looted the Delhi treasure-houses, and carried their contents—Peacock throne, Koh-i-Noor, and sacred ruby among the rest—to Teheran. This King was murdered in 1747, and then, probably, the ruby was stolen. Certainly it disappeared, and nothing is known of its adventures until Mr. Alison found, purchased, and presented it to his niece, Lady Carew's mother, on her marriage.

It has been bored through from end to end, and has evidently been worn as a necklace or armlet threaded on a cord. Lady Carew has had it mounted with a diamond for suspension from a neck-chain, and it is as a pendant she now wears it. Her jewellers were anxious that it should be mounted in a tiara; but that would not display the inscriptions, which Lady Carew rightly thinks form its most remarkable feature. The fact that four great emperors had their names incised upon it proves that it must have been regarded as a treasured heirloom, and perhaps a powerful talisman. Many famous jewels once had inscriptions cut on their surface, but lapidaries have ruthlessly removed all traces of the lettering, as they cut and recut the gems to give them the brilliance which only such cutting can ensure. The stones may be much more beautiful, but their historic identity is destroyed. As far as is known, this ruby of Lady Carew's is the only incised gem now existing.

### The Wedding Ring.

IN the Isle of Man the wedding ring was formerly used as an instrument of torture. Cyril Davenport in his book on "Jewelry," remarks that there once existed a custom in that island "according to which an unmarried girl



EMPERORS OF THE FUTURE.

This new photograph shows the eldest son and the eldest grandson of the German Emperor. The Crown Prince, who was born in 1882, was married in 1905 to Cecily, Duchess of Mecklenburg. Their oldest son, little Prince William, was born in July, 1906.

who had been offended by a man could bring him to trial and if he were found guilty she would be presented with a sword, a rope and a ring. With the sword she might cut off his head, with the rope she might hang him, or with the ring she might marry him. It is said that the latter punishment was that invariably inflicted."

The wedding ring, which was tolerated by the Methodists, was anathema to the early Puritans, who regarded personal adornment as one of the many snares of Satan, says an exchange. Wesley, who was a High Churchman, probably recognized its symbolic value. In the old English marriage service it was the custom for the bridegroom to put the ring on the thumb of his bride, saying, "In the name of the Father," then on the next finger, saying, "and the Son," then on the third finger, saying, "and of the Holy Ghost," finally on the fourth finger, with the word, "Amen."

The ring was left there because, as the Sarum rubric says, "a vein proceeds thence to the heart." In the modern marriage service the ring is placed at once upon the third finger, the invocation to the Trinity being understood.

The wedding ring was the only form of jewelry permitted to the early Methodists, and there are people still living who recall how no longer than forty years ago they were reproved by old Methodist ministers for breaking the rules of membership which forbade (and technically still forbid) Methodists to wear gold, jewels or costly apparel; but with fine courtesy John Wesley knew when to ignore breaches of his own regulations.

In visiting a house one of the preachers drew Wesley's attention to the host's daughter, who was wearing several jeweled rings; but instead of the rebuke which his preacher sought to evoke Wesley only gravely and gently remarked, "A very beautiful hand."

The women of North Dakota intend to erect a monument to Sakajawea, the Indian woman who acted as guide to Lewis and Clark, when these explorers were crossing the Rocky Mountains in 1804. The monument is to stand in front of the Capitol at Bismarck. There is already a statue of Sakajawea in the park at Portland, Ore.

## Old Friends and New



### A Red, Red Rose.

MY love's like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June;  
My love's like the melodies  
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in love am I;  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only lass;  
And fare thee weel a while!  
And I will come again my lass,  
Though it were ten thousand mile.

Robert Burns.

### The Human Seasons.

FOUR Seasons fill the measure of the year;  
There are four seasons in the mind of Man:  
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear  
Takes in all beauty with an easy span:

He has his Summer, when luxuriously  
Spring's honey'd bud of youthful thought he loves  
To ruminant, and by such dreaming high  
Its nearest unto heaven: quiet coves

His soul has in its Autumn, when the wings  
He furleth close; contented so to look  
On mists in idleness—to let fair things  
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook:

He has his winter too of pale misfeature,  
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

Keats.

### A Lament.

WORLD! O Life! O Time!  
On whose last steps I climb,  
Trembling at that where I had stood before;  
When will return the glory of your prime?

No more—O never more!  
Out of the day and night  
A joy has taken flight:  
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar  
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight

No more—O never more!

Shelley.

### Spring.

HEAR the wild geese honking  
From out the misty night—  
A sound of moving armies  
On-sweeping in their might;  
The river ice is drifting  
Beneath their northward flight.

I hear the bluebird plaintive  
From out the morning sky  
Or see his wings a-twinkle  
That with the azure vie;  
No other bird more welcome,  
No more prophetic cry.

I hear the sparrow's ditty  
Anean my study;  
A simple song of gladness  
That winter days are o'er;  
My heart is singing with him  
I love him more and more.

I hear the starling fluting  
His liquid "O-wa-lee";  
I hear the downy drumming  
His vernal reveille;  
From out the maple orchard  
The nuthatch calls to me.

O, spring is surely coming  
Her courtiers fill the air;  
Each morn are new arrivals,  
Each night her ways prepare;  
I scent her fragrant garments  
Her foot is on the stair.

John Burroughs.

### Unworned Life.

WHY should we ever weary of this life?  
Our souls should widen ever, not contract;  
Grow stronger and not harder in the strife,  
Filling each moment with a noble act.

If we live thus, of vigor all compact,  
Doing our duty to our fellow-men  
And striving rather to exalt our race  
Than our poor selves, with earnest hand or pen,  
We shall erect our names a dwelling place  
Which not all ages shall cast down again.

Offspring of time shall then be born each hour,  
Which, as of old, earth lovingly shall guard,  
To live forever in youth's perfect flower  
And guide her future children heavenward.

James Russell Lowell.

### Daughter of India's Viceroy.

Lady Charles Fitzmaurice, who is well remembered in Canada, was Lady Violet Elliot, youngest daughter of Lord Minto. Her marriage, which took place in India, was a very grand affair. Her husband, Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, is a son of Lord Lansdowne, and has also resided in the Dominion. Lady Charles has a little daughter whose christening took place the other day in London when several important people stood as sponsors.





SATURDAY NIGHT

## To Our Friends and Readers---

In Distant British Columbia, a man sat down after reading SATURDAY NIGHT, and grasping the meaning of the fight we are making for clean citizenship, wrote us the following letter:—

Nicola, B.C., March 21, 1910.

Editor, Toronto Saturday Night:

Gentlemen.—Will you allow one of your B.C. subscribers, who has thoroughly enjoyed (and profited) by your recent exposure of those colossal fakes, perpetrated upon an unsuspecting public, by Munroe, Robertson, et al, to express his admiration for the manner in which you have taken this matter up, and brought to a successful conclusion the careers of the above mentioned fakirs.

Your work in this matter deserves the highest commendation, and I cannot adequately express my appreciation of your efforts. I further feel that the facts you have been giving to us, your subscribers, are deserving of the widest publicity, for the future protection of intending investors. I would like to see your circulation doubled, yes, more. If you will forward me subscription blanks I shall be glad to do what I can to extend your circulation in this section.

Again thanking you, and wishing you the fullest measure of success in the work you are pursuing, I beg to remain,

Yours faithfully,

Fred A. Howse.

SATURDAY NIGHT

We are receiving hundreds of such letters. This one is merely typical and from a far distant point. It is just such letters that make an *independent* and fearless paper possible. We do want subscribers, and their letters of encouragement. They give us both the sinews of war and the backbone to keep up the fight. And we assure you it is a very expensive fight. Investigation and exposure are costly. Law-suits are luxuries, and we are favored with more than our share. But the fight is *worth while*. To conduct a paper that stands for something is worth while. To render a genuine public service is worth while. To receive hundreds of such letters as the above is worth while.

Why not let us have you, the casual reader of this, with us too? Join the ranks of the sound, wholesome, red-blooded Canadians who believe in making clean dollars and have no sympathy with the parasites who live off the innocent and credulous.

Why not think this over now, and if you believe we are doing a work that is *really worth while*, and incidentally giving you the best weekly paper in Canada, say to us, "I am with you, old man. Here is my subscription."

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SATURDAY NIGHT

## Lady Gay's Column

"NO ONE," said a woman to me yesterday, "who is worth mentioning ever got through life without making enemies." The making of enemies is often involuntary, even unconscious, until the enmity strikes one in the face. The commonest way in which enemies are made for you and me is by that pernicious breed called mischief makers. Some idle remark, perhaps not even referring to the enemy is caught up and repeated with quite different emphasis, by the hearer, with such comment as "I'm sure I don't know how she could say such a thing of you, my dear!" No wonder the person who is informed she has been made the subject of criticism, scorn, or laughter waxes wroth, and glares what she will not speak. Perfectly natural of her, even though she may be absolutely astray as to her justification. I advise anyone who is glared at to bide her time. Enquiries or explanations are generally disastrous. Perhaps a word to her who glares may not miss its usefulness in view of a little occurrence at a recent festivity. There, a woman who thought she had a grievance glared with all her might at a passing acquaintance. She meant to be horribly crushing, but the victim smiled sweetly on her and remarked gently to an inquisitive



LADY CONSTANCE BUTLER.  
The younger daughter of Lord and Lady Ormonde, Lady Constance is a sister of Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, who is supposed to be one of the most beautiful women in England. While not as lovely as her sister, who is three years her senior, Lady Constance has great charm of manner and is very popular.

companion: "Dear me! Did you see her? I thought—*you know*." And it was bad for the glaring lady, in the mind of at least one person, that she had let her eye grow hard and her demeanor truculent, when surroundings were convivial!

\* \* \*  
There are enemies whom one makes by the simple process of prospering, being popular, in the vernacular "having a good time." The intelligent observer of human nature never fails to diagnose their case correctly, and has a grin to spare for their feline and generally futile efforts to injure the one who stands in their way or picks the fruit they have watched ripening. Other enemies are the result of people's own sensitiveness and egotism, which credits some other with the desire to snub or belittle them, and resents the idea with an enmity born of foolishness and nurtured by stupidity. It sometimes grows into a lusty infant too, for there is no limit to the blindness of the person looking for trouble. Then there are enemies who are akin to the wolf of the fable, and one is the unwilling lamb who must bear the punishment of other folks' shortcomings. This sort of enmity is peculiarly exasperating to a common sense mind with justice and fair play well-developed. But it lacks the meanness and the venom of the enmity which is directly personal, and can be met with philosophy. One learns to accept it as the natural result of the lack of balance in some person's brain matter, as one learns to go very warily when wishing to avoid that enmity which springs from the foul fields of falsehood, jealousy or envy. God bless our enemies! says I. They make life interesting. Also God save them! for theirs is an unhappy mind and a festering pain, and better far did they love than hate! Also, most of us who conserve the ideal of Universal Brotherhood, in even part of its sweetness and beauty, can count ten friends and well-wishers to one enemy so that to this tenth, despite calumny, misrepresentation or even glares, one can preserve a friendly feeling, a desire for their good, and a frank willingness to forget the glare and welcome



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E. H. Gurney

F-6

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the smile, so soon as it is ready to replace it.

The other night the Irishman and I wandered up to the little theatre in the north end to hear an Irish play or two. They were trying them on the dog. There was much earnestness, great simplicity and the right spirit, and in the majority of the hearers there was that *sine qua non* intelligent understanding of what the players were trying to do! The little theatre lends itself to sweet and true and simple effects, and in the battle between the spiritual and the material in one play and in the self-sacrifice to patriotism in the other, there were deep and wonderful suggestions. The cabin of the well-to-do farmer, the bridal hour, the future of love and prosperity were as shadows of dead sound to him in whose ear Ireland

called for help and defence. And Ireland was so wonderful, in her sombre black cloak and hood, repeating the tale of her despoiling, how her "four fine fields" (Ulster, Leinster, Munster and Connaught) had been taken from her, how strangers sat by her fireside while she wandered homeless. She was tall and dignified, even in her desolation, she, who was known as "the poor old woman," but who changed into a radiant and lovely girl "with the walk of a queen" when the bridegroom-elect left father and home and bride for her cause. The deep symbolism and significance of the play was heavy in the air; both the Irishman and I had clouded eyes and wet cheeks, though each was politely oblivious of the other. It was one of the heart-twists one endures for the privilege of having Irish generations to the back of one,

for having the blood in one's veins that goes hot and eyes that well full of tears over such exquisite bits of appeal as Kathleen na Hoolihan. And then, for our sins, I suppose, we heard the same plays in a different atmosphere on Monday night. "Very dreary," drawled a fretful voice, "I thought Irish plays were funny things!" "My word," briskly from an English voice, "I hope the others will be a bit livelier!" "The Johnnie in the shirt-sleeves isn't so bad," politely added another. "What's it all about? Is it one of those problem plays?" lisped a lady languidly. And to cap the climax, as the curtain went down, a buffoon who had entertained his friend with whisperings, all through, yawned and stretched himself and said with a coarse guffaw, "Begorra!"

LADY GAY.

# LIVING IT DOWN

By WARWICK DEEPING

SYNOPSIS.

Benjamin Heriot comes out of Reading gaol after serving his term. He is met by his friend Algernon Budd, who undertakes to cheer him up after his two years of imprisonment. They go up to London, and agree to dine at a fashionable restaurant. The dinner becomes something of an闹剧, and the next day Heriot, filled with remorse, decides to leave England and begin his life anew.

CHAPTER III.

To appreciate to the full the life in one of the gay cities of the world one must be either a philosopher or a youth with the fire of youth in his blood, or a worldling with money enough to satisfy his whims, and a body not so sodden that it has lost the power of re-acting to physical stimulation. A city is no place for sensitive people who are lonely and sick at heart. The very callousness of the crowding life crushes the individual, and fills him with a feeling of neglected nothingness.

Heriot had come to Brussels, that bright gem of a city, so scintillant and so clearly cut. The place had had lovable recollections for him, and he had chosen it because of them.

If a rough sea passage, impotent sickness, and rampant neuralgia—the gift of a keen east wind—can give a miserable tone to a man's impressions, Heriot might have taken heart and hoped for a happier mood after a long night's rest. He had taken a room in one of the hotels in the Rue Royale. It was his plan to interest himself in things, to snatch back some of the richer recollections of those earlier years. It should be a matter of self-discipline and revitalisation, an admirable pilgrimage with his conscience to act as pedagogue and courier.

Unfortunately that subtle essence, the intimate ego, clings to a man amid new surroundings, for the world is what the self sees in it for the moment. Heriot had not realized from the outset that his scheme of chiaroscuro had changed in those few years, and that which had seemed warm and splendid now appeared stale and cold. He was trying to cover a raw surface with impressions, and his depression was almost childishly pitiful when he found that he could not hide that quivering self behind the art treasures in the gallery. He turned from Rubens with a bilious disrelish. The interminable array of Old Masters tired him, letting in melancholy, and a misery of introspection. They seemed so old and dead, these pictures, that he had wondered at his enthusiasm of years ago.

Bored and depressed by the Musée Royal de Peinture, saddened by the churches, and hurt, he knew not why, by the mediæval memories of the Grand Palace, Heriot relapsed one morning into the Musée Wiertz, as though a kindred morbidity might be found in such a place. Yet he was not so mad that he could gain satisfaction from the madness of the painter. He came away with the feeling that he had been exploring an abattoir; the crude realism had nauseated him completely. Even when out of the bare and ugly building he could still see the lurid furrows ploughed in the body of Patroclus by the finger nails of those who struggled for him. Then there was the grey horror of the man waking in his coffin, and the loathsome insanity of the too insane mother. This mad art seemed to symbolize for Heriot the sickly and most morbid tendencies of modern life, that diseased self-introspection from which he was striving to escape. "Hunger," "Madness," "Crime," "Napoleon in Hell": he felt that he had stood on the edge of a pit that was full of a chaotic tangle of bleeding bodies and agonized smothering faces. It was a relief to wander back into the park, where the breath of a simple naturalism seemed to descend from the boughs of the budding trees.

Perhaps for the sake of a contrast he strolled down into the lower town that night, and turned into the Palais d'Ète, the music hall in the Rue Gretry. There should have been a hundred things to pique and interest him in that great building, with its glare of lights, its haze of tobacco smoke, and its hundreds of faces. The bourgeois glitter and the vivacity might have stimulated him like a glass of absinthe. Yet the place only awoke morbid thoughts in him, so that he found himself wondering what an ivory-faced little lady who sat next him would think if she knew that he had been in an English prison not so very many days ago. The spirit of the fun had no hold on him, and he sat hunched up in his seat, staring solemnly at the stage. Performers appeared and disappeared, but they could not make him forget himself and laugh. An opulent lady in red presided over the doings

of a dozen or so performing cats. Acrobats followed, to acknowledge the applause meted out to them with one unanimous somersault and polite little stage obeisances. Two queer creatures, eccentric "knockabouts," drew roars of laughter with their ridiculous but rather vulgar stage conceits. Heriot failed to seize the humor of it. Then came a plump little man with a bumptious aplomb, who played on the horn, sang songs, and imitated canaries. Next, more acrobats, with the inevitable child of five-and-twenty dressed to look fifteen. And after much more of the same material, the great event of the evening afforded a climax. The whole building was darkened, and a round-backed youth with a floppy forelock and a strangely mixed costume, rode a bicycle inside a great moving wheel, whose spokes revolved with a blurr of colored lights. Then when the suspense impressed upon the audience by the possible breaking of the performer's neck had changed into relieved applause, the crowd streamed out, and Heriot with it, a man who had been unable to enjoy one laugh.

The truth was that he could no more lose the "self" in a crowd than he could in an art gallery or amid the chapels of a church. He had the sense of being the possessor of an open sore, a sore that smarted perpetually and would not be concealed. All the clowning in the world could not rouse the instinct of play in him.

Utterly depressed and miserable, he sat down the same night and wrote to Algernon Budd a letter that might have been written by an hysterical and ill-balanced boy.

"Dear old man.—You asked me to let you know how things went with me. I am here in Brussels, and I have met no one whom I know, for which mercy I suppose I should be thankful.

"It is a bad thing, I assure you, to be bored with the world at large, but it is ten times worse to be bored and disgusted with oneself. According to the inevitable law of cause and effect, I deserve nothing better, being a mere tangle of morbid sentiments and unhealthy imaginings.

"It is difficult to know what to do with oneself under such conditions.

There is no cant I can fly to, and I have not the will-power to make a hobby of altruism. I regard myself as a sort of rag market: there is nothing in myself I want, and a great deal that I should like to be rid of. After those two grim years of discipline, I seem to have lost my courage and my self-respect, even the very energy that one needs to live.

"I was fool enough to fancy that I could amuse and perhaps reclaim myself over here. On the contrary, I find so little to do that I contemplate blowing my brains out and ending the whole farce. That has been the curse of my life, having nothing whatsoever to do, save just what I pleased.

"I shall settle it in a few days, one way or the other. It is the refuge

of the tree, and stared at the blue sky and the fretwork of boughs overhead. The straight trunks soared like the pillars of a cathedral. The sunlight streamed in with stealth and sanctity. Aspiration, tranquility, awe! He was so amazed at the kiss of peace that had been given him that he hardly dared to question it or accept it as a reality.

Yet it was real enough, and Heriot began to see things clearly as he lay under the blue sky and the ash-grey boughs that were budding into green. A fog of despair, disgust, and pain lifted and disappeared. The healing waters that he thirsted for were not to be found amid the tumultuous unrest of great cities. He understood the spirit of the oracles that had spoken to men in the depths of primeval forests. He was to learn what many a man had learnt before him, such men as Thoreau and Jeffries, and a thousand obscure ones who had not had the gift of utterance. Amid primitive things the heart of man may cleanse itself, and become a part of that greater mystery that stretches towards the farthest courses of the farthest stars.

Tranquility, labor with the hands, the kiss of the dew at dawn, the healthy tiring of the body, sound sleep at night—these were the things he needed. He would feel the rain on his face, see the soil on his hands, let the west wind blow into his bosom. He remembered the letter he had written to his friend, that weak, fitful moan of ineptitude and cowardice. And in imagination he tore that letter into shreds and scattered it abroad with contempt and shame.

All that Sunday Heriot wandered under the beech trees of the forest, feeling no such thing as hunger, and breathing in a tranquility that seemed to spread into every brain-cell and particle of his being. People had come out from the city by now, but the moving figures did not mar the mystery of the place. They appeared rather as part of the forest's strangeness, half-seen shapes that drifted through the check of light and shadow, suggesting the drift of so many human destinies.

In the thick of the forest Heriot saw a young man and a girl pass close to him, though they did not see Heriot, who was leaning against a tree. They were walking close together, a stream of sunlight slanting upon the girl's face, the man bending slightly towards her with a quaint and pleasant boyish eagerness. The woodland episode culminated before Heriot's eyes. The man's arm went round the girl's body. They paused and stood face to face, looking into each other's eyes. Then the man kissed her, while she held up her mouth to him like a passionate child. It was all done so simply and so desirously, with not the glimmer of a gross suggestion, that Heriot felt the mystery of that kiss and the sweet primitiveness that was part of the forest and the spring.

As though to test the strength of this new spirit of tranquility, he went down into the lower town that night, and spent an hour sitting outside a cafe in the Place des Nations. It was the drifting indifference of the scene that struck him most, an unthinking swirl as of so much restless water. Yet many of these people were feverishly possessed by the appetite of the moment. Near him, at one of the tables, a gross, blue-chinned man leant forward as he talked, and stared brutally into the eyes of a sickly and over-dressed woman. A group of girls and young men came across from the station, laughing, shouting, pulling one another this way and that. A blind man went by, selling matches. A couple of fat women stopped on the pavement and wrangled volubly, mouth to mouth, mimicked by a couple of urchins who regarded the whole world as one vast joke.

Restlessness everywhere, even in pleasure, and the one day of theoretical repose. It seemed to Heriot, as he sipped his coffee, that a wind blew down the streets, and swirled about the open spaces, whirling eddies of dust into every corner. The simile brought a smile to his eyes, and it occurred to him, rather fancifully, that these city people were always clinging to their hats. Night, that should have seen the contented closing of the eyes of the day, was feverishly wakeful. It appeared to him a life of over stimulation, an existence abnormally excited as though by the fumes of absinthe. The very lights had an unhealthy glitter, like the smoky gleam in the eyes of a man who has taken strong drink.

But Heriot maintained his tranquility. He had his idea, and a man with a definite idea to act upon need no longer despair of himself. It was a vital spark, leaping between the two terminals of life, a spark that showed a rising strength in the current of his manhood.

On leaving Brussels he loitered a few days at Bruges, and the contrast between the two cities strengthened



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the inspiration that had come to him under the beech trees of the Forest of Soignes. Here were antiquity and quaintness, a much belauded beauty, a charm that was said to steal upon one like a faint perfume out of an old oak press. Heriot perceived a sufficient perfume, and much of it arose from the black waters of the canals. His hotel on the Grand Place also provided him with vigorous and very aggressive odors, and the eternal carillon from the belfry seemed fit only to inspire the verse of a Longfellow.

Perhaps the sudden passion for nature that had seized on him made him impatient with things that referred only to man. He was going to purge himself of all prejudices and all cant, and try to see just the primitive truth and nothing more. Bruges appeared to him as a grey and melancholy old town, rather sad and shabby, trying to comfort itself with romantic fancies and the querulous chatter of its bells. For Heriot it lacked color, depth, and cleanliness. Brussels could seem brilliant, but Bruges failed to convince him of its beauty. He hugged his idea, and regretted nothing. The wind in the trees would make that carillon sound cheap and foolish. As for the Chapel of the Sacred Blood, the live sap in the stem of a flower was far more mysterious and wonderful. The antiquities they showed him in the Gruthuuse and the museums were the mere memories of dead people. Heriot felt the vital idea of Nature big in him. His science had gone back to the old times when earth, fire, air and water were the four elements. He was going to live with live things that grew and had their being, not amid historic dust.

Heriot made preparations for catching the night boat from Ostend. He had much of the last day upon his hands, and, remembering Hans Memling at the Hospice of St. John, he strolled thither, and sat down in the little room to contemplate the "Marriage of St. Catherine" and "The Adoration of the Wise Men of the East." The brilliance of the coloring pleased him. It was what he had lacked in the old city. Bruges might be suitably aesthetic in a fog, or by moonlight, but it had the appearance of being tired of posing for tourists through the glare of summer days.

There were not half a dozen people looking at the pictures, and Heriot got up and walked across to the "Chasse de St. Ursule." The gem-like little panels gleamed in the sunlight that poured in through the window. And as Heriot studied the history of St. Ursula, he became aware of someone talking on the other side of the reliquary, explaining the pictures to a friend.

It was a girl's voice, a voice that had a lyrical sensitiveness, a voice that spoke English, yet without that droning uniformity that characterizes dull, insular natures. It was a voice that was pleasant to listen to, carrying as it did a suggestiveness, a many modulated expressiveness that transfigured the mere sounds into visible and tangible realities. Such a voice made listeners see the colors and shapes of things spoken of. It had the mystery of true music, that strange sequence of sounds that stirs emotions and paints pictures in the mind.

Heriot stood and listened.

"Here is the martyrdom of St. Ursula," said the voice. "Look at all the quaint armor, with the gleam of light upon it. And the white tents with their arched patterns, and the cathedral in the distance, with its pinnacles and great flying buttresses. I love this picture best of all. The grouping is so quaint, and the detail so magnificent."

"How ugly Ursula is," said the other voice. "I don't wonder they didn't want her to live. The white dog—lying there with its paws crossed and looking quite perky and entertained! It doesn't look like a martyrdom."

"In real life things often happen so quietly. And it is curious, too—and very true—that most women are ugly."

There was a tinge of playfulness in the first voice. Heriot found himself smiling.

"That man with the bow doesn't mean to make any mistake! He's right on the spot. Really, Eve, Ursula looks just as though she were being offered rice pudding on her birthday. Let's go round to the other side. It's really awfully funny!"

They went, and the taller of the two—she of the voice—nearly stepped upon Heriot's toes. She drew aside quickly, yet with no suggestion of gaucherie, her eyes smiling up at him with an instinctive glimmer of light.

The younger girl's blue eyes seemed made to absorb a friend's feelings, and to give back tenderness in return.

"I beg your pardon—"

Heriot stood back a step and made way for her; but she still looked at

him with frank, unpremeditating eyes.

"But you have not finished with this side?"

"Yes, absolutely. If I may be permitted to exchange."

As he made way for both of them, and then went round to the other side of the coffer.

Heriot was not engrossed in the pictures he was pretending to study. He stood there, listening to the lyrical voice that flowed on calmly with none of the irregular jarrings of self-consciousness. To Heriot it sounded out the note of a rich naturalness. The voice led him to recall that glimpse of her face, a face large but not heavy, and tinged with a splendor of health that made its slightly irregular features seem handsomer than they were. A man does not sum up the looks of a woman in one swift glance. It may take him some little while to become conscious even of the color of her eyes. With Heriot there remained the vividness of a first impression, an impression that had left him a sense of strength and individuality.

He was piqued suddenly, curiously piqued, by discovering that he had not noticed the color of her hair. That he should trouble to think of such a thing struck him as superfluous and childish. But as the thought struck him the two girls turned towards the door, and Heriot turned also to decide the point for the mere satisfying of his curiosity.

It was black hair, dull and opaque, having the blackness of charcoal, with no gleam of lustre in it. And for the moment Heriot felt strangely disappointed. Somehow it seemed to him that her face had radiated light, and that her hair should have been in keeping with it.

Yet, what earthly concern was it of his? With the new idea of strength that possessed him, he took himself by the shoulders, and compelled himself to follow St. Ursula to her end.

Meanwhile the two girls had left the Hospice, and had turned down the Rue St. Catherine towards the ramparts. They were both boarders at one of the schools in Bruges. Eve of the black hair as English governess, the younger girl as one of the thirty or more pupils. And since the system of culture at this particular school spread itself over a very varied surface Eve Thorkell was frequently sent forth with some of the English pupils to demonstrate to them the art treasures that the old city could show. She knew almost every piece of lace in the collection at the Gruthuuse, and was quite beloved by the old gentleman who presided over Binch and Mechlin, and whose delight was to show off the gossamer beauty of the most exquisite stuff by making the visitor peer at it through a hand-glass.

The two girls were free for an hour or more that morning, and they walked towards the ramparts, well pleased to be alone together. Eve Thorkell had made a friend of the younger girl, a fat, cheerful, warm-hearted wench of seventeen, as full of affection as a rose is full of perfume. Eve had nothing of the governess about her, and no trace of that didactic spirit that cannot exert authority without domineering. Her personality could win and draw homage from others without putting on spectacles. She was supremely vital, and full of the delight of youth and health. One had but to look at the smooth skin, radiant under the shade of her dead black hair, and at her great mysterious, laughing eyes, to feel the generous strength of her womanliness, and that spontaneous joy in life that is not worn away by the trifles that make so many women thin and querulous.

These two friends, Eve Thorkell and Grace Thurlow, talked of home affairs as they wandered towards the ramparts. Eve's thoughts were hovering about a quaint white house, very long and low, with green jalousies and a green verandah, a house whose white walls gleamed amid the pine woods of an English landscape not ten leagues from the southern sea. She was a little solemnit with a shadow of forethought in her eyes, as though she were troubled for those who were very near to her heart. And she talked to her friend of the news from home, as though plump Grace's nature offered a surface of softness and sympathy upon which Eve could spread her more delicate treasures without any danger of their being scratched or broken.

"I always feel," she said, "that they are keeping something back from me in their letters. As though I am not strong enough to bear troubles! And it is far worse to be left groping in the dark than to have the truth shown one in clear daylight."

The younger girl's blue eyes seemed made to absorb a friend's feelings, and to give back tenderness in return.

"Letters so often give one a wrong

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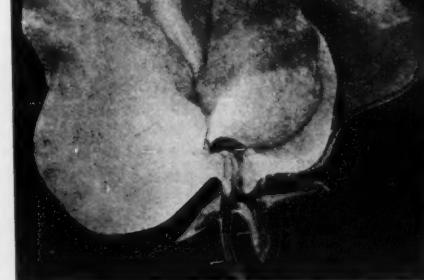
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impression," she said, "and parents are so funny. I know mother is. She always writes to me as though she is trying hard to remember that I no longer wear socks."

"The truth is, dear, that love makes some people stammer. They lose the power of expression. The vivid consciousness of their love seems to make them almost dumb."

"I am sure some fathers and mothers feel shy of their children,"

"I know nothing about money."

"Which means that you have never been short of it, dear; you will be fortunate if you can always afford to remain in such ignorance."

"They turned back at last, following the Rue Vieille de Grand, the Rue Jacobines, the Marche au Fils, and so past the Halles to the Grand Place. And as they crossed the Place, Heriot came out by the Rue St. Amand and passed close to them as he turned towards his hotel.

"Eve had paused and was looking up at the belfry, ancient and brown under the drift of the April sky. Her face was caught in a moment of mystery as she gazed at the great tower. Her

eyes shone out with a brave yet questioning tenderness. It was the face of one who seemed to see pain and suffering afar off, and whose soul flamed up to meet and combat them.

Heriot had a sense of being within the mysterious influence of a thing that was richly and beautifully pure.

This young girl, with the radiant, watchful, wondering face, stirred in him the same emotion as had the beech trees of the Forest of Soignes.

He walked on over the grey cobblestones, wondering at his own emotion. Somehow that passing glimpse of her had strengthened him, and breathed into his manhood an instinct of aspiration and of uplift against odds.

"Strange," he thought; "a ship that passes in the night. I shall never see her again. But a face, once seen, is sometimes eternally remembered. It seems as though it were sent with a message at the crisis of things, when a man needs just what he beholds."

(To be continued.)



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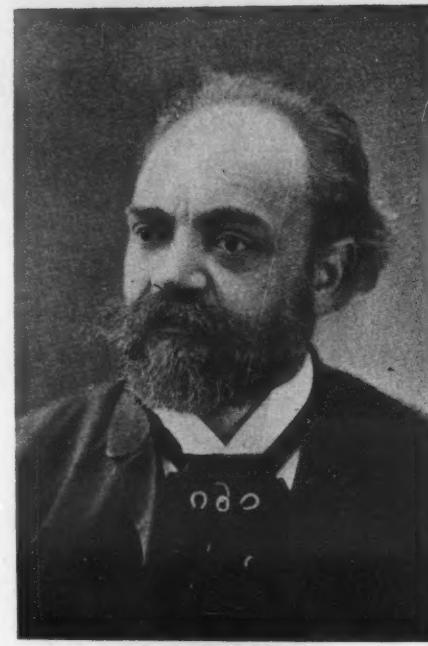
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# MUSIC



ANTONIN DVORAK,  
Composer of the "New World" symphony, played in Toronto recently.

THE excellent work that Mr. H. M. Fletcher is doing in educating young men and women who have had no musical advantages, but are anxious to sing, was shown in the concert of the People's Choral Union at Massey Hall on March 31. A note on the programme describes Mr. Fletcher's mode of instruction. The first course consists of sight reading and breathing and other exercises until the choristers advance to simple part songs. Those who show fitness become members of the advanced chorus heard at the concert in question and are given part songs of a more difficult character to sing. Their showing on the whole, was most praiseworthy.

The quality of the voices in the soprano section was for the most part excellent and though the other sections were rather weaker in a general sense, they sang with sufficient taste to make all that was offered palatable. The programme was popular in character, but was made up of good music.

The singers showed their capacity for some nice effects of shading and sang in a really intelligent way. The most popular offering was the lovely Largo of Handel, arranged as an anthem with sacred words "Trust in the Lord" set thereto. Originally, it was a purely secular composition in one of Handel's forgotten operas, "Xerxes," but a devotional tone pervades it, and the setting seemed entirely appropriate. The chief soloist of the evening, Madame Frieda Langendorff has a contralto voice of most luscious quality and excellent range. It is a voice that is warm and beautiful throughout its range and her only important defect is a tremolo, which becomes apparent in numbers like the Prison scene aria from Meyerbeer's "Prophet." Her temperamental qualities are exceptional and she attained a really thrilling effect by her dramatic rendering of Salter's tragic "Cry of Rachel." While Mr. William Howland has a baritone voice of most agreeable quality and an excellent enunciation he is a most inexpressive singer. To hear him render the old ditty, "The Keys of Heaven" in a sing-song way, without the smallest realization of its possibilities in the way of expression, made one wonder why Mr. Fletcher thought it worth while to send away from Canada to get a baritone.

\*\*\*

CARL REINECKE, one of the most distinguished of German conductors, composers, teachers, and pianists, died recently in Leipzig at the age of eighty-six. He was born at Altona, June 24, 1824, three years before Beethoven's death, and when Wagner was eleven years old. Before he was twenty years old he was giving piano recitals throughout the German and Scandinavian countries. In 1860 he became conductor of the famous Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig, and at the same time teacher of composition and piano playing at the Conservatory. He retained his professorship till 1902, but was superseded as conductor in 1895 by Nikisch, who introduced a more modern atmosphere into the Gewandhaus. Reinecke was a Mozart specialist, and his sympathies were mostly with the classical masters of long ago; yet the influence of Wagner can be traced in some of his own compositions. These are very numerous (more than 250), but none of them are important. Perhaps his most popular productions are his "Children's Songs" ("Kinderlieder"). There are four operas, three symphonies, and many chamber music works. Of his literary works the most important are one on Beethoven's sonatas and another on Mozart's concertos.

Colonne, whose death in Paris was recently announced, was a conductor of the very widest fame in Europe, crossed the Atlantic only once. This, says The Boston Transcript, occurred some years ago when the Philharmonic Society in New York was experimenting with a succession of "virtuoso" conductors. "Then, too, he came to Boston to conduct in 'The Damnation of Faust,' at a concert of the Cecilia. Those who saw or heard him then, or who have seen and heard him at his own concerts in the Chatelet, every Sunday, the winter through in Paris, will recall



MARK HAMBOURG,  
The distinguished pianist, who will play at Massey Hall on April 11.

rapidly developing as a musical centre

A genuine acquisition to the musical life of Toronto is the English violinist, Mr. Henry Such. He has a technical equipment and a quality of tone that are exceptional in the fullest sense of the word. With the rapidly-growing interest in instrumental music that may be observed on all sides in Toronto, it should be possible to keep him here.

The various entries in the Earl Grey Musical Trophy competitions started off so well this week that it seems probable that they will overshadow the dramatic competitors in purely artistic qualities of performance. Their task, however, is not nearly so difficult. As the hearings last until Saturday the various performances will be reviewed all together next week.

Miss Edith Miller, one of the Canadian artistes who are bringing a new fame to the Dominion in the Motherland, recently had the honor of singing before H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenburg and T.R.H. Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck at the house of Lord and Lady Mount Stephen; and Princess Henry was so delighted with the charming Canadian songs that Miss Miller gave that they were repeated at an after-dinner concert at Kensington Palace on Feb. 16. Since her return to London from her concert tour in Canada, Miss Miller has been diligently preparing herself for grand opera, which she now wishes she had made her first goal on reaching England. She will give a concert at Bechstein Hall early in June, with a programme including an item of especial interest to Canadians.



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measure of interpretative ability having become almost a proverb in the musical centres of Europe and America. The orchestral numbers will be Beethoven's "Leonore, No. 3," Liszt's "Les Preludes," and Wagner's overture to "Tannhauser." Subscriptions close Thursday, April 14.

Mrs. Agnes Knox Black gave a recital on Monday evening at Conservatory Hall. As a reader, Mrs. Black displays the finest literary taste; her work is elevated, charming, natural and artistic. She is a Canadian, the wife of Professor Charlton Black, and the first woman to hold the Shaw professorship in Boston University.

Mr. Arthur Blight announces that his annual spring recital will take place on April 12.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough announces a piano recital to be given by two

of his advanced pupils, Miss Laurita M. Gray and Miss Mabel V. Tolchard in the Nordheimer Hall, 15 King St. East, on Saturday afternoon, April 9th, at 4 o'clock.

Mr. T. Harland Fudge is making good progress with the Beaches Choral Society. The Beaches Orchestra assisted at a recent concert which gave promise of an excellent future for both organizations.

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## Society at the Capital

OTTAWA, APRIL 7, 1910.

A PRETTY Easter wedding took place at Christ Church Cathedral on Wednesday afternoon, when Miss Anna Mildred Macpherson, youngest daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Pennington Macpherson became the wife of Mr. Ivan Stuart Wotherspoon, son of the late Mr. Ivan Wotherspoon, K.C., and Mrs. Wotherspoon, of Montreal. The church was prettily decorated with the flowers which had been arranged in the chancel for Easter, and the ceremony was performed by the rector, Rev. Canon Kittson, very large number of spectators, as well as a great many invited guests, witnessing it. The bride, who came in with her father, wore an exquisite gown of ivory satin made in princess effect with old Limerick lace—family heirloom—gracefully draped from the shoulder, where it was fastened by a large diamond buckle. Lace of the same description trimmed the sleeves and bodice, and a chaplet of orange blossoms, sent from Pasadena, Cal., expressly for the purpose, by a friend of the groom, held in place the tulle veil. A collarette of pearls, another family heirloom, was worn by the bride, and she carried a shower bouquet of roses, lilies, orange blossoms and heather, the latter of which was sent from Scotland by relatives of the Macpherson family, and also formed the ushers' buttonhole bouquets. The maid of honor, Miss Flora Kittson, and the three bridesmaids, the Misses Jessie and Edith Macpherson, the bride's sisters, and Miss Elsie Keefer, of Toronto, wore Romney costumes, all fashioned alike, Miss Kittson and Miss Edith Macpherson wearing pale blue and Miss Jessie Macpherson and Miss Keefer, pale pink. Their black picture hats with huge bows of black tulle flecked with gold were extremely becoming, and they carried immense sheaves of pale pink carnations. The groom's gift to the bride was a gold watch, and to the attendants he presented amethyst and pearl pendants. Mr. Lloyd Jones, of Montreal, was the best man, and the ushers were Mr. Jack Macpherson, Mr. Tom Keefer and Mr. Ormond Haycock, who all received engraved silver match boxes as souvenirs of the occasion. During the absence of the bridal party in the vestry, Miss Elsie Keefer sang most sweetly, "O Sweet and Holy." After the ceremony a reception was held at Col. Macpherson's residence in Delaware avenue, where pink carnations decorated the rooms. Mr. and Mrs. Wotherspoon left later for a trip to New York and other American cities. The bride's going-away costume was of amethyst broadcloth, the coat of which opened over a chiffon blouse of the same color, with touches of gold embroidery. Her hat was of amethyst straw trimmed with clusters of violets. Mr. and Mrs. Wotherspoon on their return from the honeymoon will spend a few days in Ottawa before going to their home in Montreal. During the wedding breakfast, the announcement was made of the engagement of Miss Edith Spier, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Spier, of Lindsay, to Mr. J. A. Clark Macpherson, elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Pennington Macpherson, and the marriage will take place in Lindsay in June. Miss Spier came to the Capital especially to be present at Wednesday's wedding, and is the guest of Col. and Mrs. Macpherson. Other out-of-town guests at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reiffenstein, the Misses Marjorie and Evelyn Reiffenstein, Mr. Owen Tudor-Hart, Miss Tudor-Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin-Hart, Miss Hazel Baldwin-Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Molson, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Russell, Mr. and Mrs. George Cook, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Savage and Mr. Gerald Farrell, all of Montreal; Mrs. Delamere, of Toronto; the Misses Macpherson, Mrs. Kenneth Fenwick and Miss Anita Fenwick, of Kingston, and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Wotherspoon, of Port Hope. In the evening the ushers entertained the bridesmaids at a box party at the Russell Theatre.

Mrs. J. F. Crowdy gave a bright little tea as a farewell to Miss Mildred Macpherson, at which Miss Elsie Keefer cut the ices and Mrs. Charles Keefer and Miss Macleod Clark presided at the tea-table, where the decorations in green and white were daintily carried out with ferns and green ribbons artistically arranged on the brightly polished mahogany.

Bridge parties still continue to follow each other in rapid succession. Mrs. Norman Guthrie was the hostess of a particularly enjoyable gathering in honor of her mother and sister, Mrs. George Smith and Miss Leslie Smith of St. John, N.B. Miss

Edith Powell, Mrs. Adolphe Caron and Mrs. H. K. Egan carried off the prizes, and later in the afternoon additional guests dropped in to tea, when Mrs. Russell Blackburn and Mrs. Wilson Southam did duty at the tea and coffee urns at a table bright with golden daffodils. Mr. and Mrs. Guy D. Robinson (the latter Mrs. Guthrie's sister), spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie.

Mrs. J. S. Ewart gave a charmingly arranged bridge party one afternoon recently in honor of Mrs. E. Remon's guest, Mrs. Casey, of Toronto, when those who carried off pretty prizes were Mrs. Frank Grierson, Mrs. Charles Reade and Mrs. Frank Strage. Other bridge hostesses of late were Mrs. Douglas Cameron, who had as her guests of honor, her sister-in-law, Mrs. Corbould, and Miss Wright, who have come from New Westminster, B.C., to pay Mrs. Cameron a visit; Mrs. George Patterson Murphy, whose evening party consisted of eight tables of players when Mrs. J. S. Ewart, Mrs. W. B. Northrup, Capt. E. J. Chambers and Mr. John Pugsley captured the prizes; and Mrs. Cunningham Stewart, whose guest of honor was her visitor from Hamilton, Miss Winnifred Snider, her son's fiancee.

Mrs. John Gilmour gave a tea for Mrs. Allan Palmer, of Kingston, at the Country Club, at which Miss Snider, of Hamilton, was another out-of-town guest. Mrs. Gilbert Faquier poured tea. Mrs. Palmer is spending a week or two with her parents, Col. and Mrs. de la Cherois Irwin.

Invitations have been sent out for the wedding of Miss Marjorie Louise Blair, youngest daughter of the late Hon. A. G. Blair, Minister of Railways and Canals, and Mrs. Blair, of MacLaren street, to Mr. Sutherland Gilmour, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmour. The marriage will take place at St. Andrew's church on Wednesday, April 20, and a reception at Mrs. Blair's residence will follow.

THE CHAPERON.

## Social Affairs in Hamilton

HAMILTON, APRIL 7, 1910.

THE Masque of Empire given by the I.O.D.E. last week drew large audiences, and the attendance was most gratifying. The formal opening on Tuesday took place before a large gathering, Lieut.-Governor Gibson and Mrs. Gibson coming up from Toronto. The former, in opening the affair, made a most imperialistic speech and received a warm welcome from his former fellow citizens. Mayor McLaren also spoke for the city of Hamilton, and Mrs. P. D. Crerar on behalf of the I.O.D.E., after which the first performance of the Masque was given and a visit made to the various booths which were in charge of the ladies of the different chapters—each which represented some part of the British Empire. Miss Ruth McLaren, daughter of the Mayor, presented a bouquet to Mrs. Gibson, and Master Hartley Zimmerman presented one to Mrs. Crerar. The proceeds of the Masque will be given to the Sanatorium.

Miss Tudor, Herkimer street, returned from New York last week.

Mrs. Charles White, of Pittsburgh, has been the guest of Mrs. Heurner Mullin, who entertained at the tea-hour on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Luke, of Range, N.J., is the guest of her mother, Mrs. James Mills, Main street.

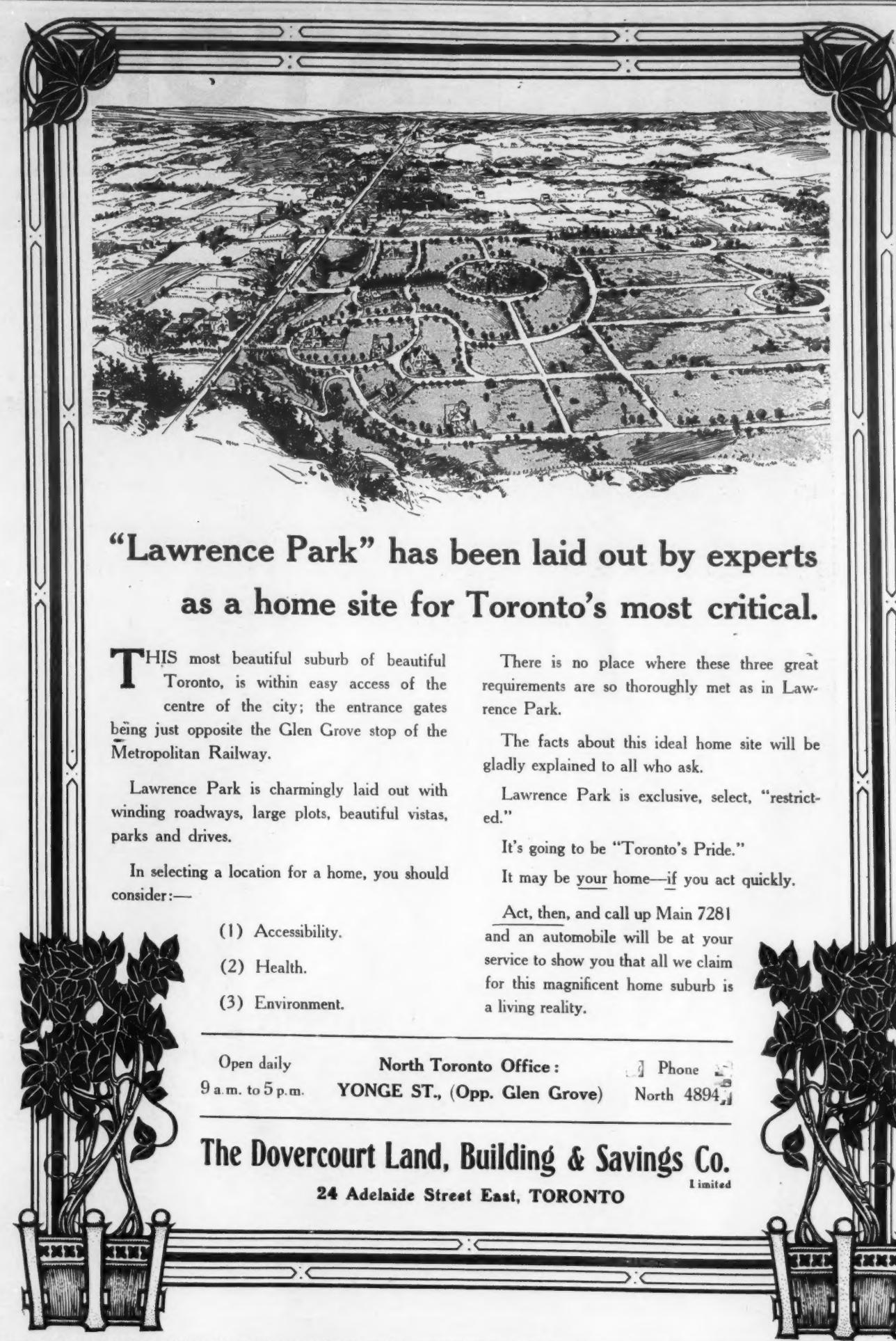
Mrs. W. Blackstock, who with her young son spent Easter in town, the guests of Mrs. C. J. Jones, returned home early this week.

Mr. Norman Kittson, of Toronto, was an Easter visitor in town, the guest of Mrs. Kittson, Herkimer street.

Mrs. H. J. Waddie, who underwent a very serious operation on Thursday, is reported to be progressing as well as possible.

Mrs. John Crerar was the hostess at an informal tea on Friday, when she invited a number of friends to meet her daughter, Mrs. Neal, of Montreal.

Mrs. Alex. Gartshore was the hostess recently at a large buffet luncheon, which was a most enjoyable



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inclusive. The Jury of Selection, Messrs. Manly, Holmes and Kennedy have maintained a high standard of excellence in their choice of prints from the very large number submitted, and all interested in the photographic Art may spend an enjoyable hour in viewing this collection.

A striking feature of this year's display is the number of fine landscape pictures, in some of which exquisite atmospheric effects are obtained. Conspicuous among such pictures is "When the Sun is Veiled" by J. H. Ames, winner of the bronze medal. On account of the difficulty of deciding the award of the gold medal, the highest prize of the exhibition, two medals will be given. One of these has been won by the President, Mr. Alfred Robinson, with a landscape, "A Tributary of the Niagara River"; and the other goes to Mr. Louis Mendel, of Peterboro, for his beautiful portrait of "Miss S."

DIRECT SERVICE TO MUSKOKA LAKES POINTS.  
Steamer service in the Muskoka Lakes is open and passengers leaving Toronto on the C.P.R. 9:40 a.m. train may make immediate connection at Bala with the steamer leaving that point 1:35 p.m., daily, except Sunday, for all points on the Lakes, and arrival is ensured at all Lake Rosseau and Lake Joseph points during the early afternoon.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTHS.  
ATKINSON—At Appin, Ont., on April 4, 1910, to Rev. and Mrs. G. F. N. Atkinson, a daughter.

STANBURY—At St. John, N.B., on April 2, 1910, to Mr. and Mrs. H. N. McKenzie Stanbury, a son.

DEATHS.  
OSLER—At Craigleigh, April 5, 1910,

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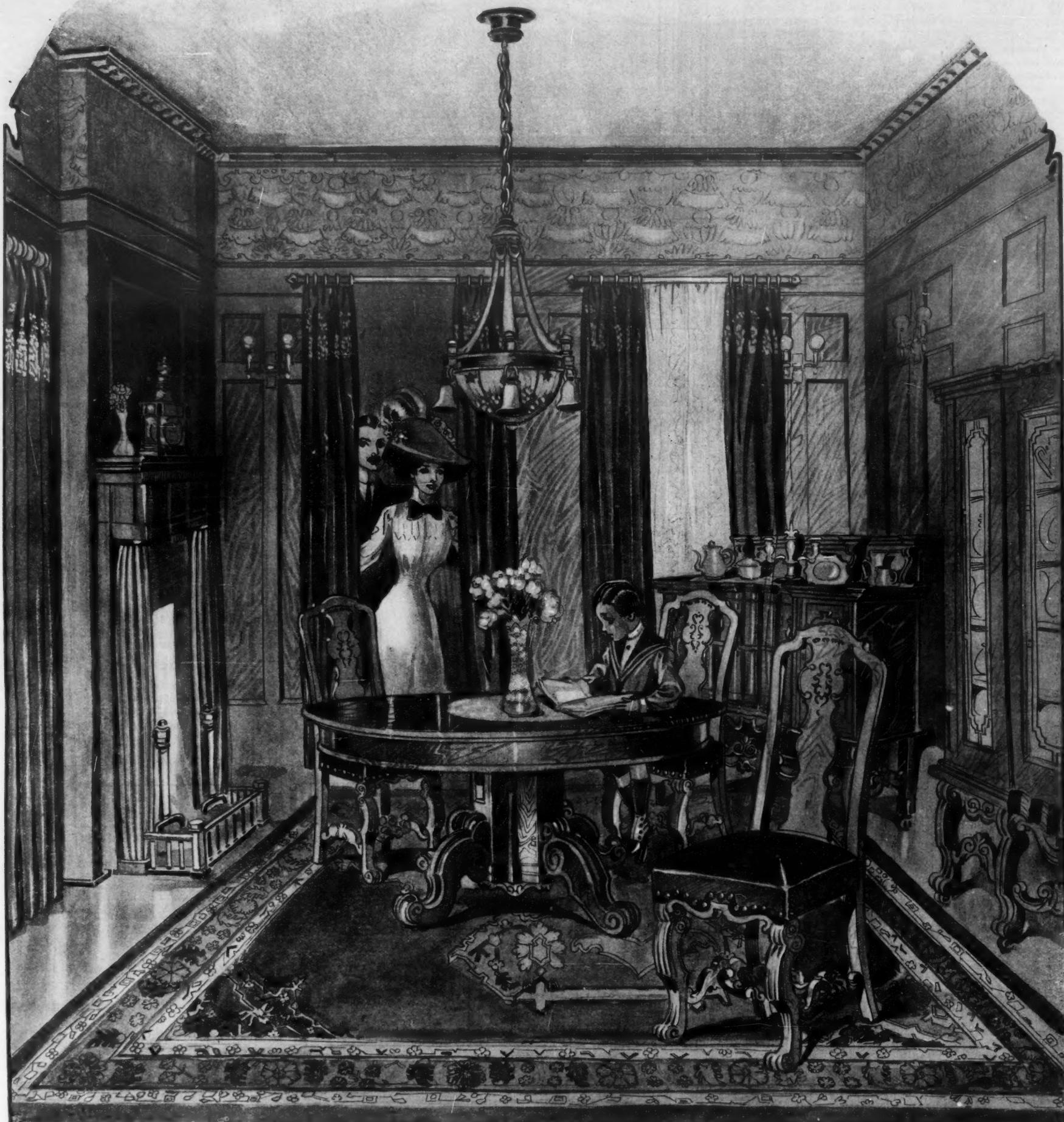
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Annie Farquharson Cochran, wife of Edmund B. Osler, M.P.  
STANBURY—At St. John, N.B., on April 2, 1910, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. H. N. McKenzie Stanbury.

OSLER—At Craigleigh, April 5, 1910,

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